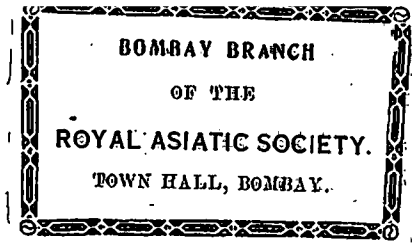

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GAIETIES AND GRAVITIES;

A

SERIES OF ESSAYS,

COMIC TALES, AND FUGITIVE VAGARIES.

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BY ONE OF THE AUTHORS

OF

"REJECTED ADDRESSES."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

ROYAL ASIATIC LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC

"Alas!
If He that made us were extreme to mark
The trifled hour, what human soul could live?
We trifle all, and he who best deserves
Is but a trifler. What art thou whose eye
Follows my pen, or what am I that write?
Both trifflers."

HURDIS.

00A 14

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GAIETIES AND GRAVITIES.

PETER PINDARICS.

The Mayor of Miroblais.

While he was laying plans for getting
The honours of the *Chapeau rouge*,
The Cardinal Du Bois was ever fretting;
All his days and nights allotting
To bribes and schemes, intriguing, plotting,
Until his face grew yellow as gambouge,
His eyes sepulchral, dull, and gummy,
And his whole frame a walking mummy.

Meanwhile his steward, De la Vigne,
Seem'd to be fattening on his master;
For, as the one grew lank and lean,
The other only thrived the faster,
Enjoying, as he swell'd in figure,
Such constant spirits, laugh, and snigger,
That it e'en struck his Excellency,
Who call'd him up, and ask'd him whence

Contrived to get so plump and jolly;
While he himself, a man of rank,
Visibly shrank,
And daily grew more melancholy.

"Really, my lord," the steward said,
"There's nothing marvellous in that:
You have a hat for ever in your head;
My head is always in my hat."

Du Bois, too wealthy to be marr'd in all
His plots, was presently a Cardinal,
And wore what he had pined to win;
When pasquinades soon flew about,
Hinting his sconce was *deeper red* without,
Than 'twas within.
Perhaps it was, but that 's no matter:
The Pope, like any other hatter,
Makes coverings, not heads; and this
With its new guest agreed so well,
That he soon wore an alter'd phiz,
Ate heartily, began to swell,
Recover'd from his ails and ills,
And got quite rosy in the gills.

'Tis strange, but true—our Worthy wore
Fine robes, and wax'd both plump and fresh,
From the first moment he forswore
All pomps and appetites of flesh.
His Eminence, on this inflation
Both of his stomach and his station,
His old Chateau resolved to visit,
Accompanied by one Dupin,
A sandy-headed little man,
Who daily managed to elicit
[illegible] from some French Joe Miller's page,
[illegible] but little of their age;

Though they drew forth as never-failing
A roar of laughter every time,
As if they were as new and prime
As those that we are now retailing.

To the Château in Languedoc,
Whole deputations
From the surrounding districts flock,
With odes, addresses, gratulations,
And long orations;
And, among others, the *Préfet*
Of Miroblais,
Famed for its annual Fair of Asses,
Began a speech which, by its dull
Exordium, threaten'd to be full
As long and dry as fifty masses.

Dupin, who saw his yawning master
Somewhat annoy'd by this disaster,
And thought it might be acceptable
To quiz the Bore, and stop his gabble,
Abruptly cried—"Pray, Mr. Mayor,
How much did asses fetch last Fair?"

"Why, Sir," the worthy Mayor replied,
As the impertinent he eyed—
"Small sandy ones, like you, might each
Sell for three crowns, and plenty too:"—
Then quietly resumed his speech,
And mouth'd it regularly through.

Rabelais and the Lampreys.

When the eccentric Rabelais was physician
To Cardinal Lorraine, he sat at dinner
Beside that gormandizing sinner,
Not like the medical magician,

Who whisk'd from Sancho Panza's fauces
The evanescent meats and sauces,
But to protect his sacred master
Against such diet as obstructs
The action of the epigastre,
O'erloads the biliary ducts,
The peristaltic motion crosses,
And puzzles the digestive process.

The Cardinal, one hungry day,
First having with his eyes consumed
Some lampreys that before him fumed,
Had plunged his fork into the prey,
When Rabelais gravely shook his head,
Tapp'd on his plate three times, and said—
"Pah!—hard digestion! hard digestion!"
And his bile-dreading Eminence,
Though sorely tempted, had the sense
To send it off without a question.

"Hip! Hallo! bring the lampreys here!"
Cried Rabelais, as the dish he snatch'd;
And gobbling up the dainty cheer,
The whole was instantly dispatch'd.

Redden'd with vain attempts at stifling
At once his wrath and appetite,
His patron cried—"Your conduct's rude;
This is no subject, Sir, for trifling;
How dare you designate this food
As indigestible and crude,
Then swallow it before my sight?"

Quoth Rabelais, "It may soon be shewn
That I don't merit this rebuff:
I tapp'd *the plate*, and that you'll own,
Is indigestible enough;
But as to this unlucky fish,
With you so strangely out of favour,
Not only 'tis a wholesome dish,
But one of most delicious flavour."

ON THE CHOICE OF A BURIAL PLACE.

"The House appointed for all living." JOB.

MODERNS dedicate all their thoughts to the precarious abode from which they are liable to be ejected by the grim summoner Death, without a moment's notice to quit, while they are comparatively indifferent to that final resting-place which they may continue to occupy even unto the sounding of the last trump. The ancient Egyptians, on the other hand, have not constructed a single dwelling-house which has endured to our present times, while we are continually discovering not only individual tombs of incredible elaboration, but whole subterranean cities of the dead. Though we may smile at that vanity which, converting bodies into mummies, valuable for their bitumens and gums, entailed the destruction it meant to avert, we cannot withhold our respect from their funeral orations, one of which has been preserved entire by Porphyry. "When," says he, "they embalm their deceased nobles, they privately take out the entrails to be deposited in an ark or chest, which they hold up to the sun, and invoke that luminary, one of the Libitinarii making a prayer for the deceased, which Euphantus has translated out of the Egyptian language.——'O Lord, the Sun, and all the Gods who give life to men, receive me, and admit me into the society of the immortal ones; for as long as I resided

in this world I religiously worshipped the God whom my parents showed me, and have always honoured those who begat my body; nor have I killed any man, nor have I defrauded any of what has been committed to my trust, nor have I done any thing which is inexpiable. Indeed, whilst I was alive, if I have sinned either by eating or drinking any thing which was not lawful, not through myself have I sinned, but through these,' (showing the ark and chest where the entrails were.) And having thus spoken, he casts it into the river, but the rest of the body he embalms as pure."———Bating the latter doctrine, which savours somewhat of materialism, it must be confessed that this oration is strikingly sane and rational when compared with the general extravagance of their religious Creed. Their posthumous trial, too, of which so many representations are seen in hieroglyphics, by whose verdict the body of the wicked might be denied the rites of sepulture—an apprehension which, according to Diodorus Siculus, even kept their Kings in awe, was a salutary institution which might be beneficially revived, if it were likely to operate on the Sovereigns at the next Congress of the Holy Alliance. In those barbarous ages we cannot marvel that the body of the deceased might be legally detained for debt; that the Greeks, who put money into the mouths of their dead for the ferryman Charon, and a cake of flour and honey into their hands to propitiate Cerberus, should have retained the same custom, is nothing wonderful; and indeed it is upon record that Cimon was obliged to

purchase from the creditors the body of his father, the celebrated Miltiades;—but that we, a Christian and enlightened people, should adopt this barbarism, and refuse so natural a right as that of sepulture for an offence so venial and conventional as that of debt, is indeed a somewhat startling inconsistency. It is currently believed that a Spanish ambassador of former days still lies in his coffin upon the marble floor of Westminster Hall, towards whom the common duties of religion and humanity have been unfulfilled, because he was found wanting towards society in the more important considerations of certain pounds, shillings, and pence!

In one respect, at all events, we have higher religious notions and a more exalted philosophy than our ancestors—we seek the preservation of the soul, not that of the body, Reason herself assuring us that it is a fond and foolish yearning to take heed for the worthless tegument, when the immortal spirit it enshrined has fled. Reason is a stout theorist, but very often a sorry practitioner: so we talk, but so we do not act. We cannot so easily forget this companion of our earthly pilgrimage—this sharer of our joys and sorrows—this body corporate, which constitutes our sole notion of identity and self. Few of us make a will without directing the place and manner of our interment; we conceive that we are gratifying those who have died before us by lavishing funeral honours upon their remains; we talk of the consolation of being laid with them in the tomb, of being gathered to our fathers, and of being rejoined by the children who

are to follow us. All this appears ridiculous when applied to inanimate matter; but we talk of death with the feelings of life, of another world with the inalienable affections of this. Montaigne says that the mind must be screwed to a high pitch to make it sensible of its own decay; how must it then be wound up to make it comprehend its own dissolution! Sense cannot understand its own insensibility, nor can consciousness conceive of its own unconsciousness; for we can no more project our understandings forward into our posthumous state, than we can cast them backwards into that which was ante-natal. Before the vital spark is extinct we throw its light into the grave; the only way in which it may consistently be said that "even in our ashes live their wonted fires."

How can we conceive of ourselves as inanimate, when it is much more difficult than is generally imagined to believe in the insensibility of external matter, to which we are perpetually attempting to impart our own sensitiveness. The child scolds, caresses, and reasons with its doll as if it were a rational being, occasionally beating the stool over which it has stumbled, and the floor upon which it has fallen, as if they were endued with feeling. "Men are but children of a larger growth:" Xerxes flogged and threw chains upon the sea, for wrecking his vessels; the poor Indian, whose untutored mind "sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind," considers the elements as the living ministers of his will; the Pagans in their beautiful mythology animated universal nature, vivifying the valleys, mountains, seas, rivers and trees, and bestowing

upon every spot, not otherwise appropriated, its local genius; Roman Catholics address their vows to statues, pictures, and relics, as the sensible representatives of an invisible prototype; poets of all countries and persuasions personify and apostrophise the external features of nature; and there is hardly a man in existence who has not vented his spleen upon some portion of offending matter as if it were sensible to his resentment, or soliloquised it in his happier moods as if it could sympathise with his complacency.

As many countries do not afford wood enough for their combustion, it is to be presumed that nature meant our bodies for interment; and yet that method of mouldering back into our constituent elements is loathsome and revolting to every sense of man. The ancient practice of cremation was more delicate, and fraught with more grateful associations: that portion of us which fire could consume ascended in the form of smoke to heaven; our less perishable remains, gathered from the funeral pyre, or preserved by the incombustible asbestos, were deposited in elegant vases and urns, to be consigned to the tomb, or sometimes enshrined among the domestic deities of the paternal dwelling. Cyrus, however, forbade this disposal of his body, or any other monument to be erected to his memory, thinking that this beautiful earth, with its majestic trees, delicious fruits, nodding flowers, and glorious overhanging firmament, formed a more magnificent tomb than any that the power of man could devise or execute. Cæsar and Alexander seem to have had no monuments; the sarcophagus

wherein the latter was supposed to have been inhumed cannot adduce any historical evidence in support of its pretensions. Pompey and Cato were in a similar predicament, while the barber of Augustus and the freedman of Claudius reposed beneath magnificent tombs.

> Marmoreo Licinus tumulo jacet, at Cato parvo;
> Pompeius nullo. Credimus esse Deos?— MART.

The monuments of the ancients were mostly constructed by the sides of the high roads, but this varied according to the taste of the individual. Propertius gave the preference to a retired spot.

> Dii faciant, mea ne terra locet ossa frequenti,
> Qua facit assiduo tramite vulgus iter.

While Lollius inscribes upon his tomb,

> Hic propter viam positus,
> Ut dicant prætereuntes,
> Lolli—vale!—

Save me! save me, ye guardian spirits of the dead! from being interred in any of those civic cemeteries, cabined in with high windowless walls, where the earth, ever unvisited by the sun, is black and unctuous with the fermentation of accumulated remains; where the smoky tombstones are dank, desolate, and unperused, and human bones are left scattered upon the surface, as if in an unhallowed desert, while the desecrated enclosure perpetually rings with the yell of carmen, the rattling of wheels, the cries of hucksters, and all the profane hubbub of commercial life. We conceive not of the peace or the sleep of

death, amid this hurley-burley of the mart. Not that I have quite so *lively a sense of death* as the Parisian, who, standing upon the height of Père La Chaise, exclaimed, "What a pleasure to be buried in a spot which commands so fine a view of Paris!"—but that there seems something soothing and congenial in the thought of our last resting-place being sanctified by the holy, calm, and benign influences of rural nature.

In the middle ages, according to the eloquent authoress of Valperga, the family of the Soldanieri at Florence had a vast subterranean cemetery, admitting a dim light by a grating that communicated with the cloisters of the great church. It was their custom to coffin their dead warriors in brazen statues, made to imitate the living form and mien of the corpse within, armed *cap-à-pié*, and mounted astride brazen figures of horses, so that the population of this extensive receptacle resembled a party of armed knights ready for action. Viewed by torch-light, this assemblage must have formed a sight awfully solemn, and well according with the martial ferocity of an age, which would recall the fury and the passions of life even amid the peaceful silence of the tomb; but the philosopher would advert to the preposterous and presumptuous folly of these bloodless champions of the dust—these heroes of impotence, apparently spurring their brazen chargers into the other world, who, in spite of the tilted lance or brandished sword, were shrivelling up into skeletons, totally unable to defend themselves against the attacks of the worm that crawled within their helmets.

There are who deemed it sweet and glorious to lie upon the field of battle—to sleep in the bed of honour. Such is not my creed. I hold with the fat knight, "I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath." There have been brave men who yearned for a more serene resting-place. Lord Camelford habitually courted death; yet, in the few hurried moments that preceded the duel in which he fell, he found time to direct in his will that his body should be conveyed to a chosen spot in Switzerland, to be interred beneath two favourite trees, where he had sat and meditated, and heard those sacred whisperings of nature to which we have already alluded.

At the time of the Duke d'Enghien's execution, the writer composed some stanzas on the event, of which the following is one:

"The moonbeam gilds his pallid face,
Cold—cold he lies in death's embrace,
The forest is his burial place,
Unhallow'd is his grave:—
His funeral dirge the breezes sigh,
The flowers his nodding plumes supply,
And monumental oaks on high
Their boughs for banners wave."

Such was the ideal he had formed. Having since visited this uninteresting spot, and seen the poor monument erected to his memory, he has had additional experience of the loss we often sustain by exchanging the coinage of imagination for the dull sterling of reality.

Few would choose the burial place of the philosopher Empedocles, who threw himself into the flaming

crater of Mount Ætna, and whose brazen sandal, ejected in some subsequent explosion, proved a more durable record of his fate than any tablets could have supplied. Still fewer could imitate the physician who, in his zeal for the improvement of anatomy, bequeathed his body to Surgeons' Hall for dissection. This is indeed the perfection of self-oblivion—the triumph of philanthropy. Demonax, the ancient Cretan philosopher, was equally unsolicitous about his remains, of which he wished the birds and animals to be participators. "Is it a crime," he exclaimed, "that having endeavoured to benefit mankind in my life, my body should do the same to beasts after my death?"

What sepulchre so sublime as the mighty ocean, with its unimagined wonders and sumless treasures, its ever-rolling billows above, and its boundless floors below, tesselated with spars and shells, crystal and seaweed? There, whole cities are submerged, with their churches, through whose portals the porpus flounders, and their palaces, amid whose marble halls the dolphin may recognise his own sculptured image. In that heaped-up repository is all the wealth for which men live and die. Argosies, with their golden freightage spangling the level sand—statues upon which the patient Grecian exhausted his divine art, armour and diamonds, spices and rich robes, gums and perfumes; ancient galleys, and modern men-of-war.—Beneath those waters lie stretched out in peaceful contact the skeletons of those who met upon their surface in fierce encounter; the bullets of every nation

are scattered around their victims in indistinguishable profusion; while the tenants of the deep float heedlessly athwart these precious relics of an unknown world. Bards, with whose melodious strains we are still enchanted, have found a grave in the unfathomed deep; —Orpheus, whom the mad Bacchanals sent "down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore;" he who sang "The Shipwreck," and perished in some unknown wilderness of the waters; Lycidas, whom Milton would not allow to welter to the parching wind, "without the meed of some melodious tear;" and other less illustrious sons of song.

Peace to your manes; ye who have passed away before us into the invisible world! Whether ye repose in the bosom of the great mother, or are whelmed beneath the caverns of "the bounding Neptune," we bid ye each farewell, in the words of the ancient Romans to their deceased friends—"Vale! vale! vale! nos te ordine quo Natura permiserit, sequemur."

THE WISDOM OF LAUGHTER.

"Let those now laugh who never laugh'd before,
And those who always laugh'd now laugh the more."

THEY have really brought puppetshows to an incredible perfection. I have just been gazing upon one which infinitely transcends all the fantoccini, pantomimes, or dramas, I ever beheld; the figures appear-

ing to be actuated by human passions, and exhibiting in their looks, gestures, activity, and earnestness, such manifold tokens of mutual comprehension and intelligence, that were it not for the ridiculous actions they are made to perform, one might almost swear they were rational beings. Punch and Judy, even with the assistance of the Devil and the Monk, must be totally superseded by this more numerous and complete exhibition; and yet the puppets of which I am speaking were nothing more than a little modified earth, of so brittle and fragile a nature, that they were constantly frittering away into dust in the very midst of their dancing and struggling, when others instantly started up into their places, capering or fighting with as much eagerness as their predecessors,—so that the whole pageant was constantly renewing its actors without the smallest change or intermission in the incessant bustle of the performance. Here and there, upon elevated stools, I saw a few figures with glittering baubles upon their heads, who seemed not only miserable, but giddy and intoxicated by the height from which they looked, and took their revenge by instigating the whole rabble beneath them to worry and beat one another to pieces, which the senseless figures seemed to enact with a most preposterous alacrity. On the lower benches I beheld grave and reverend-looking seigniors in robes, whose heads were enveloped in the hair of some animal, most ludicrously curled and greased, and who were solemnly pronouncing sentence of destruction upon others, while they themselves were perpetually exploding into similar nothingness. Here strutted

a gay figure in scarlet, who had not only sold himself as a slave for the honour of wearing a little gold ornament upon his shoulder, but suffered his head to be shot at as a target, and his body to be used as a sheath for bayonets, for the amiable privilege of inflicting the same treatment upon others. There I beheld a portly personage in sable robes, who took money from his companions for pointing out to them the way to the skies, while he himself kept constantly walking in a contrary direction;—and in various quarters I contemplated certain old puppets, whom I took to be miners, as they laboured so hard at piling up heaps of shining ore that it seemed to shorten their existence; when younger ones ran joyfully up, and began kicking about the masses which had been so painfully accumulating. I cannot attempt a description of all the fantastical freaks which were exhibited; but I repeat that, with the exception of their actions, these ingenious puppets conducted themselves so exactly like rational creatures, that the absurdity of the whole scene, together with the contrast of their stupendous efforts and bubble-like existence, occasioned me to burst into an immoderate fit of laughter.

It was probably some such meditation upon the weakness, vanity, and inconsistency, the gigantic projects and pigmy powers of man, that kept Democritus in continual laughter, and enabled him to convert both kings and peasants into materials of risibility. Being once at the Court of Darius, when that monarch lost his favourite wife, he promised to restore her to life, provided they would give him the names of three

men who had never known adversity, that he might inscribe them upon her tombstone; and upon the prince acknowledging the impossibility of complying with his request, he asked him, with his usual laugh, why he should expect to escape affliction, when not one, among so many millions, was exempt from calamity? Here was philosophy as well as laughter; and indeed I doubt whether there be any wisdom more profound than that which developes itself by our risible faculties. This convulsion, as well as reason, is peculiar to man, and one may, therefore, fairly assume that they illustrate and sympathize with one another. Animals were meant to cry, for they have no other mode of expression; and infants, who are in the same predicament, are provided with a similar resource; but when we arrive at man's estate (the only one to which I ever succeeded), both the sound and physiognomy of weeping must be admitted altogether brutal and irrational. The former is positively unscriptible, and we should never utter any thing that cannot be committed to writing; and as to a lachrymose visage, I appeal to the reader whether it be not contemptible and fish-like, beyond all the fascinations of Niobe herself to redeem. All associations connected with this degrading process are hateful. Perhaps I may be deemed fastidiously sensitive upon this point, but I confess that I feel an antipathy towards a whale, because it has a tendency to blubber; I abominate the common crier, simply on account of his name; I would rather get wet through than seek shelter under a weep-

ing willow, and I instinctively avoid a birch on account of certain juvenile recollections.

> "But hail, thou goddess fair and free,
> In Heaven yclept Euphrosyne;"

and before I go any farther, let me observe how abundantly the Pagan heaven was provided with heart-easing mirth; for besides the damsel we have mentioned, Venus is expressly termed by Homer the laughter-loving Queen; the whole Court of the immortals was often thrown into fits by the awkwardness of Vulcan; Jove himself was so fond of the recreation that he even laughed at lovers' perjuries; and Momus the jester, whose province it was to excite their risible faculties, was instructively represented as the son of Sleep and Night, whereby we are taught to go to bed betimes if we wish to have cheerful and hilarious days. But in this our *sombre* and anti-risible age, it has rather become the fashion to attack laughter, notwithstanding the cowardice of assaulting a personage who is obliged to be constantly holding both his sides, and is therefore incapable of other self-defence than that of sniggering at his assailants. I am too old for laughing, they tell me; but it is by laughing that I have lived to grow old, and they may as well take my life itself as that whereby I live. "Laugh and grow fat" may be a questionable maxim, but "laugh and grow old" is an indisputable one; for so long as we can laugh at all, we shall never die unless it be of laughing. As to

performing this operation in one's sleeve, it is a base compromise; no more comparable to the original, than is a teeth-displaying simper to that hilarious roar which shakes the wrinkles out of the heart, and frightens old Time from advancing towards us. Fortune, love, and justice, are all painted blind: they can neither see our smiles nor frowns. Fate is deaf to the most pathetic sorrows: we cannot mend our destined road of life with a paviour's sigh, nor drown care in tears. Let us, then, leave growling to wild beasts, and croaking to the ravens, indulging freely in the rationality of laughter: which, in the first place, is reducible to writing—Ha! Ha! Ha! and should always be printed with three capital letters, and a prop of admiration between each to prevent its bursting its sides. (The very hieroglyphic makes one snigger, so festive, social, and joyous is its character.) And secondly, its delicious alchymy not only converts a tear into the quintessence of merriment, and makes wrinkles themselves expressive of youth and frolic, but lights up the dullest eye with a twinkle, and throws a flash of sunshine over the cloudiest visage, while it irradiates and embellishes the most beautiful. Including thine, reader, in the latter class, I counsel thee to give the experiment a frequent trial.

It just occurs to me, that I ought to have begun my essay with a definition of laughter, and an argute inquiry into its causes; but it will come in as well at the end, and perhaps a *hysteronproteron*, in itself a common provocative to risibility, is more appropriate

than any methodical arrangement. Lastly and imprimis, then, it is a great mistake to suppose that wit, which has been termed the unexpected discovery of resemblance between ideas supposed dissimilar, has any tendency to excite the giggling faculties. Quite the contrary: it elicits only the silent smile of the intellect; on which account I have no great regard for wit, for I love to laugh with all my heart and none of my head. Humour, therefore, I deem preferable to——but I am not proceeding systematically. Well, then, this convulsion is of three different kinds. Animal laughter, which may be produced by tickling, or by that happy and healthy organization which occasions a constant flow of the animal spirits. Unnatural laughter, which sometimes accompanies the triumph of the most malignant passions, or bursts out upon any unexpected change of fortune, or assumes that ghastly smile or "jealous leer malign," designated the Sardonic grin, not, as a young lady of my acquaintance supposed, from the Sardones or people of Roussillon, but from the involuntary hysterical affection produced by eating that species of ranunculus called the Herba Sardonia. And lastly, (for the second time,) Sentimental laughter,—a compound operation, emanating jointly or separately from the head or the heart, and whose basis seems to be a union, or rather opposition, of suitableness and unsuitableness in the same object, or any unexpected ludicrous combination. I shall not notice the subdivision of Sympathetic laughter, which is a mere infection; or of

that which is stimulated by the consciousness that we ought *not* to laugh, which gives a poignant zest to the ebullition.

Talking of incongruities puts me in mind of the steam-boat, and of a conversation between two parties, one conversing of their children, the other settling the ingredients of a wedding-dinner, whose joint colloquies, as I sat between them, fell upon my ear in the following detached sentences. "Thank Heaven! my Sally is blessed——with a calf's head and a pig's face."—"Well, if I should have another baby, I shall have it immediately——skinned and cut into thin slices."—"I do love to see little Tommy well-dressed——in the fish-kettle over a charcoal fire."—"To behold the little dears dancing before one——in the frying-pan."—"And to hear their innocent tongues——bubble and squeak."—"My eldest girl is accomplished——with plenty of sauce."—"I always see the young folks put to bed myself——and smothered in onions."—"And if they have been very good children, I invariably order——the heart to be stuffed and roasted, the gizzard to be peppered and devilled, and the sole to be fried."

Broken metaphors are not less laughable than these ludicrous games of cross-purposes; and the risible public are much indebted to the Editor of a loyal journal, who lately informed them that the radicals, by throwing off the mask, had at last shown the cloven foot; congratulated his readers that the hydra-head of faction had received a good rap upon the knuckles;

and maintained that a certain reformer was a hypocritical pretender to charity, who, whenever he saw a beggar, put his hand in his breeches-pocket, like a crocodile, but was only actuated by ostentation. While we are upon this subject, let us not forget our obligations to the country curate, who desired his flock to admire the miraculous force which enabled Samson to put a thousand Philistines to the sword with the jaw-bone of an ass; nor let us pass over the worthy squire, who being asked by his cook in what way the sturgeon should be dressed, which he had received as a present, desired her to make it into à-la-mode beef; and upon another occasion, when interrogated whether he would have the mutton boiled or roasted, or how? replied, "How,—for I never tasted it in that way."

If the classical reader ever improved himself when a school-boy by composing nonsense-verses, it is possible that prose of the same description may produce a similar result, of which this essay may be considered an experiment. I know not a nobler or more *naïf* self-eulogy than that expressed by Scarron, when on his death-bed he exclaimed to his weeping domestics, "Ah! you will never cry half so much as I have made you laugh;" and were I on the point of bidding adieu to the public as a scribbler, I should not desire a prouder epitaph than to be truly enabled to repeat the same phrase. In the mean time I do most seriously and sadly exhort my readers to be comical; admonishing them, that in these gloomy and puzzling times, when the chances are three to two against the

landlord, when the five per cents. are fours, and things in general at sixes and sevens, a hearty and innocent laugh is the most effectual way to take care of number one.

COZENING COUSINS AND CAUSTIC COMPLIMENTS.

"I am no herald to enquire of men's pedigrees; it sufficeth me if I know their virtues." SIDNEY.

"I do fawn on men and hug them hard,
And after scandal them." SHAKSPEARE.

WERE I a monk, I would rather be a Cœnobite than of the Eremitical class; I am by nature much more gregarious than an affecter of

"——— any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity."

Solitude once pronounced its own condemnation, when it enabled me to read Zimmerman's book all through, and the only character that excites in my mind the smallest misanthropy is a misanthrope: but still society, as it is now constituted in the genteel world, exacts so many sacrifices without rendering any equivalent, compels one to live so much for others and so little for one's self, that I question whether the companionship of rural shades be not more sociable, as it is indisputably more beneficial. "Nunquam minus solus quam cùm solus," said an ancient moralist; and I may reverse the dictum and exclaim, never more

alone than when in a mob. I care not in what "dingle or bushy dell" I bury myself in the country, for its silence and seclusion constitute its natural charms; but the loneliness of a crowd, the solitude of a city, the acquaintanceship of familiar strangers and strange familiars——ugh! the recollection is heart-sickening. However simple and philosophical in your personal habits, you must begin, of course, with a handsome establishment; for your genteel friends will not come to a shabby house; that is to say, you must live for visitants who call upon you to kill time and dine with you, to share your bottle, not your heart;—for horses whom you hate to employ, if, like me, you prefer walking; and for numerous domestics, who invariably do less the less they have to do. A grand prior of France once abusing Palaprat for beating his servant, he replied in a rage, "Zounds! Sir, his conduct is unpardonable; for though I have but this one, I am every bit as badly served as you who have thirty!" Had I been even rich enough to purchase the right of becoming a slave to my own establishment, and of sacrificing the reality of enjoyment for its appearances, I do not think I should have fallen into a trap so poorly baited; but my means were hardly adequate to the purchase of the wreaths and gilding in which the victims of fashion must be *tricked out*, though I was quite rich enough to make myself happy in my snug little cottage betweeen Sutton and Epsom.

Though the world has very little gratitude for those who become its slaves, it hates those who appear to be independent of it. Nothing could be more inno-

cent than my life, devoted as it was to one or two friends, books, music, and the Muses, who, it is well known, like most other bluestockings, are very chaste and virtuous old maids; but, because I did not choose to visit every body, I got the reputation of being a person whom nobody visited, which, in default of any actual peg on which to hang an accusation, was generally repeated with sundry dark innuendoes and mysterious looks; though the more charitable did me the justice to admit that I was nothing more than a humorist—an ascetick—a little touched *here*, as they said with a significant tap of the forehead. This I heeded not; but though I thought it odd that my relations, of whom I had an extensive circle in London, rarely honoured me with the smallest notice, I rather sought to excuse than aggravate their neglect. After all, said I to myself, what is the justice of this claim upon the affections founded upon relationship? There is the moral affection of children towards their parents standing upon the basis of gratitude, and there is the still stronger affection of parents towards their offspring, which is a natural instinct implanted for the preservation of the species; but how mere consanguinity, attended, perhaps, with the greatest possible dissimilarity of habits, is to establish any legitimate claim upon the heart, I am utterly at a loss to explain. Why uncles and aunts, nephews and nieces, and cousins to the third and fourth degree, aliens to my tastes, though kinsmen by blood, should conceive themselves to have a better title than the congenial friends of my selection, I profess not to comprehend.

Job complains that even his kinsfolk have failed him, and why should I expect mine to be unalterable in their attachments?

Thus did I argue in justification of my numerous relatives who were too busy to visit me, even by the post; and candour compels me to admit that the charge of their neglect is to be received with certain qualifications and exceptions. By some mysterious affinity the sunflower turns towards the luminary whence it derives its name; lunatics preserve an inexplicable sympathy with the moon; an occult attraction directs the needle to the north; the divining rod oscillates in obscure communion with the subterranean spring; and by some such recondite law did the affections of my kindred duly point south-west from London, and the fountains of their hearts reveal themselves to me at a certain month of the year, nay, at a certain week of that month, even on certain days of that week; nor could I ever discover the cause of my hebdomadal popularity, though I remarked that it invariably coincided with the celebration of the Epsom races. At this period the whole genealogical tree came to plant itself upon my lawn, and all the branches of cognation spread themselves over my cottage. I felt like a patriarch rejoicing in the numbers of his tribe; and though I subsequently regretted the havoc of my poultry-yard, and the attenuation of my favourite bin of port, I delighted in the recovery of my kindly feelings towards my relatives, and in this irrefragable proof that they wanted nothing but a favourable opportunity of testifying their affectionate and

disinterested regard. So far from any appearance of coldness and indifference on their parts, many of them were of opinion that they would be enabled to leave London about the same period next year, and, knowing that I hated ceremony, frankly invited themselves to renew their visit.

Circumstances shortly enabled them to give a fuller developement to their cordial and genuine attachment. An old fellow-collegian left me a considerable legacy, upon the strength of which I married a lady of great respectability and congenial age, with whom I had been acquainted nearly fifteen years; and in the first three months, I think, I paid eleven pounds for postage of letters from collaterals, whose affinity it would have puzzled the Heralds' College to discover; besides receiving Heaven knows how many visits from claimants of consanguinity equally near, and dear, and unknown. Oh, the worlds of good advice showered upon me when it was whispered that I was about to marry! I began to doubt my own identity. Surely, methought, I must be a minor, or a ward of Chancery, or a lunatic, to be thus schooled, and lectured, and catechised, by people who conceive the most remote relationship to be a warrant for impertinent advice, though they would not acknowledge it, were it urged as a plea for their affording me the smallest assistance. Not an individual article of my household establishment escaped censure—my own tables were turned against me—I had ante-nuptial curtain lectures—I could not sleep for my beds—my walls originated a paper war, and my coal-scuttle kindled

a fierce controversy. One of my fiftieth female cousins, whose husband, a dashing broker, had kept a carriage for six months previous to his bankruptcy, assured me, with pompous complacency, that she could speak from experience about horses, and that I should find it much better to job them. I chose, however, to purchase: one of them shortly died, and, instead of sympathising with my loss, she became rampant with delight at the verification of her prognostics. Verily, said I in a pet, relations are the most impertinent people upon the face of the earth, but I recalled the uncharitable words upon reflection; and in this flattering interest in all my concerns, from the greatest to the most trifling, I beheld at least their acquittal from the charge of neglect and indifference, which I had formerly brought against them.

I have said that I hate a misanthrope; and to illustrate the danger of rashly forming illiberal opinions, I feel bound to state, that one of these very kinsmen whom I had accused of apathy, came forward in the most friendly manner to borrow a sum of money of me, paying me, as he declared, the compliment of his first application, even at the risk of offending a nearer and a richer relative: another kindly gave me the preference, quite unsolicited on my part, of joining him in a weighty bond; and a third, in the handsomest manner, offered me the privilege of becoming security for his son, when he placed him out as a banker's clerk. I feel it my duty to acknowledge that innumerable other favours of this sort have been conferred upon me by these calumniated cognates.

Even my wife's relations, who, by some hocus-pocus of pedigree and transmutation of blood, had become mine, were eager to distinguish themselves in this contest of love. Two of them have affectionately consented to become inmates in our house, and I am besides allowed to pay for the schooling of two dear little boys, whom I have not yet had the pleasure of seeing. Madame de Staël says, that we must sometimes give fame a long credit, but that, if there be any thing due to us, she will be sure to pay it in the long-run: so it is with relations; their merits may be obscured for a time, but ultimately they force themselves upon our notice. I have recorded the instances of liberality which I have myself experienced, and I doubt not that the recollection of the reader will suggest many congenial traits in his own circle, not less striking and apposite.

There is, in fact, much more liberality in the world than is generally supposed, while its generosity with other people's money is almost unlimited. I never knew an heiress, or a girl of fortune, whose portion was not doubled or tripled; which at least shows the good wishes of the narrators. If she be not married, this exaggerated statement is, to be sure, apt to be adduced as a proof that there must be something serious against her, or, with such immense wealth, she would have *gone off* long ago; and if she do marry, folks are prone to exclaim—"No wonder, with thirty thousand pounds—the pill required a good deal of gilding:"—but still the generosity of these gratuitous donations remains unimpeached.

Nor is this munificence confined to females. I was executor to my old friend Ned Evelyn, who left ten thousand pounds to each of his nephews, Sidney and Frank Stapleton; the former of whom, a prudent man with a young family, made no alteration in his establishment, and was immediately anathematized as an avaricious old hunks; in fact, a complete miser, who kept living on in the same mean style, although his rich old uncle had lately left him twenty-five thousand pounds! Frank, a thoughtless fellow, embarked his legacy in an unfortunate speculation, and fell into speedy embarrassment, when the world fairly raised up its eyes and shoulders in amazement at the wasteful profligacy which, in so short a time, could have run through forty thousand pounds; though they were aware that much could be done when a man combined mistresses, horses, and gaming. In vain did I protest that he inherited no such sum; they happened to know it: one of their particular friends had seen the receipt for the legacy-duty paid in Doctors' Commons, and it really was scandalous in a man who had three such dear beautiful little children. What can be more amiable than the sympathy universally expressed upon such occasions for a man's unprovided, and interesting, and charming cherubs? It must be confessed, that their beauties and accomplishments are frequently left unnoticed until they can be converted into a reproach against the parent; and after they have served that purpose, are too often forgotten; but then the feeling at the moment is so kind-hearted—so considerate—so benevolent!

Let me repeat, however, that a man is sure of ultimate justice from the world, however his virtues may be for a time eclipsed. My neighbour Sir Toby Harbottle always appeared to me to deserve the character universally assigned to him—that of an ignorant, drunken profligate; but no sooner did his wife, a most amiable and exemplary woman, separate herself from him in the unconquerable disgust of his incurable vices, than she was assailed with every species of obloquy; while it turned out that Sir Toby, as good and honest a fellow as ever lived, had been originally driven to drinking by the unkindness of his demure Xantippe of a wife. Now, I should have known nothing of all this, but for that stern and inflexible, though sometimes tardy, justice which the world delights to exercise upon those who are the objects of its notice.

A certain author's first publication appeared to me sufficiently common-place; but the last is admitted, even by his friends, to be a decided failure, and I now hear people exclaiming—"Well, there *was* talent and genius in his former production; and so I always said, though many thought otherwise, and I am the more surprised that he should publish such miserable trash and rubbish as this." I have not the least recollection of the admission for which these good folks take credit as to the preceding work; but it is truly pleasing to observe with what ingenuous candour they acknowledge a man's early merits when they serve to signalize his late failure.

PETER PINDARICS.

The Biter Bit.

Jack Dobson, honest son of tillage,
The Toby Philpot of his village,
Laugh'd and grew fat, Time's gorgon visage braving;
To hear him cackle at a hoax,
Or new edition of old jokes,
You'd think a Roman Capitol was saving.

Not Boniface, when at a mug
Of ale he gave a hearty tug,
Was fuller of his subject-matter;
And Dobson had a better plea
For boasting of its pedigree,
For his was brew'd at home, and he
Himself was infinitely fatter.

One cask he had, better and stronger
Than all the rest—brew'd at a christening—
To pass it set his eyes a-glistening;
In short he couldn't tarry longer,
But seizing spiggot and a faucet,
He tapp'd it—quaff'd a luscious posset—
Then, like a hospitable fellow,
Sent for his friends to make them mellow.

Among them he invited one
Call'd Tibbs, a simple-witted wight,
Whom Mister Dobson took delight
To make the subject of his fun:
For Nature such few brains had put
In neighbour Tibbs's *occiput*,
That all the rustic wags and wits
Found him a most convenient butt
For their good hits;

Though sometimes, as both great and small aver,
He gave them Rowland for their Oliver.

The guests all met, and dinner spread,
Dobson first tipp'd the wink, then said,
" Well, now, my lads, we 'll all draw lots,
To settle which of us shall go
Into the cellarage below,
To fill the pots."
So saying, he adroitly wriggled
The shortest into Tibbs's paw,
Whereat the others hugely giggled,
And Tibbs, obedient to the law,
Went down, the beverage to draw.

Now, Farmer Dobson, wicked wag!
Over the cellar-door had slung
A water-bowl, so slyly hung
That whoso gave the door a drag
Was sure to tumble down at once
A quart of liquid on his sconce.

Our host and all his brother wits,
Soon as they heard their victim's tramp,
Who look'd half-drown'd, burst into fits,
Which in fresh peals of laughter flamed,
When Tibbs, in drawling tone, exclaim'd:
" Isn't your cellar rather damp?"

Grace being said, quick havoc follow'd;
Many good things were said and swallow'd;—
Joking, laughing, stuffing, and quaffing,
For a full hour they push'd about
The canns, and when there came a pause,
From mere exhaustion of their jaws,
Tibbs, with his nasal twang, drawl'd out—
" Suppose we now draw lots again,
Which of us shall go down to put
The spiggot back into the butt."—
" Why, zounds!"—the farmer roar'd amain,—

"The spiggot back!—come, come, you're funning,
You hav'n't left the liquor running?"—

"I did as I was order'd, Jack,"
Quoth Tibbs, "and if it was intention'd
That I should put the spiggot back,
It's a great pity 'twasn't mention'd:—
You've lost a cask of precious stuff,
But I for one have drunk enough."—

"Ass! numscull! fool!" the farmer cried,—
"What can one get, confound their souls!
By asking such half-witted lubbers?"
"This lesson, neighbour," Tibbs replied,—
"That those who choose to play at bowls,
Must expect rubbers!"

The Parson at Fault.

A COUNTRY parson took a notion
Into his head, one Whitsuntide,
That it was more like true devotion
To preach extempore;—he tried:—
Succeeded once—twice—thrice—but, lo!
His fourth discourse was not forthcoming;—
Spite of his hawing and his humming,
Not a word farther could he go;
So that the worthy man perforce
Was fain to leave them in the lurch,
And say, that, since he came to church,
He'd lost the thread of his discourse.

Whereat a man below exclaim'd,
"Lock the doors, beadle—search us round,
All, every one, until it's found:
The thief should really be ashamed.—
Here are *my* pockets,——ransack both;
I have it not, I'll take my oath."

THE STATUE OF THESEUS,

AND THE SCULPTURE ROOM OF PHIDIAS.

MUTILATED and disfigured as it is, I never approach this majestic statue without feeling an indescribable awe leading me, almost unconsciously, to take off my hat, and look up to it with silent reverence, as if I stood in the presence of some superior being. This impression is probably compounded of the thrilling delight with which minds of any susceptibility usually contemplate the beauty of exquisite proportion—of the vague apprehension inspired by gigantic bulk—and of that lingering homage still attaching itself to whatever has been once associated with the noblest and most solemn affections of the human heart, and contemplated as the figure of a divinity by the most civilized nations of the world. Whatever be the elements of the sensation, never did I feel it so intensely as yesterday, when I pored upon every limb and muscle of this masterpiece of antiquity, until I fell into a reverie, or waking dream; wherein, with all the inconsistency of those mental delusions, I imagined myself to be at Athens, under the administration of the celebrated Pericles. In vain did I endeavour to account for that contemporaneous burst of human genius, under his patronage, which enabled Athens to leap suddenly to the very pinnacle of renown, producing those miracles of art and science, to which, whether emerging from barbarism, or at-

tempting improvement in the most refined state of civilization, the world has been invariably compelled to turn back, as to the sole, immutable, and eternal standards of purity and perfection. Fancy transported me to the period when the Parthenon was not yet completed; and methought that a ticket presented to me by Panænus, the kinsman of Phidias, gave me admittance to the sculpture room of that immortal artist, where all the glorious statues, for the two pediments of the building, were to be exhibited to some of the most distinguished citizens, previously to the indiscriminate admission of the people.

Never did so awful, so majestic a vision overwhelm my faculties. My spirit felt rebuked—my heart sank within me—I seemed endeavouring to shrink into myself, as if I had intruded upon Olympus, and sacrilegiously thrust myself into the presence of the immortal gods. Some time elapsed before I was sufficiently recovered to lift up my eyes, and fix them on the prodigies by which I was surrounded, when I observed that all the figures were arranged in the exact positions which they were to occupy in the respective pediments. Those intended for the front, which faces the Propylæa, and the long walls to the Piræus, represented the presentation of Minerva, by Jupiter, to the goddesses of Olympus. The sublime countenance and stupendous symmetry of the thunderer, who occupied the centre of the group, contrasted admirably with the milder majesty of the virgin Minerva; who, seated in her car, appeared to be slowly ascending Olympus. The figures for the

posterior pediment exhibited the dispute between Neptune and Minerva, to determine which of them should give a name to Attica; but before I could distinctly examine the blaze and glory of art which they displayed, I heard footsteps approaching; and, retiring to the extremity of the group, I seated myself in speechless admiration, behind the recumbent statue of Theseus.

Phidias, the superintendant of the works under Pericles, and author of the wonders with which I was surrounded, slowly advanced to the front of the principal group, and kneeling down with an expression of deep reverence, I heard him return thanks to the gods that life and health had been granted him for the completion of his work; while he implored their forgiveness, if the imperfect conception of his mind, or inadequate execution of his hand, had disabled him from doing full justice to the divine originals.—Ah! said I to myself, here is the true secret of the inimitable sublimity of the Greek sculptors! That holy enthusiasm—that utter concentration of all the faculties necessary for the production of such masterpieces, can only be elicited by combining the stimulants of both worlds; by believing that heaven as well as earth are waiting to shower down rewards upon the successful artist;—that the gods, as well as men, are to sit in judgment upon every effort of his chisel. Religious feelings only can create such prodigies of art, and religion only, by dedicating them to the sacred edifices and public buildings, can adequately reward their creators. Hence the eminence

of painting in Catholic countries, where every church is a perpetual stimulus, combining in the mind of the artist the excitement of devotion with the certainty of worldly remuneration; a conjunction of motives to which England must have recourse, if she ever hopes, in this respect, to equal her Continental rivals.

From these reflections I was aroused by the opening of a door, and the entrance of a mixed party, ushered in by Alcamenes and Coletes, pupils of Phidias; among whom I distinguished a short thick-set man, remarkable for his slovenly dress, bald head, high forehead, and turned-up nose. That is Socrates, said I, in a whisper;—I know him by his ugliness. What sort of mental hallucination possessed me I know not, but certainly I expressed neither surprise nor alarm at the miracle, when the statue of Theseus, in another whisper, thus replied to my observation:—"That which indicates intellect, is always admired among the Greeks. It is a maxim with them, that the lower the eyes are placed, the more does the human recede from the animal character:—those of Socrates (a solitary instance) occupy nearly the middle of his head: to this they attribute his superior wisdom; and by the wisdom of his head they measure their admiration of its form." The statue was silent, and I felt somewhat surprised at the minute and technical manner in which Socrates proceeded to criticise and examine the sculptures, until I recollected that he himself had been educated as a statuary, and attained such proficiency that the

Three Graces, executed by his chisel, were long preserved in the citadel.

But I was soon to contemplate the most perfect union of intellectual and personal beauty, that the world perhaps ever produced; for a female stood before me, whose dignified yet bewitching demeanour entirely rivetted my attention. Though no longer in the first bloom of youth, and with a complexion enriched by the fervour of an Ionian sun, her countenance, when its features were not called into action, exhibited the majesty, beauty, and intelligence of the virgin Minerva; but no sooner did she smile, or even speak, than her dark hazel eyes shot forth a thousand fascinations; a voluptuous air diffused itself around her; and more Cupids seemed to lurk in her numerous dimples, than were ever summoned to the aid of Aphrodite, when she put forth all her allurements to win the prize from the Trojan shepherd. Her face, deportment, and figure seemed compounded of the Muses, the Graces, and the Loves; while her dress, splendid, yet exquisitely tasteful—provocative, yet perfectly decorous,—assimilated most happily with the characteristics of the wearer. Who is that lovely creature? I exclaimed.—"*Aspasia,*" replied the statue.

Aspasia!—what a world of recollections does the name involve! Aspasia, the riddle and paradox of antiquity;—the courtesan and the female philosopher;—the keeper of a brothel, and the most accomplished politician in Athens;—the mistress of Lysicles, the

grazier, and the instructor of Socrates;—the cause of the Samian war, and the writer of the celebrated Funeral Oration pronounced by Pericles in honour of its victims, of which the eloquence was so touching, that the very mothers who had been rendered childless followed him home with blessings, and showered garlands upon his head. Such was the celebrity of Aspasia, that Cyrus, the rival of Artaxerxes, bestowed her name upon his favourite mistress:—such was the ridicule and disrespect with which she was treated at Athens, that in the comedies she was publicly denominated "the new Omphale," "Dejanira," and "Juno;" nay, "the Prostitute!" Such was the infatuation of Pericles for this woman, that he was never known to depart upon business, or return, without saluting her, until at last he married her;—but above all, notwithstanding the infamy of her vocation, such was the decorum of her public conduct, and the overpowering splendour of her various talents, that the matrons of Athens did not hesitate to take their daughters to her house, that they might hear her discourse, and profit by her instructions.

And who is that grave personage, said I, upon whose arm she is leaning; whose dress, without any appearance of undue attention, is yet arranged with such scrupulous propriety, and whose head appears as much too long as that of Socrates is too round?—"That is Pericles, whose head, on account of its disproportionate length, is generally represented covered with a helmet, and who, for the same reason, has received from the comic poets the name of the onion-

headed. The youth beside him is his eldest son Xanthippus; Paralus, the second of his sons, is led behind him, by Euryptolemus, his nephew; and yonder grey-headed old man is his tutor, Anaxagoras, the Clazomenian, from his superior wisdom surnamed "Nous," or the intelligence. In the multiplicity of his public duties, Pericles forgot to make the necessary provision for his tutor's support; the philosopher had covered up his head, and was going to starve himself, when his pupil, hearing of his situation, ran instantly to his relief, expostulated, entreated forgiveness for his neglect, and implored him not to deprive his administration of so valuable a counsellor. Uncovering his face, Anaxagoras exclaimed, "Ah, Pericles! those that have need of a lamp take care to supply it with oil."

At this moment Aspasia approaching the spot where I sat, disengaged her arm from that of Pericles:—"Go," said she playfully, "and examine those glorious works: why do you bestow all your attentions upon me, and none upon those goddesses?"—"Because," replied Pericles, "you are my only goddess."—"Which of them?" resumed Aspasia, with an arch look.—"Take care, take care," said Socrates smiling; "every one of those deities has been enamoured of more than one mortal, and if Pericles talks of exclusive devotion, even to a daughter of earth, he may have cause to rue their jealousy." An obsequious smile and ready laugh followed each of these observations from a listener behind, who instantly turned round to two companions, prepared with tablets to note down what he communicated in a whisper.

"That," said my marble colloquist, "is Cleon, the factious demagogue, repeating what he has heard to Anytus and Melitus, and begging them to write it down, that it may be added to the materials of their intended prosecution against Socrates for impiety."—Those, then, are the scoundrels, said I to myself, who succeeded at last in procuring the death of that great philosopher, spite of his pretended Agatho-dæmon, and his real virtues. Phidias, too, owed his death to pestilent and unprincipled informers of the same stamp —being accused of sacrilege in having introduced his own effigy, as a bald old man, in the battle of the Amazons, represented upon Minerva's shield; as well as a portrait of Pericles, fighting with an Amazon, although the arm lifting up the spear was artfully contrived so as partly to conceal the face. Nor did Aspasia escape an impeachment for impiety by Hermippus, the comic poet, from which she escaped only by the exertions of Pericles, who is reported to have shed more tears in her defence, than fell from him when so many of his friends and children perished in the great plague. And had these men, said I, turning to the statue, so deep and sensitive a reverence for religion, as to feel the horror which they profess at such trifling peccadilloes?

"Treacherous knaves!" exclaimed the figure; "in their private orgies, and symposia, they make a mock of every thing holy, and would trample on all the gods of Olympus, if it would advance them so many steps in their career of selfishness and ambition."

A loud and angry babbling of tongues in one

corner of the room attracted my attention, and casting my eyes in that direction, I perceived a knot of sophists wrangling fiercely about some new refutation of the well-known syllogistic puzzle—Epimenides said all Cretans were liars;—but Epimenides was himself a Cretan—therefore Epimenides was a liar—therefore the Cretans were not liars—therefore Epimenides was not a liar. Not one of them cast a glance at the surpassing marbles, or the distinguished living characters by whom they were surrounded, and I soon found that all the realities of existence were hidden from their eyes by a dense cloud of pedantry. To them the glories of nature and art were absolutely extinct; they lived in an atmosphere of quibbles; and while, in their perpetual and childish warfare, they were chopping at each other's heads with logic, and pelting one another with words, they would have been simply contemptible and ridiculous, had they not at the same time endeavoured, with a pestilent subtlety, to jumble right and wrong, virtue and vice, and thus confound all the elements of the moral world in one indistinguishable chaos.

What a volume of wit sparkles in the countenance of that young man, who is listening to their jargon with a sneering smile. Jibes and jeers, jokes, ridicule and burlesque, seem to be flickering in every corner of his mouth: angry sarcasm, and indignant rebuke, glimmer through the flashes of his eyes, tempered only by those gentler emanations from the muse within, which would have made him the brightest poet of his age, had not the follies and vices of Athens compelled him

to become its severest comic satirist. I learnt from my communicative statue, that this was Aristophanes, watching both Socrates and the sophists, that he might burlesque them in his comedy of the Clouds; and that his two companions were Eupolis and Cratinus, the comic poets; who, in their calumnious wantonness, scrupled not to affirm that Phidias received female visitors in his house, under pretext of exhibiting his sculptures, but with the real intention of affording a cover for intrigues, and acting as a pander to Pericles.—Pyrilampes was also pointed out to me; who, because he had a collection of curious birds, particularly peacocks, was reported, upon the same scandalous authority, to purchase them merely that they might be bestowed as presents upon those women who granted their favours to Pericles.

And who is that handsome youth, said I, whose splendid armour, sparkling with steel and gold, is fashioned with such exquisite taste, and so happily adapted to display the symmetry of his fine figure?—"That is Alcibiades," was the reply: "he has visited the Palæstra this morning, merely as an excuse for appearing here in all the graces of his military costume; but the perfumes with which he is scented, and the affected lisp, which affords him an excuse for disclosing his white teeth, show that he has been contemplating other conquests than those which are to be achieved by arms. And yet in war no one more dauntless and hardy, as he fully proved at the battle of Delium, where he saved the life of Socrates, as Socrates had saved his at the fight of Potidæa.

At some distance from this Athenian *Exquisite* stood Critias, and a party of rival sculptors and statuaries, endeavouring not to see the most obvious merits in the works before them, and shrugging up their shoulders at the infatuation of Pericles, in patronising an artist guilty of such gross blunders as they had already detected. In fact, they had discovered that the wheel of Minerva's car wanted a linch-pin, while there were no marks for nails in one of the horse's shoes!

Three figures now approached me, whom I found to be Agatharchus, Parrhasius, and Zeuxis, the painters, the former of whom was vaunting the celerity and ease with which he finished his pieces. "If I boast," replied Zeuxis, "it shall be of the slowness with which I finish mine." Discovering from their conversation that they were all employed in decorating the walls of the Parthenon, I could not help reflecting upon the nobler destiny of the sculptor, whose immortal productions can be sent down unimpaired to the lowest posterity; while the most exquisite painters cannot hope to leave any evidence of their skill after the lapse of a very few centuries, and must content themselves, like the artists before me, with the shadowy perpetuation of a name.

Seated upon a stool, in front of the principal group, I observed two venerable-looking men, each resting his chin upon a staff, while his hands were concealed by an ample beard. These were Sophocles and Euripides, the tragic writers, who agreed in pronouncing the composition before them defective, because it did

not contain the fates or the furies, whose presence they had been accustomed to consider indispensable in their own productions.—"Look attentively," said my marble communicant, "at that broad-shouldered figure, in the philosopher's robes, conversing with two young men. It is Plato; and his companions are Xenophon and Thucydides, the historians; names which require no illustration, as they are assuredly destined to immortality."

Apart from the rest of the visitants, I distinguished a man of peculiarly sly expression, surveying the whole scene from the corners of his eyes, yet apparently wishing to assume an appearance of unconcern and indifference. This I found to be Damon, the deepest politician of Athens, the bosom-friend and counsellor of Pericles; who, in order to avoid the jealousy of the turbulent democracy, concealed his interference in state affairs, under the cloak of a professor of music. In this capacity, he had procured the Odeum to be built; where prizes were annually distributed to the best musical performers. He was conversing with Ictinus and Callicrates, the builders of the Parthenon, the latter of whom had just declared that it had already cost a thousand talents, and that he hoped the gold mines of Lauzium would hold out until it was completed—when a dislocation occurred in my ideas, which, without dissipating my reverie altogether, transferred it to modern times, and to the mutilated Theseus of the British Museum. As I gazed with intense admiration upon its back—that back, the sight of

which Canova declared to be well worth a journey from Rome—I could not help exclaiming, "With what delight must the ancients, with their exquisite relish for sculpture, have pored upon this *chef-d'œuvre* of Phidias!"

"Alas!" replied the figure, "you forget that, although now the noblest fragment left, I then occupied, as a deified hero, but a very subordinate station among the deities of his majestic group. My recumbent posture was destined to fill up the angle of one pediment, as the Ilissus did of the other; and there was nothing but the celebrated horse's head between my figure and the extremity of the building. This back, over which sculptors and anatomists now hang enraptured, might as well have been an unchiselled block; it was turned to the wall of the building, never meant to be seen; and, in fact, no human eyes rested upon it for more than twenty-two centuries, when violence tore it from its position, and exhibited it to the applauses of the world. It was thus elaborately wrought, because it would have been held sacrilege to dedicate any thing imperfect to the gods; and because, in the exuberant opulence of his art, Phidias could afford to be extravagant, and throw away a masterpiece upon a blind wall. Judge hence of the superior majesty, of the more celestial grace and sublimity, by which the central figures were made glorious to the eyes; but judge not, even from them, of the pinnacle to which Phidias could exalt his art. All these were fashioned for exposure to the injuries of the weather,

and, from the great height at which they were to be viewed, were meant to excite admiration by the grandeur of general effect, rather than the exquisiteness of minute detail. Imagine the awful beauty of the statues *within* the temple, where both were to be combined! Conceive the stupendous symmetry of the Minerva, thirty-nine feet high—the still more majestic proportions of the Olympian Jupiter, executed for the Eleans!" . . .

How long this enumeration might have continued it is impossible to say; but it was rudely broken, and the whole fabric of my reverie demolished, by the voice of the Museum porter,—"Sir, you're the only gemman left, and we always locks the doors at six."—Once more I surveyed the marble upon which the living eyes of all the illustrious persons I have mentioned had been formerly fixed, as well as those of Cicero, Pliny, Pausanias, and Plutarch, who have recorded their visits to the Parthenon; and then, with slow steps, I quitted the building. On reaching the street, I still doubted whether I was in the Acropolis, the Agora, or before the theatre of Bacchus; when a lamplighter, scampering by me, skipped up his ladder, and, by the light of his link, I discovered, printed on a black board, "GREAT RUSSELL STREET, BLOOMSBURY."

NEHEMIAH MUGGS.

Most courteous Reader, pray permit the Fool
To doff his cap and bells for your politeness,
In sparing him a niche released from rule,
And all pedantic ligature and tightness;
Where he may freely, in his motley papers,
Cut reverend jokes, and well-establish'd capers.—
He has a lengthy tale, which, when enroll'd,
Requires some scores of pages to uphold—
(One Mister Muggs is hero of the poem;)
And as no hero of the stage struts on,
Without a flourish for his Chaperon,
Ours shall be usher'd by a pompous proem.
So for your ample solace and instruction,
Take this grave sample of an

INTRODUCTION.

No sweet Arcadian pipe is mine—
Such as of old the tuneful Nine,
On rosy banks of Helicon,
Committed to some favour'd son,
Whose wild and magic melodies,
From banks of flowers,
And myrtle bowers,
Bade nymphs and sylvan boys arise,
To form, with laughing loves, an earthly Paradise.—
I may not, with the classic few,
Snatch inspiration from the Muses' hill;
Nor, raptured, quaff poetic dew
From Aganippe's rill.—
Vales and mountains,
Grots and fountains,
The haunt of heroes, and the poet's theme—
Sense inviting, soul delighting,
Burst on my vision like a glorious dream.—

But, ah! as soon to fade away,
For Christian knights demand my lay.

Not steel-clad Crusaders, with lances and shields,
The sparkling invaders of Palestine's fields;
Who, marching o'er deserts, or vineyards and balm,
In the blaze of the sun, or the shade of the palm,
Planted the cross amid havoc and death,
On the sands of Damascus and Nazareth.—
Whose helmeted leaders gave charge through the cedars,
At sound of the trumpets on Lebanon's mount,
And roll'd man and horse of the Saracen force
Down to the waters of Galilee's fount.—
Fearless were they, by night or by day,
Of the infidel legions that barr'd the way;
Who, with turban and beard, and scymitars rear'd,
Through whirlwinds of sand on their enemies dash'd;
And gloried to fall on the breach of the wall,
Where the crescented flag o'er the battlements flash'd.—

Nor sing I of the knights whose fame
Minstrels and troubadours proclaim;
Who, pricking o'er enchanted ground,
By forest dark, or moated mound,
Where captive beauty sigh'd,
Spite of the guardian dragon's yell,
Smote the black giant grim and fell,
Reseued the nymph from wizard spell,
And claim'd the blushing bride.—
Alas! no fancy-woven wreaths
Their perfume o'er my pathway shed,
And no melodious spirit breathes
Wild inspiration o'er my head.—

Here we must close our proem (what a pity!)
And tumble from Parnassus to

THE CITY.

Bright broke the morning in the blaze
Of London's own romantic traits.—

And now (so great Hippona pleased)
Two coaches rattled past;
Their bugle-horns the guardmen seized,
And from their pigmy throttles squeezed
An angry giant's blast.—
Now let the reader take a view
Of Norton Falgate, and pursue
Each peak-topp'd tenement to where
A squat snug man, with sable hair,
And dirty night-cap, he may see,
Brought to the window by the roar,
Which might have split the scull he bore,
Unless, indeed, 'twas crack'd before,
As sculls like his are apt to be.—

O reader, fix your eyes where I have said;
For from that window peeps my hero's head!—
Yes, yes; 'tis Nehemiah Muggs—
A name that would inspirit slugs!
With poet-frensy make a mite
Leap from his cheese of Stilton,
And every native oyster write
As if he were a Milton!
But see, he quits the attic story,
So I 'll prepare to do the same,
And in plain English lay before ye
The birth, profession, and the glory,
Of him who own'd this classic name.—

His pedigree was old, no doubt,
Only he could not make it out;
Though surely 'tis self-evident,
That he might boast a great descent.—
Some who are learned heralds *can* tell
Men's ancestry from shield, or mantle:—
If like Elijah's mantle, theirs
Entail'd its virtues on its heirs,

Bidding the wearer still inherit
Its primitive possessor's merit;
Why then some nobles would appear
Just the reverse of what they are.—
But all NE.'s claim to ancestry
Some genealogists deny,
And prove by treatise erudite
He was a human aërolite,
Ejected from some moon volcano,
(Though that is more than I or they know),
Where still are kept the wits of Muggs,
In one of Ariosto's jugs.—
If he had chosen to have had 'em,
He might have bought descents from Adam;
And proved his folly and his blood
By pedigrees from old King Lud,
Such as the College keeps by dozens,
With blanks for Norman sires and cousins.—

Birth cannot give our faults redemption;
'Tis an excitement, not exemption.—
Intrinsic honesty and knowledge
Emblaze themselves, without the College;
While herald honours on the base
Do but degrade their wearers more,
As sweeps, whom May-day trappings grace,
Show ten times blacker than before.

As to his trade our hero held
Chattels and goods by few excell'd;
Such as brooms, pipkins, treacle, tops,
Tobacco, brickdust, lollipops,
Gilt gingerbread, and penny trumpets,
Red herrings, blacking, snuff, and crumpets;
In short, the catalogue to stop,
He kept a thriving chandler's shop.—

Snuff, treacle, tops, he spurn'd them all,
Fancying he heard a voice beseeching
Him (Muggs!) to listen to a call,
And go, like Hudibras, a-preaching.—
'Twas a new light, which might, in fact,
Have enter'd where his head was crack'd,—
Is it that addled brains perchance,
When the scull's dark with ignorance,
Like rotten eggs survey'd at night,
Emit a temporary light?
Or is it that a heated brain,
When it is rubb'd against the grain,
Like a cat's back, though dark as charcoal,
Will in the gloom appear to sparkle?
Whatever was the cause, the fact is,
That Muggs conceived his call was true;
And so began to read and practise,
To fit him for his grand *début*.

'Twas his first care his voice to muffle,
And get the genuine nasal snuffle;
For these low candlestick apostles
Illuminate us from their nozzles,
And through the nose as surely pray,
As make their congregations pay.—
To aid his whine, an ample dose
Of snuff was thrust into his nose,
As old Demosthenes put stones
Into his mouth to mend his tones:—
Last, he resolved his stile should be
Original and savoury;
While to prevent the sneers and sniggers
Of those who look for learned theses,
He studied metaphors and figures,
Tropes, similes, and catachreses,
That both Quintilian and Longinus
Should over-reach or undermine us.—

So qualified and recommended,
To Stratford fair, with pompous pace,
And solemn sanctimonious face,
He bent his way——a cart ascended,
And thus, collecting all his powers,
Scatter'd his oratoric flowers:—

"Viler than vilest of vile sinners!
Ye who at fairs or alehouse dinners
Sup on your reprobate Welsh rabbit;
Ye who love skittles, bowls, and dice,
And make disorder'd nights of vice
Your regular and daily habit:—
What! will ye still, ye heathen, flee
From sanctity and grace,
Until your blind idolatry
Shall stare you in the face?
Will ye throw off the mask, and show
Thereby the cloven foot below?
Do——but remember you must pay
What's due to you on settling day;
For Heaven's eye, it stands to sense,
Can never stomach such transgressions;
Nor can the hand of Providence
Wink at your impious expressions.—
The profligate thinks vengeance dead,
And in his fancied safety chuckles,—
But Atheism's hydra head
Shall have a rap upon the knuckles;—
The never-blushing cheek of vice
Shall kick the bucket in a trice;
While the deaf ear that never pray'd,
Shall quickly by the heels be laid."

At this display of declamation,
The unconverted congregation
Laughter in such loud peals emits,
That Echo seem'd to be in fits;

Whereat our Muggs with anger fumed,
And thus in louder key resumed—
"The finger of uplifted scorn
In vain exalts its wicked horn,
Cocks up its nose at what I teach,
And turns its back upon my speech;—
You fear my words—"——Just then, alas!
They did seem anxious to prevent 'em,
For some one threw a muddy mass
Into his eye with such momentum,
That by the well-directed sally
'Twas closed and seal'd hermetically.
Another gave the cart a tilt,
To stop our ranting Boanerges,
Whereby he suddenly was spilt
Into a dunghill's sable surges,
Which closed the sermon of our Flamen,
Ere he had time to utter—Amen.

DEATH—POSTHUMOUS MEMORIALS—CHILDREN.

DEATH hath not any appalling concomitants, either as a "thin melancholy privation, or more confounding positive." He is the sleeping partner of life, to whom we give ourselves up every night without any compunctious visitings: we know not, when we enter them, that the sheets of our bed shall not prove our winding sheets, yet our hearts quake not. We walk arm-in-arm with him, almost every hour; and when his gentle hand draws the curtain around us, and covers us up in our narrow bed, what is it but to fall

asleep, and to have a little longer to wait for the daylight? As I return to my sequestered quiet cottage, after the bustle of a day in London, and a glimpse at the pageantry of the theatre; so, after the great drama of life, shall we return to the tranquil non-existence from which we started;—we had our turn, and must make room for others.—

> Ay, but to die, and go we not where,—
> To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot!—
> This sensible warm motion to become
> A kneaded clod, and the dilated spirit
> To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
> In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice!

Shakspeare, with his usual insight into human nature, has put the cowardly speech of which this is the commencement, with all its monstrous notions of the Deity, and its abject and grovelling conclusion, into the mouth of *Clodio*, a dastard, who would purchase a pittance of life with his sister's dishonour.—Well might she exclaim—

> ——— O you beast!
> O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!

Yet there is some force in the earnestness with which he urges the uncertain nature of death. "We know what we are, but we know not what we may be."—And yet, after all, it is the love of what we are going *from*, more than the fear of what we are going *to*, that makes us draw back our foot when the grave opens beneath it. Three-fourths of mankind, in their last moments, seem more anxious to be recorded in

this world than favoured in the next; and many masses ostensibly ordered for the repose of the soul have really proceeded from a desire for perpetuating some remembrance of the body. No one likes to drop into the earth, like a pebble into the ocean, and let the waves of eternity close over him, without some record or memorial. We wish to keep up some connexion with mortality, however slight; and we stretch back our shadowy arms from the tomb to snatch at a phantom. Hence all our posthumous vanity and monumental earth-clinging,—from the dateless pyramids, down to the recent will of Mrs. Mary Hoggins, of St. Olave, Southwark, who bequeaths to the parish ringers "a leg of mutton and trimmings, FOR EVER, for ringing a peal of triple-bob-majors on the anniversary of her birth." In commemorating its donor, the leg of mutton cannot fail more egregiously than the pyramids, which have entombed the names as well as the bodies of their builders:—"*they 've been so long remembered they 're forgot;*"—or, if Cheops and Cephrenes be indeed their founders, what have they perpetuated? An empty word, a sound, which we cannot incorporate in flesh and blood; no, nor even in bones and dust, for Cambyses and Belzoni were both forestalled.—The monarch's sarcophagus was found empty, while the bones of the sacred bull were still whole and recognizable. What a satire on human ambition!—Of *the Mausoleum*, one of the seven wonders of the world, not an atom remains:—we know nothing of him, who for so many centuries was its solitary tenant, while the name of the Queen who built it is familiar

in our mouths, and will travel securely down to futurity from her having imparted it to a humble flower. What a triumph for nature!—I always keep some of these historical plants by me:—their hoar leaves tell a more affecting tale than that inscribed by Apollo on the petals of the hyacinth.

Ingenuity has been exhausted in varying contrivances to defraud oblivion. Doggett has clothed his memory in a waterman's coat and badge; while another actor serves up the embalmed mummy of his name in a twelfth cake, to be annually devoured in the green-room. But the substance is soon lost in the shadow—the symbol recalls no recollection of the original; nothing remains but the name of a nonentity, and what is this worth?—Bucephalus perpetuated his name, as well as Alexander; the incendiary of Diana's temple eternised his, though it was forbidden to be uttered, while that of its first builder is lost. Vice, indeed, and folly, have better chances of immortality than virtue and wisdom; for the former only are registered in our Courts and Calends; and as blood and misery are the materials with which history builds, one destroyer of mankind shall outlast fifty benefactors. The Chinese have no annals, for they have had no wars. Poor-spirited wretch that I am!—no circumstances could have made me a hero, for, with shame I confess it, I would rather be a forgotten philosopher, than a remembered tyrant.

Poets have a much more substantial existence after death. The "*non omnis moriar*" is not altogether a vain boast; their minds actually survive: we are con-

versant with their thoughts, words, and actions; we see a whole and consistent character, disembodied, indeed; but still sufficiently vital to become companionable; and to participate in a species of communion between the living and the dead. But, alas! how quickly "comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears," and cuts off, for us moderns at least, even this precarious tenure. Only 420 years have elapsed since the death of Chaucer, and his dialect has become obsolete, even before his monument has quite decayed, —though that, too, is in a forlorn plight, and I would cheerfully subscribe towards its restoration, were it only for his having beaten a Franciscan Friar in Fleet-street. Gower, his contemporary, sleeps in St. Saviour's, Southwark, with his three great works under his head, where, and where only, their titles are still read: nor will that be practicable much longer; for, though his tomb was repaired only thirty years ago, it is again, from the dampness of its situation, hurrying to oblivion. The most popular of the moderns must soon become antiquated;—it is the *dead* languages only that live. Children alone can perform the seemingly inconsistent office of sweetening both life and death; throwing a charm over existence, and making "the foul ugly phantom" approach, like the destroyer of Hipparchus, with triumphant garlands around his weapon. Children are the best living possession and posthumous existence; and how delightful, as well as beneficial. What a beautiful mystery is a child! How awful in its incomprehensibility;—how enchanting an essence of human nature, with all its virtues

full blown, and its vices and imperfections undeveloped. They are the offspring of heaven, and resemble their parent.—How intensely characteristic of the benignant Jesus was his exclamation, "*Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven;*" and can we conceive a happier heaven than the mind of a child, into whose paradise regret for the past, and dread for the future—those demons by which manhood is haunted—have not yet intruded; where every thing is an exquisite enjoyment of presentness, and the rolling panorama of the world is beheld with all the keen relish that faculties, in their highest state of susceptibility for delightful impressions, can derive from the raciness of perpetual novelty. Christianity has adopted one cordial and endearing emblem, which gracefully succeeds to the winged Aurelia of the ancients; I mean the cherubs' heads, engraved upon our tombs. I love to see them fluttering about, as if they were appointed to keep up the communication, and were ready to convey intelligence from one world to the other. As to the monumental scull, it is an offensive hieroglyphic of man; and the sculptured bones are but an unseemly type of the cross. Away with them!

They who are happy enough to be parents, may find rejuveniscence without Medea's cauldron, or Saint Leon's forbidden compact, or the pregnant elixir of the alchemists. There is a blossoming of spring in the autumn of their life, a genuine second childhood, not feeble and fatuous, but vigorous and buoyant, when all the green associations of youth break out in full

bloom from sympathy with their offspring. Then is it that we realize the delightful anticipation of the song;

> And when with envy Time transported
> Shall think to rob us of our joys,
> You 'll in your Girls again be courted,
> While I go wooing in my Boys.

Children afford an excuse for business, as well as a plea for pleasure. When old Chinnery, of Fenchurch-street, had realized a hundred thousand pounds, he was advised to retire from business, that he might enjoy himself—and be miserable. "I must take care of my *children*," was his reply; so he continued to do the only thing for which he was fitted, and, after many more laborious and prosperous seasons, died covered with years and plums. At Vauxhall, last summer, I met my grave and substantial neighbour, Frampton, who, with an air of some confusion at being detected in an enjoyment, assured me he had not been there before for many years, and only came then to give his children a treat. Mine, I am sure, give me a treat, when they enable me to shake my sides at Grimaldi's jokes, and laugh the wrinkles out of my heart. Cares come with them, too, it must be admitted; but it is better to have something to fear than nothing to hope. A father has no *tædium vitæ*; and he loves his children the better, when he considers them as the depositaries and concentrations of past anxieties. They exhilarate his life, smooth his pillow of death, and give even a domestic attraction to the grave, wherein he joins those that have gone before

him, and waits for those that are to follow. In fact, he hardly dies;—the living transcripts of his face and figure are still moving upon the earth; his name survives, embodied in another self; his blood is still flowing through human veins, and may continue its crimson current till the great wheel shall stand still. What posthumous memorial so vital as this?

But children are often wayward and mischievous, and it is not less painful than necessary to correct them. I cannot deny it; for unfortunately the proof is now before me; and all this presents a painful picture to a father. But is it nothing to anticipate the hour of reconciliation, when, with sparkling eyes, my children shall leap to my bosom? Is it nothing to know from experience that the tide of affection will gush more abundantly from this temporary interruption, and that I shall again be able to exclaim with old Dornton in the play—"Who would *not* be a father?" Is it nothing that —— but I have described this happy moment till I can wait for its arrival no longer. God bless ye, my darlings; come to my arms at once!

While I have been wiping my children's eyes and my own, one of those involuntary thoughts which shoot across the brain like meteors led me to ask, what might be the future fate and fortune of those whom I was embracing. Affecting speculation! Is it possible that these vivacious beings, bounding about in an intoxication of delight from the mere luxury of existence, can become old, and querulous, and paralytic, and crawl along upon crutches? Stale

morality, to rake in the grave for dusty mementos of our evanescency: to hold up a dead man's scull before our eyes, as if we drank our wine out of it, and wished to hob-a-nob; to beat the devil's tattoo upon our memories with a skeleton's drumsticks! If we wish to stamp this moral upon our hearts, let us compare man with himself; let us contemplate the death of the living,—of those who have survived themselves, and become their own tombs. Never did I feel so acutely the vanity of life, as when, in a palsied and superannuated old woman, I was told I beheld the celebrated beauty upon whom Lord Chesterfield had written the well-known song—

> Fair Kitty, beautiful and young,
> And wild as colts untamed—

But there is one pang, and an agonizing one it is, from which bachelors are happily exempt. Heaven sometimes reclaims the most beautiful of our angels for itself. When our children have just fastened themselves to our hearts by a thousand ties, Death, then, indeed, "a foul ugly phantom," will stretch forth his bony hand to wrench them from us, and almost tear up our hearts by the roots in the struggle! Paternity is as garrulous as old age. God help the reader, when both are combined! Under such circumstances, it is hardly fair to visit him with the fond babblings of a mother, and yet I cannot refrain from concluding with the following maternal effusion:—

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

'Tis hard, dear babe, to think that for ever we must part,
That thou again wilt never be press'd unto my heart;
For tho' thou wert but young, thou wert made to us most dear,
By a little age of sickness, anxiety, and fear.—

How often with thy father have I sat beside thy bed,
How we look'd at one another when thy colour came and fled;
For death we both forboded, though we dared not tell our fears,
And we turn'd aside our faces to hide the coming tears.

How sweet it was to listen to each newly prattled word,
And to see thy dark eyes glisten with the look of health restored;
But, alas! thy beauty's blossom could scarce unfold its charms,
When the cruel hand of death came to pluck thee from our arms.

No stranger without shrinking could have seen thine eyes, still bright,
Fix'd open without winking, when thy spirit took its flight;
Then what must we have suffer'd, who so watch'd them, when awake,
And nightly on their sleep stole a silent kiss to take?

In every thing there lingers some thought of thee behind,—
I feel thy little fingers still round my own entwined;
Not a night but in my dreams I can hear thy little cries;
I start awake—and think—and the tears suffuse my eyes.

Thy trinkets, toys, and dresses, we are forced to hide them all;
They waken new distresses by the scenes that they recall;
And every lovely child whom we happen to accost
Brings thrilling recollections of the beauty we have lost.—

But if such sights of sorrow can our sympathies excite,
From others we may borrow consolation and delight;
And when we mourn the joys of which our bosoms are bereft,
Let us think with grateful hearts of the many that are left.

MILLER REDIVIVUS;

OR, AN OLD JOE IN A NEW DRESS.

Mrs. Rose Grob.

None would have known that Siegmund Grob
Lived Foreman to a Sugar-baker,
But that he died, and left the job
Of Tombstone-making to an Undertaker;
Who, being a Mason also, was a Poet,—
So he engraved a skull upon the stone,
(The Sexton of Whitechapel Church will show it,)
Then carved the following couplet from his own—
"Stop, reader, stop, and give a sob
for Siegmund Grob!"

Grob's Widow had been christen'd *Rose*,
But why, no human being knows,
Unless when young she might disclose,
Like other blooming Misses,
Roses, which quickly fled in scorn,
But left upon her chin the thorn,
To guard her lips from kisses.
She relish'd tea and butter'd toast,
Better than being snubb'd and school'd;
Liking no less to rule the roast,
Than feast upon the roast she ruled—
And though profuse of tongue withal,
Of cash was economical.

Now, as she was a truly loving wife,
As well as provident in all her dealings,
She made her German spouse insure his life,
Just as a little hedge against her feelings—
So that when Siegmund died, in her distress
She call'd upon the Phœnix for redress.

Two thousand pounds, besides her savings,
Was quite enough all care to drown;
No wonder then she soon felt cravings
To quit the melancholy city,
And take a cottage out of town,
And live genteel and pretty.

Accordingly in Mile End Road
She quickly chose a snug retreat;
'Twas quite a pastoral abode,
Its situation truly sweet!
Although it stood in Prospect Row,
'Twas luckily the corner house,
With a side-window and a bow:
Next to it was the Milkman's yard, whose cows
When there were neither grains nor chaff to browse,
Under the very casement stood to low.
That was a pleasant window altogether,
It raked the road a mile or more,
And when there was no dust or foggy weather,
The Monument you might explore,
And see, without a glass, the people
Walking round and round its steeple.

Across the road, half down a street,
You caught a field, with hoofs well beaten;
For cattle there were put to eat,
Till they were wanted to be eaten.
Then as for shops, want what you will,
You hadn't twenty steps to go,—
There was a Butcher's in the row,
A Tallow Chandler's nearer still;
And as to stages by the door,
Besides the Patent Coach, or Dandy,
There were the Mile-End, Stratford, Bow,
A dozen in an hour or more—
One dust was never gone before
Another came:—'twas monstrous handy!

Behind, a strip of garden teem'd
With cabbages and kitchen shrubs;
'Twas a good crop when she redeem'd
Half from the worms, and slugs, and grubs.
Beyond these was a brick-kiln, small
But always smoking; she must needs
Confess she liked the smell, and all
Agreed 'twas good for invalids.
In town she always had a teasing
Tightness on her chest, and wheezing;
Here she was quite a different creature:—
Well, let the worldly waste their health
Toiling in dirt and smoke for wealth,
Give *her* the country air, and nature!

Her cottage front was stucco'd white;
Before it two fine Poplars grew,
Which nearly reach'd the roof, or quite,
And in one corner, painted blue,
Stood a large water-tub with wooden spout—
(She never put a rag of washing out):
Upon the house-top, on a plaster shell,
"Rose Cottage" was inscribed, its name to dub:
The green door look'd particularly well,
Pick'd out with blue to match the tub;
The children round about were smitten
Whene'er they stopp'd to fix their eye on
The flaming knocker, ('twas a Lion);
Beneath it was a large brass knob,
And on a plate above was written
"Mrs. Rose Grob."

Here she resided free from strife,
Except perpetual scolds with Betty,
For the main objects of her life
Were two, and form'd her daily trade,—
To cram herself, and starve her maid—
For one no savings were too petty,

For t'other no tid-bit too nice.
After her dinner, in a trice,
She lock'd the fragments up in towels;
She weigh'd out bread, and cheese, and butter,
And in all cases show'd an utter
Disregard for Betty's bowels;
As if, in penance for her sins,
She made her dine on shanks and shins,
(Was ever such a stingy hussey!)
And reckon'd it a treat to give her
Half a pound of tripe or liver,
First cutting off a slice for Pussey;—
Nay, of all perquisites the damsel stripping,
She wouldn't even let her sell the dripping!

No wonder Betty's unreplenish'd maw
Vented itself in constant grumbling,
Which was in fact her stomach's rumbling
Reduced to words and utter'd from her jaw;
But not content with this, the maid
Took all advantages within the law
(And some *without*, I am afraid),
So as to balance her forlorn condition,
And get full payment for her inanition.

The washing week approach'd: an awful question
Now agitated Rose with pangs inhuman,
How to supply the Mammoth-like digestion
Of that carnivorous beast—a washer-woman!
A camel's paunch for ten days' drink is hollow'd,
So theirs takes in at once a ten days' munching;
At twelve o'clock you hear them say they've swallow'd
Nothing to speak of since their second luncheon,
And as they will not dine till one,
'Tis time their third lunch were begun.
At length provisions being got—all proper,
And every thing put out, starch, blue, soap, gin;
A fire being duly laid beneath the copper,
The clothes in soak all ready to begin,—

Up to her room the industrious Betty goes,
To fetch her sheets, and screams down stairs to Rose,
La, goodness me! why here's a job!
You ha'nt put out a second pair.
No more I have, said Mrs. Grob;
Well, that's a good one, I declare!
Sure, I've the most forgetful head—
And there's no time to air another!
So take one sheet from off your bed—
And make a shift to-night with t'other.

On Rose's part this was a *ruse de guerre*,
To save th' expense of washing half a pair,—
But as the biter's sometimes bitten,
So in this instance it occurr'd;
For Betty took her at her word,
And, with the bright conception smitten,
Sat up all night, and with good thrift
Of needle, scissors, thimble, thread,
Cut up *one* sheet into a *shift*,
And took the *other* off the bed!
Next morn, when Mrs. Grob, at three o'clock,
Went up to call the maid,
And saw the mischief done by aid
Of scissors, thread, and needle—
There's no describing what a shock
It gave her to behold the sheet in tatters;
And so by way of mending matters,
She call'd her thief, and slut, and jade,
And talk'd of sending for the Beadle!
La! Ma'am, quoth Betty, don't make such a pother,
I've oftly done exactly what you said,
Taken one sheet from off the bed,
And *made a shift to-night with t'other!*

TO-DAY.

"The Past is all by death possess'd,
And frugal fate that guards the rest,
By giving, bids us live To-day." FENTON.

TO-DAY is like a child's pocket-money, which he never thinks of keeping in his pocket. Considering it bestowed upon us for the sole purpose of being expended as fast as possible in dainties, toys, and knick-knacks, we should reproach ourselves for meanness of spirit were we to hoard it up, or appropriate it to any object of serious utility. It is the only part of life of which we are sure; yet we treat it as if it were the sole portion of existence beyond our control. We make sage reflections upon the past, and wise resolutions for the future, but no one ever forms an important determination for to-day. Whatever is urgent must be reserved for to-morrow; the present hour is a digression, an episode that belongs not to the main business of life; we may cut it out altogether, and the plot will not be the less complete. Every sun-dial on the church wall thrusts out his gnomon, as if he would enforce his dictum at the point of the bayonet, or drive wisdom down our throats, to inform us that eternity hangs from the present moment; but we revolt from the schooling of this iron ferula. Who would be made wise by compulsion, and what ignorance is poltroon enough to surrender at discretion?

Moral lessons may be too pertinaciously obtruded; we may be reminded till we forget to listen, or we may retain the words and not the sentiment, learning our task by rote rather than by head or heart. This is the fault of modern education, which teaches the sound rather than the sense of things. Children taken from the nursery and pinned down to Latin and Greek, are instructed to name an object in three or four different languages, not to analyse its nature,—a process which may often make them learned, but rarely wise; for as knowledge is not confined to names, a great linguist may be a great fool. It is an equal mistake to give children mental food which they cannot digest, and dangle aphorisms before their eyes from sun-dials and church-sides, which they learn so early to repeat, that they are sure never to feel their influence. What he who runs may read, nobody will stop to consider; which is probably the reason why this didactic hand-writing on the wall has ever proved an unavailing warning. Besides, there are many of maturer age who above all things dislike an apophthegm, which, preventing the complacent exercise of their own faculties, deprives them of the merit of discovery; while there are others so paradoxically inclined, that they will admit any thing rather than a truism, and can never be brought to see that which is self-evident;—Hartleys in morals, they deny matters-of-fact as sturdily as he did physical matter.

In spite, however, of its being a truism, it must be admitted that to-day is a portion of our existence. Granted, exclaims the idler; but, after all, what is a

single day? A question which is peevishly repeated three hundred and sixty-five times in a year, when we commence a new score of similar interrogatories; so that we might as well say at once, "What is a single life?" Short as the interval may be, and however indolently we may have passed it, to-day has not been altogether unimportant. Perched upon our goodly vehicle, the Earth, we have swung through space at a tolerably brisk rate in the performance of our annual rotation around the sun;—so many miles of life's journey have at all events brought us so much nearer to its end; they are struck off from our account; we shall never travel over them again. With every tick of our watch in that brief space of time, some hundreds or thousands have started from the great ante-natal infinite to light and life; while as many have returned into the darkness of the invisible world. And we ourselves, though we sometimes exclaim like the Emperor Titus, that we have lost a day, may be well assured that to-day has not lost sight of us. The footsteps of Time may not be heard when he treads upon roses, but his progress is not the less certain; we need not shake his hour-glass to make the sands of life flow faster; they keep perpetually diminishing; night and day, asleep or awake, grain by grain, our existence dribbles away. We call those happy moments, when Time flies most rapidly, forgetting that he is the only winged personage who cannot fly backwards, and that his speed is but hurrying us to the grave. The Hours, his courtiers and outriders, are at this instant hovering around us, busy as the Sylphs and Gnomes of the Rosicru-

cians, though we be not sensible of their ministry. Yet now that I strictly watch my sensations, methinks I feel one busy imp faintly tracing the outline of the abhorred crow's foot at the corner of my eye, which future urchins will gradually stamp in ineffaceable lines. Another is craftily indenting a wrinkle by the mouth, to be hereafter chiselled into a deep furrow; a third plucks out a single hair, the precursory theft to final baldness; a fourth is boring his gimblet through my most potential masticator—fatal prelude to tooth-ach and extraction! a fifth malignant, grinning spitefully in the consciousness of his superior powers of annoyance, is distilling the first drop of his bleaching liquid upon my whiskers; while a sixth yellow-faced tormentor, the master-devil of the whole pandemonium, has leaped clean down my throat, and is at this moment, with a ladle of melted butter in one hand and a drumstick of a goose in the other, concocting the ingredients of a bilious attack. Our face is a chronometer, revealing our age with a fearful punctuality. The hour-hand leaves its impress with every rotation; nay, the minute hand makes its mark, though it may not write legibly. Smiles and laughter turn up the ends of the lines and indentations, as melancholy drags them down, turning our sixes into nines, and so putting us forward fifty per cent. Can we desire a better argument for merriment?"

Alas! these are not the worst pranks of the horal legion, some of whose more subtle members fly from one chamber of the brain to another, muddying the current of clear thought, dulling the imagination, and

undermining the memory. One hoaxer, in particular, is ever prompting me to repeat the same joke which I have recounted to the same people twenty times before, and then bursts out a-laughing because nobody else does. And, lo! even now sits one of these mischievous spirits upon the top of my pen, mocking and mowing, and perforating the quill, that so the spirit of the goose, from whose wing it was plucked, may flow down to the nib. Hence, sensilising tribe! avaunt, ye piecemeal destroyers! Which of ye thus flutters at mine ear? Ah! your reproach is too true. I recall my words: pursue your tasks, most dainty dilapidators, for your successors will set to work with a still more unsparing hand.

To-day has a triple claim to our consideration, for, besides its present appeal, it has been the future, and will be the past. He is wise, says an ancient philosopher, who lives to-day: he is wiser still, exclaims his commentator, who lived yesterday. But what is the best mode of life for the attainment of happiness? This question has puzzled the philosophers of all ages. Pyrrho, denying the existence of any beatitude, maintained that life and death were alike; and when asked why he did not seek the latter, since the former was so little attractive, replied, "Because they are both indifferent to me." Crœsus placed the chief good in riches; Periander of Corinth in honour; Socrates in knowledge; Plato in idea; Orpheus in beauty; Milo the Crotonian in bodily strength; Thales the Milesian in the union of prudence and knowledge; Pittacus in benevolence; Aristotle in the practice and

operation of virtue; and Epicurus affirms that happiness is the chief good, and virtue the only happiness. Confirming this last theory by the sanctions of religion, we shall probably make the nearest approaches to perfect enjoyment which our nature will admit; and it may be laid down as an universal maxim, that no mind is so constituted, as to be capable of unalloyed happiness while it can reproach itself with any crime towards man, however secret and undiscovered, since it must be always conscious of having offended a superior power, from which nothing is hidden.

The To-day of England, nationally considered, cannot be reckoned happy. It is too bustling, laborious, and excessive. In France pleasure is almost the only business; in England business is almost the only pleasure, and this is pushed to an extremity that surrounds it with hazard and anxiety. By devoting all its energies and faculties, physical and intellectual, to this one object, for a series of years, the nation has attained an eminence so fearfully beyond its natural claims and position, that nothing but a continuance of convulsive efforts, even in the midst of distress and exhaustion, can enable it to uphold the rank it has assumed. Hence every thing is artificial, and in all directions we contemplate tension, excitement, fever. Her navy exceeds that of the collected world, so does her debt—a co-existence that cannot be very durable. Her establishments of all sorts are proportioned to what she owes, rather than to what she has; her grandeur can only be equalled by her embarrassments. In one colony she has sixty millions of subjects, while

a great proportion of her native population are paupers, and in her sister-island famine not long since stalked hand-in-hand with rebellion. Nor have her intellectual developements been less extraordinary, for she possesses a constellation of living luminaries, who, pouring forth their streams of light with a profusion as unparalleled as their intensity, at this moment irradiate and supply all Europe. Splendid talents have excited public admiration, and procured unprecedented remuneration; while fame and riches have reacted upon the stimulated latent genius, until the existing literature of the country presents a universality of diffusion, an unbounded copiousness of production, and a magnificence of encouragement, hitherto totally unknown in the history of the world. No social system was ever pushed to such an energetic extremity, or afforded so curious and glorious a spectacle; but it has not sufficient repose for enjoyment: happiness loves to dwell amid more tranquil elements. Its tendency has been painfully illustrated by the fate of some of its leading members. Unable or unwilling to relax in their career, they have devoted mind and body to this restless principle of advancement, and have toiled and prospered, and become enslaved and enriched, and achieved misery and fame, until nature was exhausted in the strife, and their own hands relieved them from the burden of existence at the precise moment when they had attained every object of their ambition, and appeared to the world to stand upon the summit of human happiness. How long is this fearful tension upon all the nerves and sinews of the

country to endure? What is to be the result of this overworking of the national machine? A certain Frenchman implored death to spare him till he saw the end of the French Revolution—so curious was he to witness its termination. An Englishman might well petition to be absolved from the omnivorous scythe, until he ascertained what would be the finale of the present ecstasy of his country.

Those individuals who seek happiness will withdraw themselves from this whirl and vortex of excitement. They will not aggravate the diseased enlargement of the public heart, and share the painful intensity of its pulsations, by residing in the capital. There is no holy calm, no sabbath of the soul, no cessation of strife, in that vast arena of the passions, where life is a ceaseless struggle of money-getting and money-spending; a contest of avarice and luxury; a delirium of the senses or of the mind. If we desire peace and repose, let us look out upon the variegated earth, ever new and ever beautiful—upon the azure dome of Heaven, hung around with painted clouds—upon the wide waters, dancing and glittering in the sun, or lying in the stillness of their crystal sleep. Let us listen to the music of the sky, when the boughs are singing to the wind, and the birds are serenading one another; or surrender ourselves to that more pleasing sensation, when the serenity of Nature's silence imparts a congenial balm and tranquillity to the heart. Gazing upon the face of Nature, we shall encounter no human passions, no distrust, no jealousy, no intermission of friendship or attraction; even her frowns are beauti-

ful, and we need not fear that death shall tear her from us:—we look upon an immortal countenance. A morning thus dedicated is an act of the purest piety; it is offering to the Deity a heart made happy by the contemplation of his works; and if I can prevail upon a single reader to detach himself for a time from crowds and enthralments, and betake himself to the sunny meadows or the green twilight of the woods, I shall felicitate myself on not having quite unprofitably employed the morning of—"To-day."

SPORTING WITHOUT A LICENCE.

THERE's a charm when Spring is young,
And comes laughing on the breeze,
When each leaflet has a tongue,
That is lisping in the trees,
When morn is fair, and the sunny air
With chime of beaks is ringing,
Through fields to rove with her we love,
And listen to their singing.

The sportsman finds a zest,
Which all others can outvie,
With his lightning to arrest
Pheasants whirring through the sky;
With dog and gun, from dawn of sun
Till purple evening hovers,
O'er field and fen, and hill and glen,
The happiest of rovers.

The hunter loves to dash
Through the horn-resounding woods,
Or plunge with fearless splash
Into intercepting floods;

O'er gap and gate he leaps elate,
The vaulting stag to follow,
And at the death has scarcely breath
To give the hoop and hollo!

By the river's margin dank,
With the reeds and rushes mix'd,
Like a statue on the bank,
See the patient angler fix'd;
A summer's day he whiles away
Without fatigue or sorrow,
And if the fish should baulk his wish,
He comes again to-morrow.

In air let pheasants range,
'Tis to me a glorious sight,
Which no fire of mine shall change
Into grovelling blood and night:
I am no hound, to pant and bound
Behind a stag that's flying;
Nor can I hook a trout from brook,
On grass to watch its dying.

And yet no sportsman keen
Can a sweeter pastime ply,
Or enjoy the rural scene,
With more ecstasy than I;
There's not a view, a form, a hue,
In earth, or air, or ocean,
That does not fill my heart, and thrill
My bosom with emotion.

O clouds that paint the air!
O fountains, fields, and groves!
Sights, sounds, and odours rare,
Which my yearning spirit loves;
While thus I feel, and only steal
From visions so enchanting,
In tuneful lays to sing your praise—
What charm of life is wanting?

ON PUNS AND PUNSTERS.

"The gravest beast is an ass; the gravest bird is an owl; the gravest fish is an oyster; and the gravest man a fool."

JOE MILLER.

GRAVITY, says Lord Bolingbroke, is the very essence of imposture. A quack or a pretender is generally a very grave and reverend signior; and though I would not venture to assert that the converse of this proposition is invariably true, I must confess, that as I am apt to doubt the virtue of an obtrusive Puritan and rigourist, so am I marvellously prone to suspect the wisdom of your serious and solemn Precisian. While the shallow pedant endeavours to impose upon the world by a serious and pompous deportment, minds of a superior order will be often found abandoning themselves to playfulness and puerility. Plato, after discoursing philosophy with his disciples upon the promontory of Sunium, frequently indulged the gaiety of his heart by relaxing into a vein of the most trivial jocoseness; but once seeing a grave formalist approach in the midst of their trifling, he exclaimed, "Silence, my friends! let us be wise now; here is a fool coming." This man's race is not extinct. Reader! hast thou not sometimes encountered a starched-looking quiz, who seemed to have steeped his countenance in vinegar to preserve it from the infection of laughter?—a por-

sonage of whom it might be pronounced, as Butler said of the Duke of Buckingham, that he endures pleasures with less patience than other men do their pains?—a staid, important, dogged, square-rigged, mathematical-minded sort of an animal? Question him, and I will lay my head to yours (for I like to take the odds), that whatever tolerance he may be brought to admit for other deviations from the right line of gravity, he will profess a truculent and implacable hatred of that most kind-hearted, sociable, and urbane witticism, termed—A PUN.

Oh the Anti-risible rogue! Oh the jesticide—the Hilarifuge! the extinguisher of "quips and cranks and wanton wiles;"—the queller of quirks, quiddets, quibbles, equivocation, and quizzing! the gagger of gigglers! the Herod of witlings, and Procrustes of full-grown Punsters! Look at his atrabilarious complexion; it is the same that Cæsar feared in Brutus and Cassius: such a fellow is indeed fit for treasons, stratagems, and plots; he has no music in his soul, for he will not let us even play upon words. Will nothing but pure wit serve thy turn, most sapient Sir? Well, then, set us the example—

"Lay on, Macduff,
And damn'd be he that first cries, Hold! enough!"

How!—dumb-founded? Not quite;—methinks I hear him quoting Dr. Johnson's stale hyperbole—"Sir, the man that would commit a pun would pick a pocket;" to which I would oppose an equally valid

dictum of an illustrious quibbler—"Sir, no man ever condemned a good pun who was able to make one." I know not a more aggrieved and unjustly proscribed character in the present day than the poor pains-taking punster. He is the Paria of the dining-table; it is the fashion to run him down: and as every dull ass thinks that he may have a kick at the prostrate witling, may I be condemned to pass a whole week without punning, (a fearful adjuration!) if I do not show that the greatest sages, poets, and philosophers of all ages, have been enrolled upon this proscribed list!

Even in Holy Writ, whatever might have been the intention of the speaker, there is authority for a play upon words equivalent to a pun. When Simon Bar-Jona, for his superior faith, received the name of Peter, (which in Greek signifies a stone or rock,) the divine bestower of that appellation exclaimed, "I say unto thee, that thou art Peter, and upon this rock will I build my church," &c. Homer has made the wily Ulysses save his life by means of a pun. In the ninth book of the Odyssey, that hero informs the Cyclops that his name is Noman; and when the monster, after having had his eye put out in his sleep, awakes in agony, he thus roars to his companions for assistance:—

"Friends! No-man kills me. No-man in the hour
Of sleep oppresses me with fraudful power.—
If No-man hurt thee, but the hand divine
Inflict disease, it fits thee to resign.
To Jove, or to thy father Neptune pray,
The brethren cried, and instant strode away."

a joke upon which Euripides dilates with huge delight in the drama of the Cyclops.* It will be observed that Pope has preserved the equivoque in his translation, which attests his respect for this most ancient *jeu-de-mots*; while Ulysses is described as hurrying away in high glee, "pleased with the effect of conduct and of art," which is an evidence that Homer felicitated himself upon the happiness of the thought. This passage exhibits a very rude and primitive state of the art; for had any modern Cyclopes been invoked to aid their comrade under similar circumstances, they would have seen through so flimsy a trick only with one eye.

Later Greek writers were by no means slow in following so notable an example. Plutarch has preserved several of these *Pteroenta*, or flying words, particularly King Philip's celebrated pun to the physician who attended him when his collar-bone was broken; and Diogenes the Cynic made so happy an equivoque upon a damsel's eye, which the profligate Didymus undertook to cure, that Scaliger said he would rather have been author of it than King of Navarre.—From the comic authors a whole galaxy of similar jokes might be collected; but I reserve the specification for a new edition of Hierocles, the Joe Miller of

* Cibber, in translating the Italian Opera of Polifemo, makes Ulysses answer—"*I take no name;*" whereby all that followed became unintelligible, and the Greek pun was most ingeniously spoilt.

Alexandria, which I am preparing for the press in ten volumes quarto.

The Romans, who imitated the Greeks in every thing, were not likely to forget their puns, *verbaque apta joco.* Cicero informs us that Cæsar was a celebrated performer in this way. Horace, in his seventh Satire, giving an account of the quarrel between Persius and Rupilius Rex, before Brutus the Prætor, makes the former exclaim, "Per magnos, Brute, Deos te oro, qui reges consuêris tollere, cur non hunc Regem jugulas?" thus playing upon the names of both parties. Martial was an accomplished punster; and Ovid not only quibbled upon words, but metamorphosed them into a thousand phantasies and vagaries.

The same valuable privilege formed the staple commodity of the ancient Oracles; for if the presiding deities had not been shrewd punsters, or able to inspire the Pythoness with ready equivoques, the whole establishment must speedily have been declared bankrupt. Sometimes, indeed, they only dabbled in accentuation, and accomplished their prophecies by the transposition of a stop, as in the well-known answer to a soldier inquiring his fate in the war for which he was about to embark. "Ibis, redibis. Nunquam in bello peribis." The warrior set off in high spirits upon the faith of this prediction, and fell in the first engagement, when his widow had the satisfaction of being informed that he should have put the full stop after the word "*nunquam*," which would probably have put a full stop to his enterprise and saved

his life. More commonly, however, they betook themselves to a positive pun, the double construction of which enabled them to be always right: sometimes playing upon a single word, and sometimes upon the whole clause of a sentence. When Crœsus, about to make war upon Cyrus, consulted the Delphian priestess, he was told that in crossing the river Halys he would overturn a great empire—which could hardly fail to be true; for, if he succeeded, he would subvert the Assyrian kingdom; if he failed, his own would be overwhelmed. Pyrrhus received a similar response as to the fate of his expedition against the Romans. "Credo equidem Æacidas Romanos vincere posse;" which might import either that the Æacides, from whom Pyrrhus was descended, would conquer the Romans, or precisely the reverse: such are the advantages of a double accusative.

Christianity, by superseding these Oracles, did not, most fortunately, extinguish quibbling, for which we have the authority of one of the earliest Popes. Some Pagan English youths of extraordinary beauty being presented to him, he exclaimed, "Non Angli, sed Angeli forent, si essent Christiani."

Heraldic bearings are supposed to have been invented to distinguish the different nations, armies, and clans, that were congregated together in the Crusades; and the mottoes assumed upon this occasion, if we may judge by those of England, bore almost universally some punning allusion to the name or device of the chief. The similar epigraphs still retained by the Vernon, Fortescue, and Cavendish

families, as well as by numerous others, may be viewed as so many venerable testimonies to the antiquity of punning in this our happy island.

There is not one of our sterling old English writers from whom we might not glean some specimen of this noble art; which seems to have attained its golden age in that Augustan æra of our literature—the reign of our renowned Queen Elizabeth, when clergymen punned in the pulpit, judges upon the bench, and criminals in their last dying speeches. Then was it that the deer-stealing attorney's clerk fled from Stratford, and introducing whole scenes of punning into his immortal plays, eliciting quibbles not less affluently from the mouths of fools and porters, than from the dread lips of the weird sisters, "who palter with us in a double sense," established upon an imperishable basis the glory of his favourite science of Paronomasia;—a glory irradiating and reflected by the whole galaxy of dramatic talent with which he was surrounded.

Succeeding writers, though they have never equalled this splendour of quibble, have not failed to deposit occasional offerings upon the altar of Janus, the god of puns. Dryden pretended to be angry, when, being in a coffee-house with his back towards Rowe, one of his friends said to him, "You are like a waterman; you look one way, and *Rowe* another;" but, though unwilling to be the object of a pun, he had no compunction in being the author of many, for the support of which assertion the reader may consult his dramatic works. Addison's opinion of this laugh-

provoking practice may be collected from the 440th Number of the Spectator, wherein he describes a society, who had established among themselves an infirmary for the cure of all defects of temper and infractions of good manners. "After dinner a *very honest fellow* chancing to let a pun fall from him, his neighbour cried out, 'To the infirmary!' at the same time pretending to be sick at it, as having the same natural antipathy to a pun which some have to a cat. This produced a long debate. Upon the whole, the punster was acquitted and his neighbour sent off."—Pope's authority we have already cited. Gay was probably the author of the play upon his own name, when he observed that the great success of his Beggar's Opera, whilst Rich was proprietor of the theatre, had made Gay rich, and Rich gay. But what shall we say of Swift, the punster's Vademecum, the Hierarch, the Pontifex, the Magnus Apollo of the tribe; the Alpha and Omega, the first and last of the professors of equivocation; whose mind was an ever-springing fountain of quiddets, and the thread of whose life was an unbroken string of puns from his first to his second childhood? Impossible as it is to do justice to the memory of so great a man, I feel the eulogomania swelling within me; and that I may effectually check its yearnings, I leap athwart a measureless hiatus, and revert to that lugubrious, somnolent, single-sensed, and no-witted Anti-punster, whom I apostrophised in the outset.

And now, thou word-measurer, thou line-and-rule

mechanic, thou reasoning but not ruminating animal, now that I have produced these authorities, limited to a narrow list from the want of room, not of materials, wilt thou have the ridiculous arrogance to affect contempt for a pun? That genuine wit which thou pretendest to worship, (as the Athenians built an altar to the unknown Deity,) has been defined to be an assimilation of distant ideas; and what is a pun but an eliciter of remote meanings? which, though they may not always amount to a definite idea, are at all events the materials of one, and therefore ingredients in the composition of real wit. These Protean combinations are the stimulants of fancy, the titillators of the imagination, the awakeners of the risible faculties; and to condemn them because the same happy results may be produced by a more rare and difficult process, is either an exemplification of the fox and the sour grapes, or the pride of mental luxury, which would quarrel with all gratifications that are cheap and accessible. The sterling commodity is scarce—let us prize it the more when we encounter it; but in the mean time let us not reject a good substitute when it is presented. Gooseberry wine is no very lofty succedaneum for sparkling Champagne, but it is better than fasting. Some may not like the flavour of the beverage, but none would think of abusing the caterer who puts upon the table the best liquor that his cellar affords. These sullen stupidities are reserved for an Anti-punster.

PETER PINDARICS.

Blindman's Buff.

Three Wags (whom some fastidious carpers
Might rather designate three Sharpers)
Enter'd at York the Cat and Fiddle,
And finding that the host was out
On business for two hours or more,
While Sam the rustic waiter wore
The visage of a simple lout,
Whom they might safely try to diddle,
They order'd dinner in a canter—
Cold or hot, it matter'd not,
Provided it was served *instanter*;
And as the heat had made them very
Dry and dusty in the throttles,
They bade the waiter bring three bottles
Of prime old Port, and one of sherry.

Sam ran with ardour to the larder,
Then to the kitchen,
And, as he briskly went to work, he
Drew from the spit a smoking turkey,
With sausages embellish'd, which in
A trice upon the board was spread,
Together with a nice cold brisket;
Nor did he even obliviscate
Half a pig's head.
To these succeeded puddings, pies,
Custards and jellies,
All doom'd to fall a sacrifice
To their insatiable bellies;
As if, like camels, they intended
To stuff into their monstrous craws
Enough to satisfy their maws
Until their pilgrimage was ended.

Talking, laughing, eating and quaffing,
The bottles stood no moment still;
They rallied Sam with joke and banter,
And, as they drain'd the last decanter,
Call'd for the bill.

'Twas brought—when one of them who eyed
And added up the items, cried,
"Extremely moderate indeed!
I 'll make a point to recommend
This inn to every travelling friend;
And you, Sam, shall be doubly feed."
This said, a weighty purse he drew,
When his companion interposed,
"Nay, Harry, that will never do,
Pray let your purse again be closed;
You paid all charges yesterday,
'Tis clearly now my turn to pay."

Harry, however, wouldn't listen
To any such insulting offer;
His generous eyes appear'd to glisten
Indignant at the very proffer;
And though his friend talk'd loud, his clangour
Served but to aggravate Hal's anger.
"My worthy fellows," cried the third,
"Now really this is too absurd;
What! do both of ye forget,
I have not paid a farthing yet?
Am I eternally to cram
At your expense?—'tis childish quite;
I claim this payment as my right—
Here—how much is the money, Sam?"

To this most rational proposal
The others gave such fierce negation,
One might have fancied they were foes all,
So hot became the altercation,
Each in his purse his money rattling,
Insisting, arguing, and battling.

One of them cried at last—"A truce!—
This point we will no longer moot;
Wrangling for trifles is no use,
And thus we 'll finish the dispute.—
That we may settle what we three owe,
We 'll blindfold Sam, and whichsoe'er
He catches of us first, shall bear
The whole expenses of the trio,
With half-a-crown (if that 's enough)
To Sam, for playing Blindman's Buff."

Sam liked it hugely—thought the ransom,
For a good game of fun, was handsome;
Gave his own handkerchief beside,
To have his eyes securely tied,
And soon began to grope and search;
When the three knaves, I needn't say,
Adroitly left him in the lurch,
Slipp'd down the stairs, and stole away.

Poor Sam continued hard at work;—
Now o'er a chair he gets a fall;
Now floundering forward with a jerk,
He bobs his nose against the wall;
And now encouraged by a subtle
Fancy that they 're near the door,
He jumps behind it to explore,
And breaks his shins against the scuttle,—
Crying, at each disaster—Drat it!
Dang it! 'Od rabbit it! and Rat it!
Just in this crisis of his doom,
The host, returning, sought the room;
And Sam no sooner heard his tread,
Than, pouncing on him like a bruin,
He almost shook him into ruin,
And with a shout of laughter said—
"By gom, I have cotch'd thee now! so down
With cash for all, and my half-crown."

Off went the bandage, and his eyes
Seem'd to be goggling o'er his forehead,
While his mouth widen'd with a horrid
Look of agonized surprise.

"Gull!" roar'd his master—"Gudgeon! dunce!
Fool as you are, you 're right for once,
'Tis clear that I must pay the sum;—
But this one thought my wrath assuages—
That every halfpenny shall come
Out of your wages!"

SIR GUY EVELING'S DREAM.

Extracted from an old Manuscript.

(This MS. which is without a Title-page, or other means of ascertaining its date, appears to have been an Essay upon Sleep. The transcriber, besides modernizing the spelling throughout, and supplying one or two words which he could not decypher, has omitted some passages which descended into a tedious or indelicate minuteness.)

"Now that we be upon this subject of dreams and apparitions, I may nohow forbear to mention that full strange and terrible one of Sir Guy Eveling, and the consequences tragical issuing therefrom; which do I the more willingly pen, forasmuch as the dismal tale was hushed and smothered up at the time by the great families with whom he was consanguined, people of worshipful regard and jeopardous power, whereby folks only whispered of the story in corners, and peradventure bruited about many things which were but

fond imaginings. How I learned the real sooth and verity of that awesome event, and came to be consulted thereupon, ye shall presently see, when I unfold to you that the Lady Rivers, the favourite sister of Sir Guy, then dwelt in the close of Westminster Abbey, in the next house to my own, which abutteth upon the great cloisters; who first being only a near neighbour, became at last a fast friend, and claimed my advisement in all that touched herself and that most unhappy gentleman her brother. Albeit my lips were vowed to a locked secrecy while she lived, yet can they now divulge what they have so long concealed; for that right worthy lady (whom God absolve!) having withdrawn to the Rookery, by Fountains Abbey in Yorkshire, did there erewhile give up the ghost in all godliness of faith and abundancy of hope.

"Now wot ye well that Sir Guy had received a good and clerkly schooling at Oxenforde, and was well learned in all that doth beseem a gentleman; yet maugre this his knowledge, he was of a haute and orgulous stomach, that would not agnize the wisdom of beadsmen, nor even brook the tender counsellings of friends and kinsmen, whereby he waxed wild, and readily fell to mischief and riot, giving up his mornings to dicers, racqueters, and scatterlings, and casting away the night with ribalds, wasselers, and swinge-bucklers, when he was not worse bestowed (though better to his liking) with giglots and gold-wasting wantons, upon whom he lavished his substance, and then betook himself to the dice to re-

pair his fortune—for ever one wickedness begetteth another. In this evil wise did he live, reckless of reproof and deaf to fond entreatment, to the sore discomfort and aggrieving of all his honourable house: howbeit that few now took busy concernment about him, except the Lady Rivers, who did often, with all the compassment of wit and loving-kindness of heart, beseech him to abandon the crafty mermaids and chamberers with whom he consorted, and choose some chaste and discreet mate, so to establish himself in such a goodly household as became his ancestry. Verily, Alice, (would he say), if ye any thing earthly regard, I do entreat ye forbear this manner of speech, which nought availeth thee to utter, and irketh me to hear, for I will not quit my ronyons and bonarobas till it pleaseth me of my own free will; and for a wife, never have I yet seen the eyes that could bribe me to put the neck of my liberty into the collar of a wedding-ring. And therewithal he again plunged into his riotous and deboshed courses.

"It chanced once, that returning home from a wild revel, as the sun was dawning and the apprentices afoot, he betook himself to his lodging at the Flower-de-luce, next to the French Embassador's, on the outside of Temple Bar, where, being heavy with his carouse, he cast himself upon his bed, in his cassock as he was, and forthwith fell asleep, as it is surmised, and had a troublous and astounding dream; though he himself ever stoutly did maintain that being right well awake, and having just heard the Temple clock strike

eight of the morning, he looked to his bed-foot, and lo! there stood before him a strange lady, of stately presence and surpassingly beauteous. More especially was he astonied at her large, round, glistering, dark eyes, with two goodly arcs of black thereover spreading, the which seemed to him a more noble and majestical vision withal than he had ever encountered upon earth. Her cheer was not the less fraught with dignity than comeliness, albeit that her visage was passing wan, and of somewhat melancholic and tristful ostent; and so she gazed earnestly upon him, who in likewise did glue his looks upon her, much marvelling what this might mean. But incontinent after, sith she neither moved nor spake, he being ever of a right courageous heart, and deeming moreover that it might be some prank of his irregulous and profane companions, did raise himself up on the bed, and drawing nigh unto the figure, so to convince himself by touch of hand whether it might be real flesh and blood, in this wise said unto it:—'Most sweetly fair and wondrously delectable lady! whom I more admire and love than may my tongue upon so short a summons worthily confess, suffer that I doff from thy throat that ungainly ruff wherein thy beauty is muffled, sith it is an unseemly fashion that I did ever marvellously mislike.'—Whom when she saw approaching as if to untie the ruff, a sudden great terror and change of countenance fell upon her, so that she clasped both her hands round her throat as if to hold it fast, and uttering a piteous soul-piercing shriek, the

spectre or apparition, for such in good sooth might it seem, straight vanished away!

"Now, Sir Guy was of that stubborn and misbelieving spirit that holdeth not faith in ghostly things, so he arose and cautelously searched throughout the chamber, and in the cupboards thereof; but nothing might he discover, the windows being double-latched, and the door locked even as he had left it. So anon he heard a knocking thereat, and opening he found his servant, who came in fear that some mishap might have befallen, sith he had also heard the shrieking of the vision, whereby his master was right well assured that it was not a dream. Nathless he was in no wise amort or forlorn in mind, but entertaining the misadventure with a merry and regardless mockery, as was in all things his wont, he betook himself to the Lady Rivers, whom he thus greeted in laughing guise—'Ods Pitikins! sister mine, happy may be my dole, for I have seen the eyes that shall bribe me to thy wishes, and thou shalt presently dance at my spousal, if thou wilt find me the queen of the bright crystals that did draw my curtains this morn, but would not tarry my embracing.' Whereupon he recounteth what he had seen, concluding with a Styx-sworn oath, that none other would he marry but she whom once seeing he would never forget nor forbear to love.

'Now God and good provision forbid!' quoth his sister; for yet ye wot not what manner of vision this may be, nor whether, if a mortal woman, she be not a harlot and a Jesabel.'—'Of that I reck not,' said Sir Guy; 'be she of chaste and holy approof, be she be-

smirched with sin, I tell thee in all sooth none other will I wed;' and to this his unmastered resolve did he conjure himself by many irreverent and profane protests which it were not seemly that I should repeat.

"On the evening of the day next following, as he went homeward, he was overtaken of a sudden by a perilous and rageful storm, wherein the whole welkin did seem to vomit forth fire and water, while men did stop up their ears because of the splitting roar of the thunder. This was that self tempest which there be many now living may remember, sith it followed hard upon the Proclamation of our late King Edward, and even then was the tower of St. Mary Woolnoth Church split by the lightning, as to this day it remaineth. Sir Guy, I say, running with much speed to evitate this hurricane, passed so fleetly into the porch of his dwelling, that he might hardly be aware of a female standing therein, having her head sheathed in a wimple; but as she drew somewhat on one side so to let him pass, he glimpsed beneath her hood, and lo! there were the twain large black eyes, above all measure lustrous, and that visage of fair sorrow, more beautiful than beauty, which had stood before him in his chamber. Judge you if he were not fixed like a statue, while she with a modest courtesy besought him that she might there abide the return of her servant, whom, being surprised by the foul weather, she had sent within the Bar for a carriage, nothing mistrusting that he would speedily appear therewith. There was no lack of earnest and passionate entreatment from Sir Guy, that she would take shelter in his parlour

upstairs: but it booted not; for ever with sweet but grave denial she thanked him for his proffer, still resolving there to tarry till her laggard servant should come back. Howbeit, while they were discoursing, the storm, blowing into the passage where they stood, wrested open the door at the other end, where was a small garden, in such wise that the wind rushed in from the street side, and much rain therewith; whereupon the lady, already somewhat bemoiled, consented to withdraw upstairs from that rude blustering of the weather. Whom, when she was seated, Sir Guy did courteously invite to doff her wimple; which done, he might mark the self ruff that misliked him in his dream; and again making show to remove it, her visage waxed wroth and fearful, she clasped her throat with her hands, and Sir Guy might hear a faint shriek, as at a distance, which he bethought on such a noisome night might peradventure be of some passenger in the streets smitten by the then thickly falling tiles. Nathless he mused much why she should thus cautelously enwrap her throat.

"So fell they forthwith into pleasant discourse; and if he admired much her facete entertainment and argute compassment of wit, much more was he astonied at her honey-sweet voice, which to his enchanted ears did seem more tuneably melodious than ever was the dulcimer of Miriam or Orpheus his lute. With every look from those majestical eyes, and every sound from her music-breathing mouth, love gained a greater empery over his soul; and forasmuch as he well wist that opportunity and likelihood were not to

be lost, he straightway confessed his passion, and did woo her with many oaths and much amorous entreatment. Whereat, by blushing, she confessed at once her shamefacedness and somewhat angry surprise, rebuking him gravely, but sweetly withal; always protesting she was of discreet virtuous bearing and goodly parentage, which warranted not any light or immodest encountering. Whereat he forbore furthermore to press her: whereas her servant came not, neither the carriage, he dispread before her a small supper of picked pullets, applejohns, marchpane, comfits and other dainty cates, and therewith a beaker of charneco wine, and a sherris sack-posset, whereof she frugally did partake.

"'Sith my varlet, who, in sooth, is but a dullard,' quoth the lady, 'cometh not, and the storm seemeth to be in good measure abated, and beside it waxeth late, I will bid you good night, and seek my dwelling a-foot, much thanking you for your hospitable bearing.' But Sir Guy, nowise willing so to part, led her to the window, inviting her to mark the pitchy darkness of the welkin: incontinent whereupon the black caverns of the sky opened, and the live lightning leaped forth like a flaming sword, by whose flash they saw through the Temple-bar up into Fleet-street, which was like a river of raging water clinquant with light; and, anon, all was again shrouded in inky blackness, and the deafening thunder bellowed as if it would fain burst asunder the solid earth. So, seeing there was no safe mean of then seeking her abode, and Sir Guy tendering to her use a small bed-room above

his own, with pledge of safe and worthy dealing, she, much lamenting the chance of so forced intrusion upon a stranger, albeit thankful of his right courteous bearing, did there consent to pass the night. Straight whereupon Sir Guy, with unwilling steps, yet not without hope of more prosperous stead thereafter, ushered her to her chamber, and with a lover's benison committing her to the sleepful god, did sorrowing take his leave.

"In his own room scarce had he tarried five minutes, much pondering upon this occurment and the so strange mystery of the ruff, when he bethought him that he had left with his fair guest no lamp, whereof in a house unknown, and a night so fitful, she might well have special need. Wherewith he took one from the mantel, and, ascending the stairs, went into the lady's room, whom he found already in part unapparelled; her muffler and tirevolant being laid aside from her head, which as she moved, the black locks did bridle up and down upon her white shoulders, like a company of ravens newly alighted upon the snow. But, above all, what did rivet his eyes was to see that her ruff was doffed, and about her throat was there a full broad roundure of black velvet, thickly broidered with pearls and jacinths, close clasped to the skin, which (being moved thereunto by a not-to-be-subdued curiosity) he did again approach with offer to unlock; whereat her visage was again overshadowed with affrightment, she upraised her hands to her neck, and a distant shriek sounded through the air as aforetime. Nathless, so passing

beauteous and bewitching sweet did she appear in that disordered gear, which seemed to celestify her charms, that Sir Guy, more than ever overcome with love, fell upon his knee, and with divers oaths and protestations, not sparing tears withal, did call all the saints to witness that he gave himself up to her with plight of hand, and took her for his betrothed wife, movingly beseeching her to compassionate his case. Nor did the lady, intenerated by his tears and piteous looks, and having moreover taken his plighted troth, which verily is a real spousal, any longer with cold denial repudiate his suit.

"Awaking full early next day, and finding the lady still asleep, Sir Guy bethought him of an appointment on that self morning to receive a sum of gold, which he had won on the yester from one of the diceing cavaleros; and kenning him to be a Bezonian and a lozel, he feared he might blench from his engagement did he not meet him; which he the less willed, forasmuch as having latterly been free of dispense, his purse was somewhat more than usual disfurnished. So, slipping deftly from the bed, he donned his gear in silence, and hied with all speed to the White Rose, beside the Duke's-garden, at the Cross of Charing, where he received the purse of gold; wherewith as he hurried homeward, he conned over in thought what brooches, gimmal rings, carkanets, and jewelled gawds and braveries he should buy, to prank out her whom he termed his alder-liefest love. Whom not to awaken, he did full gently ope the door, and by the glooming light through the shutters oozing, saw her fair round arm,

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which Venus might envy, distended upon the counterpoint of the bed. So, taking it hushingly up with fond intent to kiss it—lo! it was key-cold!—he felt the pulse, and it did not beat; he let go the arm, and it lumped deadly down! Amort with fearful misgivings, he threw back the shutters, when the new-risen sun shone bright upon the bed, and drawing aside the curtains—O, God of mercy! he beheld a soul-sickening corpse!—Those late glorious eyes were now bloodshot and well nigh brast from their sockets, and albeit that the sun glared full upon them, they were stony and unlustrous; clenched were the teeth, wherefrom the bloodless lips started back; the visage was ghastly wan; the hair wildly spread about the pillow; and all bore semblance of one who with a violent and sudden death had painfully struggled!

"Rushing, with a loud cry, from that chamber of death, he encountered his host, who, much astonied at his agony, and yet more when he kenned the cause thereof, betook him with right good speed to the Temple, searching a chirurgeon and the officers of justice, who coming with their posse to the house, made prisoner of Sir Guy, and with him straightway entered into the fatal room. But no sooner did they set eye upon the body, than backward shuddering with much horror and consternation, while they crossed their foreheads, and called upon God and the saints to shield them, several voices did at once cry out—'That is the Italian lady which was hanged on Thursday last!'—(Seemeth it that this misfortuned woman was the leman of the Italian ambassador, whom having in

a passion of jealousy stabbed, she was judged therefore, and suffered the death at Tybourn.) So unbuckling the broad velvet necklace, behold! her livid throat was all over sore, discoloured, and bruised, and writhled, and deep cut into by the cruel and despiteous rope.

"Sir Guy, who had awhiles stood aghast in a voiceless dismay, now heaved forth a deep and dread groan,— for well might he remember, when his sister would fain dissuade him from wedding any semblance of the vision, that he profanely did say:—'Soothly, Alice, were a she-devil to tempt me in such winning wise, I would certes wed her;' and he sorely trembled to think that some demon, peradventure Sathan himself, had incorporated himself in that now loathed form, to receive his plight, and so delude and win his sinful soul. Thenceforward his gaysome heart and right merry cheer did altogether fail him; he 'gan to wail and dump, shunning converse of man, and in lonesome corners would paddle his neck with his hand, saying he could lay his finger in the wound, as if himself had been hanged; and in this wise gat worse and worse, until at last he went stark distraught, and was mewed up in the Spittal for the crazed, where, some three or four weeks thereafter, he gave up the ghost in great wildness and agony of soul."

MUSICAL WIVES.

"Omnibus hoc vitium est Cantatoribus." HORACE.

Oh, that unfortunate walk by the river-side! But for that ill-fated excursion I might have enjoyed connubial happiness, of which there is now, alas! but little hope. Let me not, however, be mistaken. No whiskered officer of dragoons, parading the beautiful promenade at Richmond, while music melted on the waves and the setting sun threw its glowing light through the arches of the bridge upon the wooded hill beyond, has whispered soft nonsense in my lady's ear, and so possessed my imagination with the phantasmas of the green-eyed monster. No, I speak of a water-side stroll enacted some four or five thousand years ago by the Egyptian Mercury, the Hermes Trismegistus, or "thrice illustrious," who, wandering forth to enjoy the cool breezes of evening upon the banks of the Nile, after its periodical overflowing, and gazing intently on the ascending moon, struck his foot against the shell of a tortoise which had been left by the retiring flood, and was astonished at hearing a melodious sound. Stooping down to ascertain the cause of this phenomenon, he found that the flesh having been dried and wasted by the burning sun, nothing but the nerves and cartilages remained, which being braced and contracted by the heat, had become sonorous; and the idea of a lyre instantly started into his imagination. Constructing the instrument in the

form of a tortoise, he strung it with the dried sinews of dead animals: such, according to Apollodorus, was the origin of music; and this ominous ramble of the moon-gazing "thrice illustrious" was, consequently, the source of all my conjugal infelicity.

This is the age for accomplishments; but in the education of our females, it may be doubted whether they be not too openly and exclusively invested with those graces and attractions which may best qualify them for the matrimonial market—as a certain schoolmistress advertised "to get up young ladies for the India department." In music this seems more especially perceptible. Tibullus could not now exclaim, "Ah! nimium faciles aurem præbere puellæ;" for a modern damsel, instead of lending her own ear, is more prone to exclaim with Antony, "Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me *your* ears," and sits herself down to a harpsichord to play *con amore*—for a husband. Brilliant fingers have superseded brilliant eyes; execution is performed by octaves, not ogles; and hearts are literally carried by a *coup de main*. Holding a wax light instead of a torch, Hymen takes his post beside a book of canzonets;—Cupid bestriding the keys, with one foot upon a Flat, the other upon a Natural, takes a Sharp for his arrow, which he aims at the ear, not the heart, of his victim, and of course the greatest asses present the readiest and most open mark. It is painful to enrol oneself in this asinine brotherhood, yet candour obliges me to confess, that I suffered myself to be tamely caught by the auricular appendage, and led up to the Hymencal

halter. My wife sang sweetly, played divinely, had brilliancy without noise, expression without affectation, science without pedantry, and many other things without many other things—at least every body said so. I received the congratulations of my friends, and was the happiest of men for the full period of—a whole honeymoon.

Stradella, as all the world knows, saved his life by playing a tune to the bravoes who were hired to assassinate him; but we are now become so much more musical, that I verily believe I should incur the fate which he avoided, were I even to attempt setting limits to the passion. What a dictionary of quotations should I draw down upon my devoted head! "Music hath charms to soothe a savage breast"—and "The man that hath not music in his soul," &c. and a thousand others, would be spouted forth against me, while I should in vain contend that I was deprecating the abuse, not the use of any art; that I might love any given pursuit without having a rage for it; and that, however partial I may be to sweet voices, or sweet wines, I have no ambition to be sung to death, or smothered in a butt of malmsey. Alas! those who have ears for music have none for reason. After the first bustle of visiting, introductions, singing, playing, and admiration, I naturally concluded that we should subside into a little domestic quiet and self-possession, when I might calmly prosecute my studies, and enjoy my own fireside; but my wife's notions of enjoyment were so far from harmonizing with mine, that I found a *da capo* had commenced, and I was condemn-

ed to run through the same round of melodious misery. Since then I have been in vain expecting a finale; "the cry is still they come:" fiddlers, singers, masters, and amateurs, besiege my house, and there is no end to my wife's parties, or my remonstrances. I find I have married a musician, who perpetually reminds me of Dr. Pangloss's distinction between a concert and a consort. Accustomed to admiration, she cannot live without it; and her home becomes insipid, unless it is crowded with listeners and flatterers, and converted into an arena for display. I have no voice in my own house, because my wife has so much, and every body keeps time so rigorously, that I cannot find any for my own occupations. From morning to night I am distracted with harmony—my head seems to be a thoroughfare for crotchets, quavers, and semiquavers—a common sewer, into which is disgorged a perpetual stream of noise, under every possible variety which the modulation of air can produce. Even in my sleep I have a constant singing in my head; the nerves of my brain, like an Æolian harp, vibrate of themselves; and if I dream, it is of the jarring, scraping, and tuning of ten thousand instruments.

Man has been defined, by physiologists, as a featherless biped, but I have been sometimes struck with the capricious contrast between the human and the winged subject. In peacocks, pheasants, and all the gallinaceous tribe, it is the male who is dressed out in gorgeous colours and fine feathers, while the female is as plain and unadorned as a quakeress. Singing birds are all small, the black-bird being the largest;

and it is the gentleman who tunes his pipe while the domestic lady sits brooding over her eggs. Mine broods over nothing but the Harpsichord, and my "callow nestlings of domestic bliss" are rondos, sonatas, and canzonettas. How can I expect her to be a good housekeeper, in any sense of the word? That left hand, so conversant in thorough-bass, would you desecrate it with a roll of tradesmen's bills? those dexter fingers, such volant summoners of sound, would you condemn them to a thimble and needle, or require them to handle any keys but those of the instrument? and that voice, would you have the heart to bid it scold her servants and add up accounts?—None but a Goth or a Vandal would dream of such degradations, and yet I am ashamed to confess how much of a barbarian I am become. "The piece which your wife is about to play is extremely difficult," said a friend the other night. "I wish to God it was impossible," was my reply; and shortly after I exclaimed, in the midst of a most complicated fugue—"sed fugit interea, fugit irreparabile tempus," to the great scandal of all the bystanders, the casting of angry glances from the performers, the holding up of fore-fingers, and the general exclamation of "Hush!" My guests are fonder of music than I am; a great many walk away into another room to play cards or chat during the performance of any favourite piece, but they invariably return when it is finished, to cry "Bravo! charming! beautiful! divine!—Whose composition is that? Do *pray* oblige us with it once more."

Let none but the rich man aspire to the possession of a musical wife, for he must expect to pay for the luxury in proportion to its annoyance; a computation which renders it extravagant indeed! If ever a Congress of Sovereigns find themselves assembled in my pocket, they are presently dispersed for benefit tickets and subscription concerts. One meeting is no sooner over than another is announced; singers are never out of breath, fiddlers' arms never ache, my wife's tarantula is never cured, her fingers are never out of her harpsichord, and mine never out of my purse. The "No Song no Supper" of former days is now converted into "No Dinner no Song," for my table is beleaguered two or three times a week with a whole irruption of hungry harmonists, who commit grievous havock upon fish, flesh, and poultry, and cultivate the decanter as if they were drinking for a voice. At first I had no conception that a song could ever emerge from such a superincumbent mass of viands, deeming it as improbable an event as that the giants should upheave from beneath Mount Pelion, or that the bottom shelf of a tavern-larder should warble one of Moore's melodies. I found a malicious pleasure in believing, that even the ghost of a voice was laid, when lo!—with no other conjuration than a preliminary "Hem," these ventripotent melodists called up from the Red Sea of my port and claret all their buried swells, shakes, and cadences, as loud, clear, and lively, as ever they existed before dinner!

But the crowning misery—the master mischief of the musico-mania, is the converting my dwelling into

an opera-house or common hotel, for the benefit concert of some squalling Italian, when hundreds of utter strangers, upon the strength of their guinea tickets, stare me out of countenance in my own abode, hustling, elbowing, and pinioning me up into a corner where I can see and hear nothing, or compelling me to take my stand half way down stairs with a cold wind blowing up my back, and some gaping vulgarian treading upon my toes in front. This I hold to be so degrading as well as offensive a proceeding, that I should never submit to be a personal witness of the outrage, but for certain considerations which I hardly know how to mention to "ears polite." Suffice it to say, that I find it necessary to look as well as listen upon these occasions, for among my visitants I have had amateurs of other things than music; gentlemen, who have learned the new art of fingering, without the assistance of the chiroplast; shrewd conveyancers, who can make a transfer from a chimney-piece to a pocket in a demi-semiquaver. I accuse nobody—the whole six hundred at my last invasion were, doubtless, "all honourable men," though I had not the honour of knowing them; and the phenomena I am about to relate, are unquestionably attributable to the music. We know what magical effects it produced among the ancients.—

> Orpheus and old Amphion play'd
> Strange tunes to entertain our sires,
> Enlivening stocks and stones, 'tis said;
> But then we know they had their *Lyres*.

I firmly believe that the walls of Thebes built themselves to the tune of "The Freemasons' March," and that tigers and kids, lambs and lions, raised themselves upon their hind legs and waltzed lovingly together, when Orpheus sang to Chiron; for I have witnessed enchantments in my own house not a whit less miraculous. A small antique Apollo, that stood upon a bracket in my drawing-room, although he had but one leg, hopped clean away, probably imagining, from the concord of sweet sounds, that he was regaining his favourite Parnassus. By what arrangement of muscles Mercury could ply the wings attached to his cap, I could never comprehend; but it is obvious that he possesses the power, for a little bronze image of that god has flown away from my chimney-piece. This, however, may be the pious abduction of some one who recognised his appropriate deity, and so bore him off in triumph. A beautiful skipping nymph has jumped from my writing-table, and eloped from the paternal roof. If the gentleman with whom she has taken refuge will return her to her disconsolate owner, he may retain the rope for his own use. Philip the Fifth of Spain fell once into such a fit of low spirits, that for several months he refused to be shaved, until the soothing sweetness of Farinelli's strains induced him to submit his chin to the razor with great cheerfulness and resolution. Well, I had a large medal of this monarch in his bearded state, which must have recognised, in some of my Italian warblers, such approximation to Farinelli's notes, that

it has rolled itself away for the purpose, probably, of undergoing another capillary excision. Inquiries have been made at the barbers' and perfumers' shops in the neighbourhood, which, from their number of blocks and heads without brains, ought to know something of musical matters, but I can gain no tidings of the fugitive. An Egyptian Scarabæus in blue onyx, animated by some lively tune, not only crept from under a glass case, but crawled fairly out of my hall-door at the last concert. Should any of my musical visitants have been mounted on its back, like Arion on his dolphin, and an accident have occurred from their crossing the street amid the rush of carriages, I sincerely hope the poor beetle has escaped unhurt. That a Parisian shepherdess in bisquit should take French leave of my mantelpiece, is perhaps natural, and may be attributed to love of home rather than of music; nor is it wonderful that a gold box with Thieves vinegar should abscond, for the present possessor establishes his claim to the perfume by keeping its case:—but I cannot comprehend how a verd-antique pitcher with one ear, and that one hermetically sealed, should be so fascinated as to run off with one of my melodists, and thus deprive me at once of my "friend and pitcher;" nor why so apparently phlegmatic and discreet an inmate as a silver candlestick, should become a "Fanatico per la Musica," and walk off to encounter more melting strains than those to which it was nightly subjected in the performance of its duty.

My wife remarks with great originality and shrewd-

ness, that things cannot go without hands.—"Not even harpsichords," I replied; "and yet they are constantly going." However, I am a recognised amateur, and of course bound to like music, whatever effects it produces; though I confess I should be better pleased if every visitant were compelled to give a concert in return, by which arrangement our moveables might justify their name, and after performing the tour of our circle, return to their original quarters. At all events I am an inveterate amateur, and therefore I exclaim *con amore*, and with infinite bitterness—Hail to that bewitching art, which lightens our bosoms as well as our brackets, eases us of our cares and candlesticks, imperceptibly steals away our vexations and valuables, and clears at the same moment our minds and our mantelpieces!

PETER PINDARICS.

The Poet and the Alchymist.

AUTHORS of modern date are wealthy fellows;—
'Tis but to snip his locks they follow
Now the golden-hair'd Apollo.—
Invoking Plutus to puff up the bellows
Of inspiration, they distill
The rhimes and novels which cajole us,
Not from the Heliconian rill,
But from the waters of Pactolus.

Before this golden age of writers,
A Grub-street Garreteer existed,
One of the regular inditers
Of odes and poems to be twisted
Into encomiastic verses,
For patrons who have heavy purses.—
Besides the Bellman's rhymes, he had
Others to let, both gay and sad,
All ticketed from A to Izzard;
And living by his wits, I need not add,
The rogue was lean as any lizard.

Like a ropemaker's were his ways,
For still one line upon another
He spun, and like his hempen brother,
Kept going backwards all his days.

Hard by his attic lived a Chymist,
Or Alchymist, who had a mighty
Faith in the Elixir Vitæ;
And though unflatter'd by the dimmest
Glimpses of success, kept groping
And grubbing in his dark vocation,
Stupidly hoping
To find the art of changing metals,
And guineas coin from pans and kettles,
By mystery of transmutation.

Our starving Poet took occasion
To seek this conjuror's abode;
Not with encomiastic ode,
Or laudatory dedication,
But with an offer to impart,
For twenty pounds, the secret art,
Which should procure, without the pain
Of metals, chymistry, and fire,
What he so long had sought in vain,
And gratify his heart's desire,

The money paid, our bard was hurried
To the philosopher's sanctorum,
Who, somewhat sublimized and flurried,
Out of his chemical decorum,
Crow'd, caper'd, giggled, seem'd to spurn his
Crucibles, retort, and furnace,
And cried, as he secured the door,
And carefully put to the shutter,
"Now, now, the secret I implore;
For God's sake, speak, discover, utter!"

With grave and solemn look, the poet
Cried—"List—Oh, list! for thus I show it:—
Let this plain truth those ingrates strike,
Who still, though bless'd, new blessings crave,
That we may all have what we like,
Simply by liking what we have!"

The Astronomical Alderman.

The pedant or scholastikos became
The butt of all the Grecian jokes;—
With us, poor Paddy bears the blame
Of blunders made by other folks;
Though we have certain civic sages
Term'd Aldermen, who perpetrate
Bulls as legitimate and great,
As any that the classic pages
Of old Hierocles can show,
Or Mr. Miller's, commonly call'd Joe.

One of these turtle-eating men,
Not much excelling in his spelling,
When ridicule he meant to brave,
Said he was more PH. than N.
Meaning thereby, more *phool* than *nave*,
Though they who knew our cunning Thraso
Pronounced it flattery to say so.—

His civic brethren to express
His "double double toil and trouble,"
And bustling noisy emptiness,
Had christen'd him Sir Hubble Bubble.

This wight ventripotent was dining
Once at the Grocers' Hall, and lining
With calipee and calipash
That tomb omnivorous—his paunch,
Then on the haunch
Inflicting many a horrid gash,
When, having swallow'd six or seven
Pounds, he fell into a mood
Of such supreme beatitude,
That it reminded him of Heaven,
And he began with mighty *bonhomie*
To talk astronomy.
"Sir," he exclaim'd between his bumpers,
"Copernicus and Tycho Brahe,
And all those chaps have had their day;
They 've written monstrous lies, Sir,—thumpers!—
Move round the sun?—it 's talking treason;
The earth stands still—it stands to reason.
Round as a globe?—stuff—humbug—fable!
It 's a flat sphere, like this here table,
And the sun overhangs this sphere,
Ay—just like that there chandelier."

"But," quoth his neighbour, "when the sun
From East to West his course has run,
How comes it that he shows his face
Next morning in his former place?"

"Ho! there 's a pretty question truly!"
Replied our wight with an unruly
Burst of laughter and delight,
So much his triumph seem'd to please him;
"Why, blockhead, he goes back at night,
And that 's the reason no one sees him."

ANTIQUITY AND POSTERITY.

Past and to come seem best; things present worst.
SHAKSPEARE.

I INTENDED to have addressed this essay to Posterity, but I recollected the sarcasm levelled against the French author who dedicated an ode to the same personage—that it would never reach its destination; besides, I may inquire with the Irishman, "What has Posterity ever done for us?" and why should we throw away good advice, which will probably be unheard by the party for whom it was intended, and will be certainly unmerited? As to Antiquity—the stream of time is the only one that cannot be navigated both ways; there is no steam-boat that can work against wind and tide, and carry a passenger or a letter back to the fountain-head of events, or even to the last landmark that we passed in our voyage to the great ocean of Eternity. To say the truth, I have no respect whatever for that solemn bugbear, that shadowy quack, yclept Antiquity, whom I have always contemplated as a very grave impostor and reverend humbug (begging pardon for such a conjunction of phrases): and as to the good old times, of which every body talks so much and knows so little, which, like the horizon, keep flying farther backward as we attempt to approach them, I suspect that if we could once pounce upon them and subject them to our inspection, we should find them to be the very worst

times possible. The golden age is as much a fable as the golden fleece, or, if reducible to some rude elements of truth, they would not be much more magnificent than the celebrated Argonautic prize, which, divested of its poetical embellishments, was nothing more than an old sheepskin stretched across the river Phasis, to catch the particles of ore rolled down by its waters. This cant is regularly transmitted from generation to generation, and may be traced back to the revival of literature; * so that if there be any truth in the tradition, this past millennium must have flourished in the dark ages, and have expired without leaving a record of its existence. It is flattering to human pride to indulge in reveries of former happiness and perfection, because they infer a probability of their future recurrence; hence it is, that, not content with assigning a higher moral stature to our ancestors, we cling to the belief of their gigantic bodily proportions, despite of the evidence of history, of skeletons, and of Egyptians embalmed many centuries before our æra, who must have been a very diminu-

* Horace bewailed the human declension of his time, and, prophesying its continuance, anticipated that his contemporaries were "mox daturos progeniem vitiosiorem." The learned Poggio, who was so instrumental in the revival of letters, noticing the prevalence of the same conceit in his days, says—"Nature always preserves a certain degree of motion, and it is the same in human nature. To pretend that the world is perpetually getting worse, is a declamation unsupported by any historical examination of different ages."

tive race, unless they have shrunk terribly in the pickling.

Bacon has exposed this egregious mistake, which, by confounding the world's duration with the successions of men, induces us to call those the old times in which the oldest writers and legislators flourished, and leads us by analogy to attribute to the world's infancy and inexperience that reverence which we properly feel for the wisdom of individual age. The times in which we live are in reality the oldest; and if mere antiquity deserve our homage, let us pay it to the existing generation, for we are the real Simon Pures, and the ancients were but the sucklings and children of the world's growth. If wisdom were occasionally ordained out of their mouths, we possess it superadded to our own, with all the experience of the intervening ages. They were the raw youngsters, and we are the true Nestors. We show deference to the matured sagacity of the man, not to the crude attempts of the schoolboy: why, then, are we to reverence those collections of men, who, in the pupilage of time, were deemed miracles of precocity if they advanced beyond their A B C? All our impressions upon this subject are but so many mischievous prejudices, which, if we could reduce them to action, would compel the moral world to go backward instead of forward; and we must totally reverse the usual operation of our minds, if we would render proper justice to ourselves and to Antiquity. Nothing can be more ephemeral than our individual existence; but we are the constituents of

an immortal community—the deciduous leaves of an imperishable trunk; for though generations pass away, the British public is perennial. We are the identical gentlemen to whom our ancestors have made so many pathetic appeals and apostrophes under the name of Posterity; and we are, moreover, the worshipful personages destined to be hereafter revered, and regretted, and eulogized, under the respectable designation of "our wise Ancestors." Let us, then, hold up our heads, for we stand between two mighty congregations, the past and the future, and our measure remains to be fairly taken. Whatever we contribute to the general stock of wisdom, we shall bequeath in addition to that which we have inherited; and if we are disposed to pride ourselves on the possession of a greater store than was enjoyed by our ancestors, we may learn humility from reflecting, that our successors will in the same proportion be still richer than ourselves. We have only, therefore, to assign to Posterity that gravity, and experience, and wisdom, which we ignorantly impute to the raw, boyish simpleton—Antiquity, and the two candidates for our favour will receive the fair award of their respective merits.

But I have a terrible crow to pick with this latter personage, Signor Antiquity, as a mighty stalking-horse on which knaves and bigots invariably mount, when they want to ride over the timid and the credulous. We never hear so much palaver about the time-hallowed institutions and approved wisdom of our Ancestors, as when attempts are made to remove some staring monument of their folly. Sir Matthew Hale,

that great luminary of law, after having condemned a poor woman to death for witchcraft, took occasion to sneer at the rash innovators who were then advocating a repeal of that statute; and falling on his knees, thanked God for being enabled to uphold one of the sagest enactments handed down to us by our venerable forefathers. Bacon, who was so far beyond his age in all matters of science, was not less credulous than the weakest of his contemporaries, and published very minute directions for guarding against witches, under which imputation many scores of wretched old women were burnt in the reign of that sapient Demonologist, James the First. The worthy Druids, who sacrificed human victims to their idols, were "our illustrious Ancestors;" and if required to select instances from more modern and civilized times, I would point to those of "our enlightened forefathers," who wasted their lives and fortunes in seeking the Elixir Vitæ and Philosopher's Stone—who practised torture upon suspected criminals—who believed in the efficacy of the King's touch for curing the Evil, and transmitted to us many other practices of barbarism and ignorance, which have become happily exploded, though not without great difficulty and opposition. Nay, have not we ourselves, who are fated to be the sage and revered progenitors of future canters, seen a French and Spanish army fighting for the restoration of the Inquisition and despotism? Have we not in our own country witnessed the existence of the Slave Trade, and heard the denunciations of its supporters against those who would subvert "the glorious institutions handed down

to us?" Have we not moreover living believers in Joanna Southcote, and metallic tractors, and animal magnetism, and fortune-tellers, and the efficacy of the Sinking Fund, and the danger of Popery, and innumerable other phantasms and delusions which poor Posterity will be bound to adopt as gospel, if the seal of time is to be always acknowledged as the signet of truth?

The lawyers of all ages are generally among the blind advocates of Antiquity. As a body, I believe them to have made incalculable advances in respectability and principle since the days of James the First, who, on receiving the great seal which Bacon had been compelled to resign for his manifold corruptions, exclaimed—"Now, by my saul, I am pained at the heart where to bestow this, for as to my lawyers, I think they be all knaves:"—but in expansion of intellect, in capacity for enlarged views, or perception of abstract truth, I apprehend them to be still far behind the age in which they live. Certain trades invariably injure the organ of bodily sight, and the law seems to be a profession which has a strong tendency to contract and debilitate the mental pupil. Its disciples are so accustomed to look with other people's eyes, that they lose the use of their own; because precedent is omnipotent in the Courts, they think it must be infallible in the world. They study acts of parliament, commentaries, cases, arguments, dicta of judges, and receive their fiat with such implicit deference, that they cannot, or dare not, find their way out of the maze to look for any thing so simple and elemental as

truth. Habituated to follow the bark of the leading hounds, they cannot recognise the game even if it crosses their path; or, if this simile be deemed too canine, I would respectfully hint that they worship the priests and the shrine too much to have any reverence left for the goddess. They argue with examples, not reasons, and adduce what people thought centuries ago, not what they ought to think now. They have deputed their faculties to Blackstone and other sages--they speak judgments, but use none, and generally go astray if left to the guidance of their original sagacity; as horses, if they miss their driver, will run their heads against a post or a wall. What they have spent their lives to learn, they would not willingly unlearn: you may prove that it is cruel, or false, or pernicious, which they will not gainsay, for these are points which they have not studied; but they silence you with one triumphant argument—it is law,—a declaration which they usually wind up with the established flourish about hallowed institutions and approved wisdom, and so forth.—I describe the influence of their studies upon the profession in general, and need not offer my testimony to the honourable and splendid exceptions which it has furnished in all times, and in none more signally than our own.

Bibliomania is an amusing illustration of this blind idolatry for whatever is ancient; though I will venture to assert that no good book, since the invention of printing, ever became scarce, and that in an immense majority of cases rarity is in exact proportion to worthlessness. The old types, and binding, and decora-

tions, might be adored, as savages worship idols, for their barbarism and ugliness; but when they ventured upon the experiment of reprinting some of these treasures of antiquity, the bubble burst at once. The Archaica and Heliconia induced people to read what they had hitherto only thought of buying, and they then discovered upon what gross trash and woeful rubbish they had wasted their precious guineas.

While we are lavishing the affections of our hearts and purses upon that egregious dotard, Antiquity, we evince towards our lineal, legitimate descendant, Posterity, a most scurvy and unpaternal disregard, although the poor creature has done nothing to merit such treatment. We bequeath him books enough, indeed, to complete his education, though most of them will be probably moth-eaten, or obsolete, before he is breeched; but in the olden time it was customary to provide him with ready-made houses, and churches, and palaces, none of which can he hope to inherit from the present generation.—Our houses regularly fall in before the leases; our churches will never come down to him, unless it be their roofs; and as to our thatched palaces, and others in imitation of Chinese Pagodas, and Moorish Alhambras, being fortunately as bad in construction as they are in taste, even we ourselves may hope to witness the decadence of these flimsy gewgaws. Waterloo-bridge is almost the only structure which seems likely to descend to the great unborn heir of the present community; and if we have enabled him to keep his head above water in one sense, we have rendered it almost impossible in another, by tying about his unbegotten neck, the tremendous mill-

stone of the national debt. Now I have very grave and compunctious doubts whether the social compact confers upon us any right to commit this doubly noxious injustice. Individuals are not responsible for the debts of their parents,—why should a collection of individuals be so? Why should I, or you, tax-paying reader, be at this moment putting our hands in our pockets to defray the charges of all the mad wars waged since the time of our revolution, when the perverse folly of "our sage ancestors" first discovered the secret of the Funding system?—What authority have we to mortgage the flesh, and bones, and sweat of many generations, to gratify the insane pugnaciousness or extravagance of one?—what charter empowers us to discount futurity for blood-money? O fatal discovery, which torments whole ages with war, and its successors with debt, thus spreading misery over a surface of centuries! If the Holy Alliance would really merit the title of benefactors of the human race, let them invite the whole of Europe to join them in a solemn compact and agreement that every nation shall hereafter fight its own battles, and pay for its own wars; and they will have done more in one day for the maintenance of perpetual peace than they will now effect in a hundred Congresses.—Let them proclaim a public universal law, absolving our successors from all responsibility, legal or moral, for the hostilities of their forefathers; and they will not only have conferred a signal blessing upon the present generation, but have performed a great act of justice towards that ill-used gentleman, who has been subjected to such a series of ante-natal inflictions—poor Mr. Posterity.

THE BARD'S SONG TO HIS DAUGHTER.

O DAUGHTER dear, my darling child,
Prop of my mortal pilgrimage,
Thou who hast care and pain beguiled,
And wreathed with Spring my wintry age,—
Through thee a second prospect opes
Of life, when but to live is glee,
And jocund joys, and youthful hopes,
Come thronging to my heart through thee.

Backward thou lead'st me to the bowers
Where love and youth their transports gave;
While forward still thou strewest flowers,
And bidst me live beyond the grave;
For still my blood in thee shall flow,
Perhaps to warm a distant line,
Thy face my lineaments shall show,
And e'en my thoughts survive in thine.

Yes, Daughter, when this tongue is mute—
This heart is dust—these eyes are closed,
And thou art singing to thy lute
Some stanza by thy Sire composed,
To friends around thou may'st impart
A thought of him who wrote the lays,
And from the grave my form shall start,
Embodied forth to fancy's gaze.

Then to their memories will throng
Scenes shared with him who lies in earth,
The cheerful page, the lively song,
The woodland walk, or festive mirth;
Then may they heave the pensive sigh,
That friendship seeks not to control,
And from the fix'd and thoughtful eye
The half unconscious tears may roll:—

Such now bedew my cheek—but mine
Are drops of gratitude and love,
That mingle human with divine—
The gift below, its source above.—
How exquisitely dear thou art
Can only be by tears exprest,
And the fond thrillings of my heart,
While thus I clasp thee to my breast.

THE TANNER'S WIDOW.

Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee. *Hamlet.*

Mr. and Mrs. Pitman would have been the best assorted and happiest couple in all Leighton-Buzzard,—in fact, they might have successfully claimed the Dunmow flitch of bacon,—but for certain natural differences of temper, habits, and pursuits; and their perpetual squabbles on the subject of dress, housekeeping, amusements, and all that regarded pecuniary disbursements. He stoutly determined not to die a beggar, she as sturdily declared that she would not live like one; and both kept their words. It certainly did not become a thriving tanner's wife, as she very justly observed, to go draggling about in rags and rubbish; but then it was equally unseemly, as he

very pertinently rejoined, to flaunt through the town in scarlet velvet pelisses that set all the place in a blaze, and wear such a variety of plume-crowned bonnets, that more people went to church to look at her single head, than to mark the three into which the clergyman regularly divided his Cerberus sermons. Whether this was the fault of the lady, the congregation, or the Reverend Mr. Snuffleton, he did not presume to decide; but all those who were poorer than Mr. Pitman joined in condemning his wife's extravagance, while all those who were richer contented themselves with laughing at it. Certain it is, that she introduced unheard-of luxuries among the good tradespeople of Leighton-Buzzard. She it was who first put a livery upon one of the apprentices, and made him wait at table when there was company, to the great clamour of the whole town and tan-yard; and she it was who first placed before her guests gooseberry wine ennobled with the title of Champagne, which, being in lank narrow-shouldered bottles, well sealed down and secured at the mouth, and very sparkling, frothy, and vapid when it found vent, might well have passed off, even with travellers, as a genuine native of France. The neighbours, who came eagerly to taste this rarity, were quite as eager, when they went away, to abuse the donor; and Mr. Pitman, anxious for his double credit as a manufacturer of gooseberry-wine and a frugal tanner, burnt with impatience to reveal the secret; but his wife having sworn that she would order a new velvet pelisse from Bond-street the moment he divulged, he kept his

tongue between his teeth, and his money in his pocket. To do this the more effectually, he had repeatedly declared to the tradespeople that he would not pay one farthing of his wife's extravagant debts; and he was a man of such firmness and decision of character, that Mrs. Pitman was constantly obliged to go to him, and insist upon having the money immediately, that she might discharge them herself.

The gravedigger in Hamlet assures us that a tanner will considerably outlast others under ground; though they should not therefore outlive their fellows upon earth, they may consider themselves gainers in the long run. There is no quarrelling about tastes; but for my own part I would rather be a lively young man, than a mummy, however old. Mr. Pitman might have made the same decision, had a choice been afforded him; but it was not. He quitted us all without notice, evaporating as it were, without any visible motive for becoming invisible; and when I inquired the particulars of my friend, the schoolmaster at Leighton-Buzzard, he could only exclaim in the words of Cicero, "Abiit—evasit—excessit—erupit!"

Mrs. Pitman was as inconsolable as bombazeen could make her;—her cap was a perfect pattern of grief, and nobody could have suspected her of laughing in her sleeve when they saw the depth of its weepers. And yet as a lover of expense, and not of her husband, she might well have been justified in some ebullition of pleasant surprise, when she found that, owing to a prize in the Lottery, which he had kept a secret, and certain usurious transactions which

he had no great temptation to reveal, he had left her one of the richest widows in the whole neighbourhood. Her acquaintance, with their usual determination to make others share their own envy, or at all events to excite astonishment, instantly doubled the amount of her fortune, which rumour soon tripled and quadrupled, until, upon the authority of some friends and connexions who "happened to know the fact," it was finally and accurately set down at only three times the real amount. "Now we shall have fine doings," cried the good gossips of Leighton-Buzzard—"a rare dashing coach, and liveries of light blue and scarlet, I warrant me, with as many plumes in the head as her husband had at his funeral, (which was, after all, a scandalous shabby one,) and as fine rings upon her finger as if she were a lady mayoress. Ay, ay, Madam Pitman is a proper one to make the money fly."

Now, with all proper deference to these good gossips, I am inclined to think that a sudden accession of unexpected wealth is just as likely to make a niggard as a spendthrift. *C'est le premier pas qui coute* in hoarding; the difficulty is to make a beginning worthy of your future efforts to increase it. What can a person do with a few pounds? It is too little to put in the stocks, or buy a house; it is even dangerous to keep in your house; you must spend it in your own defence. Such is our treatment of small sums, large ones seldom pay us a visit, and the consequence is that few people in common life save money. Let a foundation be once laid, and we feel such a pride and pleasure in building up our fortune, that we rarely

abandon the enterprise. Few who have felt the difficulty of acquiring, and the gratification of possessing property, ever fall into extravagance. This is the great merit of the Savings Banks; they form a nucleus for the humblest ambition, and are sure to become powerful stimulants of frugal and moral habits.

The fact is, that Mrs. Pitman no sooner felt the dignity of wealth, the consequence of possession, and the pleasure of the homage which they procure, than she very naturally concluded that her dignity, consequence, and pleasure, would increase with the accumulation of her riches; and began economizing with great vigour and perseverance. No more fine pelisses and bonnets: these were very well to procure her the reputation of affluence; she now had the reality, and rather affected shabbiness of attire, not so much from parsimony, as to excite attention by the contrast of her present with her former self, and so recall the cause of the change. Though the habit of frugality finally stole upon her, so far as to degenerate into penuriousness, and procure for her the appellation of the old female miser, she could at times emancipate herself from its influence. As it was said of a certain bard, that he threw about his dung with an air of dignity, it might be affirmed of her, that there was sometimes a magnificence in her meanness. She contributed largely to public subscriptions; made handsome donations to the parish; and frequently gave fifty pounds at a time to her nephew Frank Millington, though it was never known that they did him any good, or relieved him in the smallest degree from his embarrassments.

These violent efforts were, however, always succeeded by silent repentance, and an effort to reconcile herself to her habits by a stricter domestic economy. Then were the poor maids condemned for three days to get her to witness the apparition of the same calf's head upon the dinner-table; and when at last they laid it in the Red Sea, they not unfrequently imported a red herring in exchange. The French restaurateurs, who give dinners at twenty-five sous a head, pompously announce in their bills, "*Pain à discretion*," well knowing that no person of the least discretion will eat much of so sour a commodity; and Mrs. Pitman informed her nymphs, that she left the small beer to their free and uncontrolled disposal, though she must confess she abominated female tipplers. It was magnifying things, to give such a pigmy beverage, innocent of hops and scarcely tinged with the first blush of malt, the name of even small beer; but the same cause that made Mrs. Pitman lavish, made the liquor poor. It was always sent as a present from her cousin, Mr. Swipes the brewer, who was trying by every art and attention to ingratiate himself with the old lady's will, and who, knowing that she never tasted any thing but currant wine, or rather water, of her own concoction, sometimes fobbed off her servants with a returned cask, whose acidity he had partially disguised by fortifying it from the pump. Probably he extended to unpaid beer the proverb applied to a gift horse—that it should not be looked at in the mouth: all the world agreed that it was "dull, flat, and stale," and he was the only per-

son not justified in calling it "unprofitable." But enough of this compound; we must not speak ill of the dead.

Mr. Currie, the saddler, another cousin, who had also a shrewd eye to the "*post mortem* appearances" of the widow's testament, and could not very appropriately ingratiate himself by a spur or a horse-whip, kept her supplied with other equally stimulating presents of sausages, hams, fish, poultry, and game; chuckling at the idea of the enormous usury at which he was putting them out, which he estimated in his own mind at about the rate of a hundred pounds a basket. Mr. Swipes was neither less liberal, nor less sanguine; scarcely a week elapsed without his despatching a savoury parcel, which he deemed equivalent to sowing legacies and planting codicils. Nor had they any reason to doubt the old lady's intentions, for, as they fed her with good things, she fed them with hope, which is a better; and as to her nephew Frank Millington, against whom they combined all their powers of misrepresentation and abuse, he himself became their most efficient ally, by the wildness of his life, and the unbridled insolence of his demeanour towards his aunt. Frank was a patron of pugilists and cock-fighters, whose constant demands upon his purse occasioned as regular applications to hers; and though she really answered these claims with more liberality than could have been expected from her penurious habits, he could never endure with any decency of patience the long lecture which filled up the time, from the moment of his

arrival to the production of what he emphatically termed "the tip," whose apparition was always the signal for his disappearance. His last application, being somewhat too rapid as well as heavy, was encountered with a positive denial; and the recusant was commencing her usual exhortation, when Frank disrespectfully exclaimed, "Come, come, no preachee and flôggee too," and muttering, loud enough to be heard, the words "stingy old mummy!" flung himself out of the room.

Now, though it must be candidly confessed that Mrs. Pitman, who had by this time become somewhat aged, and brown, and shrivelled, bore no small resemblance to those leathern ladies and gentlemen of Egypt, who mount guard at Museums in their glazed sentry-boxes, she considered herself too young by three thousand years to justify any such comparison, and was indignant in proportion to her own sense of juvenility. Mr. Swipes and Mr. Currie were even more moved than the old lady, for they felt the value of the insult. Never was a sorrow more joyous, or an anger more complacent, than that which they expressed upon the occasion. So deeply were their feelings injured, that they declared themselves unable to continue their visits, if they ran any risk of encountering such an ungrateful profligate; and Frank was accordingly forbidden the house.

As the tanner's widow waxed sickly and infirm, she became an enticing object for Mrs. Doldrum, an inhabitant of Leighton-Buzzard, one of those human screech-owls who prowl about the abodes of misery

and death, croaking out dismal tidings, and hovering over corpses. She seemed only happy when surrounded by wretchedness, and her undertaker-like mind appeared to live upon death. When she could not treat herself with a dissolution, she would look about her for a broken leg, a bankruptcy, a family where there was a dishonoured daughter, a runaway son, or any calamity she could by good fortune discover. "O my dear friend," she exclaimed to Mrs. Pitman, a short time before her death, "I am so delighted to see you, (here a groan)—you know my regard for you, (another groan)—seeing your bedroom shutters closed, I took it for granted it was all over with you, so I came in just to close your eyes and lay out your body. Delighted to find you alive, (groan the third)—let us be of good cheer, perhaps you may yet linger out a week longer, though it would be a great release if it would please God to take you. (Groan the fourth.)—And yet I fear you are sadly prepared for the next world. (Groan the fifth and longest.)—You know my regard for you. The Lord be good unto us! Hark! is that the death-watch? I certainly heard a ticking."

This consolatory personage was all alive the moment she heard of Mrs. Pitman's death, which occurred shortly after; and she was obviously in her proper element, when superintending the closing of window-shutters, and all the minute arrangements usually adopted upon such mournful occasions. At her own particular request, she was indulged with the privilege of sitting up with the body the first

night, and would not even resign her station on the second day, which was the time appointed for the reading of the will. Frank Millington had been sent for express to attend this melancholy ceremony. Mr. Swipes and Mr. Currie were of course present in deep mourning, with visages to match, and each with a white pocket-handkerchief to hide the tears which he feared he would be unable to shed. Mr. Drawl, the attorney, held the portentous document in his hand, bristling with seals; and two or three friends were requested to attend as witnesses. The slow and precise man of law, who shared none of his auditors' impatience, was five minutes in picking the locks of the seals, as many more in arranging his spectacles, and, having deliberately blown his nose, through which he always talked, (as if to clear the way,) he at length began his lecture. As the will, at the old lady's particular request, had been made as short and simple as possible, he had succeeded in squeezing it into six large skins of parchment, which we shall take the liberty of crushing into as many lines. After a few unimportant legacies to servants and others, it stated that the whole residue of her property, personal and real, consisting of ——— [here a formidable schedule of houses, farms, messuages, tenements, buildings, appurtenances, stocks, bonds, monies, and possessions, occupying twenty minutes in the recital,]—was bequeathed to her dear cousins, Samuel Swipes of the Pond-street Brewery, and Christopher Currie of the Market-place, Saddler.

Here Mr. Drawl laid down his parchment, drew

breath, blew his nose, and began to wipe his spectacles, in which space of time Mr. Swipes was delivered of a palpable and incontestable snivel, in the getting up whereof he was mainly assisted by a previous cold; and endeavouring to enact a sob, which however sounded more like gargling his throat, he ejaculated—"Generous creature! worthy woman! kind soul!"

Mr. Currie, who thought it safer to be silently overcome by his feelings, buried his face in his handkerchief, whence he finally emerged with indisputably red and watery eyes, though it was upon record, that he had been noticed that morning grubbing about the onion-bed in his own garden, and had been seen to stoop down and pick something up. They were both with an ill-concealed triumph beginning to express to Frank their regret that he had not been named, and to inform him that they could dispense with his farther attendance, when Mr. Drawl, with his calm nasal twang, cried out—"Pray, gentlemen, keep your seats—I have not quite done yet,"—and, resuming the parchment and his posture, thus proceeded—"Let me see—where was I?—Ay, Samuel Swipes of Pond-street Brewery, and Christopher Currie of the Market-place, Saddler,"—and then raising his voice, to adapt it to the large German text words that came next, he sang out—"IN TRUST for the sole and exclusive use and benefit of my dear nephew Frank Millington, when he shall have attained the age of twenty-five years, by which time I hope he will have so far reformed his evil habits, as that he may be safely

intrusted with the large fortune which I hereby bequeath to him."——

"What's all this?" exclaimed Mr. Swipes—"you don't mean that we're humbugged?—In trust?—how does that appear?—where is it?"—Mr. Drawl depositing his spectacles, looking up at the ceiling, and scratching the underneath part of his chin, pointed to the two fatal words, which towered conspicuously above the multitude of their companions, and the brewer's nether jaw gradually fell down till it crumpled and crushed the frill of his shirt. Mr. Currie, with a pale face and goggle-eyes, stood staring at his co-trustee, not exactly understanding what it all meant, though he saw by his countenance that there was some sudden extinction of their hopes. As the will was dated several years back, Frank only wanted three weeks of the stipulated period of possession, and as he hastily revolved in his mind all the annoyances he had occasioned his aunt, and the kind generosity with which she had treated him, his eyes remained fixed upon the carpet, and the tears fell fast upon the backs of his crossed hands.

MISS HEBE HOGGINS'S ACCOUNT OF A LITERARY SOCIETY IN HOUNDSDITCH.

LETTER I.

Sir,—You will please to consider the red ink in which the commencement of this letter is indited, as emblematic of my blushes when I make the confession that my father is a cooper in Houndsditch; not that there is any thing degrading in the profession, for we have poets who have started into celebrity from the inferior stations of cowherds, ploughmen, and shoemakers,—but, alas! my poor father is not likely to achieve greatness, still less to have it thrust upon him, for he understands nothing whatever but his business. Determined that his own defect of education should not be entailed upon his daughter, he sent me to a genteel boarding-school at Kensington, where my associates, in the petulancy of youthful pride, presently assailed me with every species of ridicule on account of my parent's vulgar occupation. One christened him Diogenes, and with an air of mock-gravity inquired after his tub; another told me I resembled him, inasmuch as I carried a hogshead upon my shoulders, (which was a gross libel upon my physiognomy); a third, quoting Addison, exclaimed,

——"Why does he load with darts
His trembling hands, and crush beneath a *casque*
His wrinkled brows?"

while a fourth, whenever I ventured to sing, observed that I was then in my proper element, as I was favouring them with a few *staves*. Nothing reconciled me to this spiteful persecution but the superior success with which I prosecuted my studies. Mortified vanity stimulated me to aspire to a higher rank of intellect, as some atonement for inferiority of station; and my object was so far attained, that I was enabled to retaliate upon fashionable dunces the sneers and taunts which they levelled against city minxes and upstart vulgarians. Among my schoolfellows there were several who feared me, and many who refrained from open quizzing; but they all held themselves aloof from any intimacy, and I found the pride of surpassing some in their studies, and of inflicting pain upon the feelings of others whenever my own were attacked, but a poor compensation for the unsociableness to which I was condemned by their open or suppressed contempt.

Even this miserable comfort was denied me when I left school and was taken home into Houndsditch, for my own acquirements only served to render more striking, and infinitely more galling, the wretched illiterateness of my parents. Conceive, my dear Mr. Editor, the horror of hearing my father, who had yielded to my mother's wishes, in the selection of a polite seminary for my studies, inquire whether I had larnt to darn stockings and make a pudding! But even this Vandalism was less grating to my soul than the letter which my mother wrote a few days after my return, to the parent of one of my schoolfellows, inquiring the character of a cook, which she

thus commenced: "Mrs. Hoggins presents her compliments to the Honourable Mrs. Hartopp, as I understand Betty Butter lived in your family as cook, Mrs. H— begs Mrs. H— will inform her whether she understands her business, and I hope Mrs. H— will be particular in stating to Mrs. H—," &c.—and thus she continued for a whole page, confounding first, second, and third persons, and bepuzzling Mrs. H—'s in a most astounding commutation of initials and individualities.—At my earnest solicitation this letter was condemned, and a second composed which started with this inauspicious exordium:—"Betty Butter, whom, according to her own account, lived two years with you as cook,"—and proceeded in a similar strain of verbs without nominatives, and relatives without antecedents. This also she consented to cancel, not without sundry peevish exclamations against the new-fangled English and nonsensical pedantry taught at the schools now-a-days, none of which were heard of in her time, although the world went on quite as well then as it did now. Having tartly reprimanded me for my saucy offer of inditing a proper note, she took out a new crow-pen, reflected for some minutes upon the best method of arranging her ideas, and finally recommenced thus:—"Madam,—Understanding Betty Butter lived with you as cook, has induced me to write you these few lines," &c.: and this horrific epistle, terminating as awfully as it began, was actually despatched! O Sir! imagine the abomination to all my grammatical nerves and philological sympathies!

From such gothic society I found it absolutely ne-

cessary to emancipate myself, and I have the pleasure to inform you, that after innumerable difficulties and delays, from the ignorance of some and the ridicule of others, I have succeeded in establishing a Blue-stocking Society in Houndsditch, which, if I am not much mistaken, will eventually rival the most celebrated literary associations that have been formed from the days of Pericles down to those of Lorenzo de' Medici and Dr. Johnson. Considering the soul to be of no sex, I have admitted males of undoubted genius into our club, and we can already boast of several names that only want the means and opportunity to become immortal. The hitherto Bœotian realm of Houndsditch begins to be fertile in classical and Attic associations. The Sugar-baker's upon Tower Hill we have consecrated to Grecian reminiscences as the Acropolis, and the Smoking-room upon its roof is hallowed to our eyes as the Parthenon; the Tower is our Piræus, and the houses on each side of the Minories are the long walls; Aldgate Pump is the Grotto of Pan; Whitechapel Church is the Ceramicus; the East India Company's Warehouses in Leadenhall-street are the Temple of Theseus; the extremities of Fenchurch-street are the Propylæa; and the Synagogue in Duke's-place the Odeum. Thus you see, Sir, we are upon classic ground in whatever direction we move; while, to complete the illusion, we have named the great kennel leading to Tower-hill the Ilyssus, and I am credibly assured it is quite as large as the original. Our Academus, a room which we have hired in Houndsditch, is planted with pots of geranium and myrtle, to imitate the celebrated garden

of the original; and one of our members, who is a stationer, having made us a present of a thick new commercial ledger, that odious endorsement has been expunged, and the word ALBUM substituted in large letters of gold. From this sacred volume, destined to preserve the contributions of our associates, I propose occasionally to select such articles as may stamp a value upon your Miscellany, and at the same time awaken the public to a due sense of the transcendant talents which have been coalesced, principally by the writer of this article, in the composition of the Houndsditch Literary Society.

Young as our establishment is, it is so opulent in articles, that the very fertility renders selection impossible, and I must, after all, open the volume at random, and trust to the Sortes Hounditchianæ. It expands at a sonnet by Mr. M'Quill, a lawyer's clerk, possessing, as you will observe, a perfect knowledge of Latin; and though the subject be not very dignified, it is redeemed, by his delicacy of handling and felicity of diction, from that common-place homeliness with which a less gifted bard would have been apt to invest it. He catches ideas from his subject by letting it go, and in a vein at once facetious and pathetic—but I will detain you no longer from his beautiful

SONNET

To a Flea, on suffering it to escape.

Thou lightly-leaping, flitting Flea! who knows
Thou art descended from that sire who fell
Into the boiling water, when Sir Joseph
Banks maintain'd it had a lobster's shell?—

Here, Jemmy Jumps, thou mak'st no *stay;* so fly;
Shouldst thou re-bite—thy grandsire's ghost may rise,
Peep through the blanket of the dark, and cry
"Hold, hold," in vain:—thou fall'st a sacrifice!—

The bard will weep; yes, *fle-bit,* he will weep,
Backbiter as thou art, to make thy sleep
Eternal, thou who skippest now so gaily;
But thou 'rt already old, if the amount
Of thine intercalary days we count,
For every year with thee is Leap-year.—*Vale!*

The next unfolding of our richly-stored repertory developes the most important communication we have hitherto received, being a serio-comic poem by Mr. Schweitzkoffer, (the son of the great sugar-baker who owns the Acropolis,) entitled "The Apotheosis of Snip." Its hero is a tailor, (there's an original idea!)—its unity is preserved by dividing it into nine cantos; the supernatural machinery is conducted by Atropos, who holds the fatal shears, and Vertumnus, the god of cabbage; and the victim of Michaelmas-day, instead of the bird Minerva, is invoked to shed a quill from its pinion, and inspire the imagination of the poet. Mr. Schweitzkoffer appears to me destined to assume a rank superior to Rabelais, and at least equal to Butler; but as I propose to make copious selections from his facetious epic, I leave your readers to decide what niche he ought to occupy in the Temple of Immortality. In the following description of morning in London, he appears to have Marmion in his eye; but without any servile imitation, he has contrived to unite an equally graphic fidelity of delinea-

tion, with a more sustained illustration and impressive sentimentality than are to be found in the admired original:—

Day rose o'er Norton Falgate high,
And Sol, like Tom of Coventry,
On many a nude was peeping;—
The chimneys smokeless and erect,
And garret windows patch'd and check'd,
The prentice-rousing ray reflect;
While those within them sleeping,
Reflect——that they must stretch their legs,
And bundle out, and stir their pegs,
Or else, as sure as eggs are eggs,
Their masters, strict and wary,
With rattling bells will overhaul 'em,
Or, may be, rise themselves to call 'em
Up with a sesserary!—

Pendant on dyer's pole afloat,
Loose pantaloon and petticoat
Seem on each others charms to doat,
Like lovers fond and bland;
Now swelling as the breezes rise,
They flout each other in the skies,
As if, conjoin'd by marriage ties,
They fought for th' upper hand.—
Beneath with dirty face and fell,
Timing his footsteps to a bell,
The dustman saunter'd slowly,
Bawling "Dust-O!" with might and main,
Or humming in a lower strain,
"Hi—ho, says Rowley!"—

Now at shop-windows near and far
The prentice-boys alert
Fold gently back the jointed bar,
Then sink the shutter with a jar
Upon the ground unhurt;

While some, from perforated tin,
Sprinkle the pavement with a grin
Of indolent delight,
As poising on extended toe,
Their circling arm around they throw,
And on the stony page below
Their frolic fancies write.—
What poems praised and puff'd, have just
Like these kick'd up a mighty dust,
But wanting the impressive power
To stamp a name beyond the hour,
Have soon become forgotten, mute,
Effaced, and trodden under foot!—

In future communications I shall send you some more tid-bits from our feast of intellect; but, as we have a meeting this evening to ballot for the admission of Miss Caustic, the apothecary's daughter (whom I mean to blackball), I have only time to add that I have discarded my baptismal name of Harriet, as inappropriate and unclassical, and shall henceforth acknowledge no other appellation than that of Hebe Hoggins.

HARRY HALTER THE HIGHWAYMAN.

I 've cast your Horoscope—your natal star
Is Ursa Major—a most hanging sign. OLD PLAY.

THE indefatigable author of the Scottish novels, and his innumerable imitators, have not only commemorated all the reevers, robbers, borderers, blackmail-

men, brigands, rebels, outlaws, cut-throats, and other heroes of Scotland, but have begun to make incursions into England; while another set have landed upon the shores of Ireland, where they bid fair to reap an abundant harvest of riot and robbery. It is really scandalous, that the citizens of London should not have availed themselves of their rich records of rascality to immortalize some of their more celebrated felons; but, with the exception of the Newgate Calendar, an imperfect and obscure publication, I am not aware of any attempt to do proper justice to these characters, beyond the very simple process of hanging them. This desideratum in literature I purpose to supply by a series of traditional or recorded tales, wherein, according to established usage, I shall introduce frequent dialogues, imitations of the old ballads, songs, and other poems; and have made such arrangements, that every one shall contain a crazy, doting semi-prophetic old crone, upon whose fatuous auguries the whole plot shall be forced to depend. I need not more fully develope my mode of treatment, since I enclose you, as a specimen, the tale of

HARRY HALTER THE HIGHWAYMAN.

In the whole populous range of Dyot-street, St. Giles's, and Seven Dials, it would have been impossible to find a more dashing youth, or one who at once illustrated and defied the dangers of his profession with a look of more resolute slang, than Harry Halter the Highwayman. Sixteen-string Jack, with the

bunches of ribbons at his knees, and the ends of his neckcloth fluttering in the air of St. George's Fields, had a more swelling swagger, and Abershaw might carry in his face a more stubborn and insolent assurance of the gallows; but Harry, with his hat on one side, his quid in his left cheek, and his bludgeon in his right hand, contrived to associate such a real air of high birth and fashion, that it was impossible to distinguish him from the nobility and gentry with whom he was constantly intermingled at boxing-matches and cock-pits. Even the Bow-street officers were sometimes deceived; and many a lord and member of parliament, going to receive his dividends at the Bank, has been tapped on the shoulder, with a—"Come, come, Mr. Harry, this is no place for you—you're nosed, so bundle off." The Wig and Water Spaniel in Monmouth-street was his favourite haunt in London; none but "Booth's best" was ever dispensed from that savoury bar, which, not being above six feet square, was exactly big enough to admit Mrs. Juniper, the fat landlady, a dozen or two of dram glasses, and a small net of lemons, which, with a delicacy of feeling that did her honour, she declined hanging from the roof, as customary, lest it should awaken any dangling presentiments in the minds of her guests. Here, with his two friends Ned Noose and old Charley Crape,—one of whom ultimately emigrated to Australasia, and the other, after being kept some time in suspense as to his final fate, was admitted of Surgeons' Hall,—Harry has sate behind many a pint of purl, arranging the plans of innumerable burglaries which

figure in the annals of those days, or singing the ballad of

TURPIN AND THE BISHOP.

Bold Turpin upon Hounslow Heath
His black mare Bess bestrode,
When he saw a Bishop's coach and four
Sweeping along the road:
He bade the coachman stop, but he,
Suspecting of the job,
His horses lash'd—but soon roll'd off,
With a brace of slugs in his nob.

Galloping to the carriage-door,
He thrust his face within,
When the Chaplain cried—Sure as eggs is eggs,
That is the bold Turpin.
Quoth Turpin, You shall eat your words
With sauce of leaden bullet;
So clapp'd his pistol to his mouth,
And fired it down his gullet.

The Bishop fell upon his knees,
When Turpin bade him stand,
And gave him his watch, a bag of gold,
And six bright rings from his hand.
Rolling with laughter, Turpin pluck'd
The Bishop's wig from his head,
And popp'd it on the Chaplain's poll,
As he sate in the corner dead.

Upon the box he tied him then,
With the reins behind his back,
Put a pipe in his mouth, the whip in his hand,
And set off the horses smack!
Then whisper'd in his black mare's ear,
Who luckily wasn't fagg'd,
You must gallop fast and far, my dear,
Or I shall be surely scragg'd.

He never drew bit, nor stopp'd to bait,
Nor walk'd up hill or down,
Until he came to Gloucester gate,
Which is the Assizes town.
Full eighty miles in one dark night,
He made his black mare fly,
And walk'd into court at nine o'clock
To swear to an Alibi.

A hue and cry the Bishop raised,
And so did Sheriff Foster,
But stared to hear that Turpin was
By nine o'clock at Gloucester.
So all agreed it couldn't be him,
Neither by hook nor crook;
And said that the Bishop and Chaplain was
Most certainly mistook.

Here it was, that on a dark and tempestuous night of November, when the wind, struggling amid the thick-clustered chimneys of St, Giles's, responded to the signal whistle of the thieves below, and the rain dashed with fitful violence against the windows of the private room in which they were stationed, that our hero and his companions arranged the plan of their attack upon Farmer Bruin's house, of Finchley Common. "I tell you," cried Harry, anxious to silence the objections of his comrades, "it's as lone and snug a dwelling as a man need wish to break into. I vas all over it vonce, and knows the rigs on't. No alarms —no vatch—and as for the dog in the yard, we must physick him, that's all."

"And are you sure he keeps five hundred guineas in the bed-room?" inquired Noose.

"Psha, man! d'ye think I doesn't know vot's vot?

Didn't he brag on it to his club at Barnet? Vill, the vaiter, told me so himself. Besides, there's a silver tankard vorth twenty, and a gold sneezer."

"Vot men sleeps in the house?" said old Charley, with a thoughtful look.

"Only one spooney chap of a rustic,—and old Bruin."

"Who isn't no flincher," resumed Charley.

"But we've our bull-dogs and barkers, and arn't wé three to two?—you're 'nation squeamish, Charley."

"I fears no man but the hangman," said Noose, scratching his neck; "but there's no call for us to be nabb'd and pull'd up."

"Never fear," exclaimed Harry, slapping him on the back, "you shall have many a bout yet at stand and deliver."

"But," said Charley inquiringly, "if we has to stand at the Old Bailey, I should like to know who's to deliver us."

"Betty Martin! never fear, man—you may live these three months yet—so cheer up, cheer up, my hearty."

"You're like a sparrow," mutter'd Crape; "you would cry chirrup if a chap was going up the gallows' ladder—Hush! hark! I heard some one snoring."

"Stuff!" cried Harry; "you're always thinking of the watchman: we're all snug."—"Zounds!" added Noose, making towards the door, "vot noise is that there?"—Here there was an audible snorting and rustling, as of some one awaking, and Harry, suddenly drawing a pistol from his pocket, and seizing the soli-

tary candle by which they had been sitting, rushed to the corner of the dim chamber, where, behind a low screen, he discovered a female figure, stretching and yawning in apparent emergence from a sound sleep.—"Ranting Moll, by Jingo!" he exclaimed, the old drunken fortune-teller of Dog and Bear-yard. "What are you after here, you infernal ——? are you lurking for blood-money—do you mean to peach—have you heard our palaver?—speak, you crazy old cat, or I 'll pop my barker down your muzzle."

The figure whom he thus addressed, while he held his pistol hardly an inch from her mouth, was not calculated to awaken suspicions of any very treacherous intentions, for she bore an expression of mental fatuity, which it would have been difficult to divide between the triple claims of nature, sleep, and intoxication. Her cap was off, her dress disordered, her hair wildly spread over her haggard features, and her eyes, one of which was black from some recent contusion, were fixed upon Harry in a stolid, unmeaning stare. But suddenly her recollection and intellects seemed to flash upon her, her countenance lighted up with a sort of prophetic orgasm; her eyes, particularly the black one, glared with a preternatural lustre; and, without offering to move the pistol, she cried out in a harsh voice—"Away, away! I have heard nothing of your plots and plans; but he that fears leaves, let him not go into the wood—good swimmers at length are drowned. Thou art young, Harry; but green wood makes a hot fire—thy doom is fixed, spite of these knaves, thy companions. He that lies with

dogs riseth with fleas—not a day passes but thou takest a step up Jack Ketch's ladder: punishment is lame, but it comes. Mark me, boy; I have read what the stars have written in the palm of thy hand—under the sign of the Bear wert thou born, and under that sign shalt thou perish. Stand aside—he who spitteth against heaven, it falls in his face." So saying, she put on her cap, gathered up her garments, and with a wild look of inspiration, as of an ancient Pythoness, stalked out of the room.

"Bravo!" cried Harry; "bravo, ranting Moll!—Egad! it is as good as a tragedy."—"Better," said Charley, "for there's nothing to pay—but what did the old witch mean by your perishing at the sign of the Bear? There's the Black Bear in Piccadilly, as well as the White; but you never goes to neither."—"Mean?" replied Harry; "there's seldom much meaning comes out of the mouth, after fourteen or fifteen tosses of blue ruin have gone into it; and I warrant she hasn't had a drop less." So saying, they resumed their conversation, and finally arranged the time and method of their attack upon the farmer's house at Finchley Common.

The unconscious object of their deliberation was one of those stout, surly, stubborn yeomen of the old school, who are about as amiable as one of their own bulls in a pound. He quarrelled with his wife if she let him have his own way, stormed outright if she thwarted him, and, though he was notoriously miserable before his marriage, did nothing but extol the happiness of his bachelor days. He would not let his

daughter Dolly marry young Fairlop, a neighbouring farmer to whom she was attached, simply because he had not first proposed the connexion himself; and insisted upon her having Mr. Gudgeon, a smart London fishmonger, who drove down to his cottage upon the Common in his own gig, not out of regard to the man, but out of opposition to his daughter. On the very evening of the meeting at the Wig and Water-Spaniel, he came growling home to his house, when the following colloquy ensued between him and his wife.

"Thought you were all dead—couldn't you hear me at the garden-gate? Where's Clod?"

"Gone out, my dear, but he'll be back directly."

"Always sending him out of the way on some fool's errand or other."——"He is gone to the village, to get your favourite dish for supper to-night."

"Get the devil for supper to-night!—Shan't eat any: you never get one any thing to drink."——"Yes, my dear, I tapp'd the ale on purpose."

"Shan't drink any.—What are you staring at?—why don't you help me off with my coat?"——And then, having eaten and drunk most copiously of the food which he had just said he would not touch, he drew his easy chair to the fire, stretched his legs, and, to the old tune of the Hunting of the Hare, roared out his favourite song of

Bachelor's Fare.

Funny and free are a Bachelor's reveries,
Cheerily, merrily, passes his life;
Nothing knows he of connubial devilries,
Troublesome children and clamorous wife.

Free from satiety, care and anxiety,
Charms in variety fall to his share;
Bacchus's blisses, and Venus's kisses,
This, boys, this is the Bachelor's Fare.

A wife, like a canister, chattering, clattering,
Tied to a dog for his torment and dread,
All bespattering, bumping, and battering,
Hurries and worries him till he is dead;
Old ones are two devils haunted with blue devils,
Young ones are new devils raising despair,
Doctors and nurses combining their curses,
Adieu to full purses and Bachelor's Fare.

Through such folly days once sweet holidays
Soon are embitter'd by wrangling and strife;
Wives turn jolly days to melancholy days,
All perplexing and vexing one's life,
Children are riotous, maid-servants fly at us,
Mammy to quiet us growls like a bear;
Polly is squalling, and Molly is bawling,
While dad is recalling his Bachelor's Fare.—

When they are older grown, then they are bolder grown,
Turning your temper, and spurning your rule:
Girls, through foolishness, passion or mulishness,
Parry your wishes and marry a fool;—
Boys will anticipate, lavish and dissipate,
All that your busy pate hoarded with care:
Then tell me what jollity, fun, or frivolity,
Equals in quality Bachelor's Fare?

The following Wednesday, which was the night fixed on for the robbery, happened to be the monthly meeting of Bruin's club, whence he seldom returned till a late hour, on which account it had been selected by Dolly's lover Fairlop as a favourable opportunity for paying his mistress a visit, to concert measures for

procuring her father's consent to their marriage. No sooner had he seen the farmer stumping out of the garden gate, with his dog Growler by his side, a lantern in one hand, and a pistol in the other, his usual accompaniments when he had occasion to go to Finchly by night, than he tapped at the window, was ushered into the parlour up-stairs, received the renewal of Dolly's assurances that she never would marry Mr. Gudgeon, and devised plans for their support, if, as he implored, she consented to wed him without her father's approbation: all which she participated with so much satisfaction, that in the unconscious happiness of the moment they both began singing, and their thoughts involuntarily arranged themselves into the following duet:

Dolly.—I care not a fig for all their clacket,
I never will marry the London fop.
Fairlop.—A jackadandy! I'll lace his jacket,
Over the Common I'll make him hop.

Dolly.—'Tis sad, no doubt, to quarrel with father;
What can a loving maiden do?
Sad as it is, I own I 'd rather
Quarrel with him than part with you.

Fairlop.—I care not a straw for all your money,
Ill-temper'd Dad may pocket his pelf;
I'll toil like a bee to gather honey,
And leave the old wasp to sting himself.

Both.—Love shall afford us wealth and pleasure,
Every hour shall bring delight;
While the great folks, who roll in treasure,
Gamble all day and toss all night.

Lovers are the worst chronometers in the world. When they meet, Cupid seems to lend Time his wings; and the old gentleman, upon the occasion we are recording, plied his double pinions with such velocity, that Fairlop, startled by the sound of the midnight clock, was just pronouncing a hasty adieu when he heard the gruff voice of Bruin growling at the foot of the stairs for a candle. Escape was impossible—Dolly, frightened out of her wits, had none left to employ when they were most wanted; and Fairlop, who knew that her father, always violent, generally returned from his club with a pistol in his hand and liquor in his head, was really terrified for the personal safety of his mistress. The only place of concealment that offered itself was the chimney, up which he hastily climbed, begging Dolly, when the coast was clear, to return and apprise him by the signal of a sneeze.

"Where's your mother?" growled Bruin as he entered the room. Dolly informed him that she had retired to bed some hours before. "Then I'll sit up," was the reply; "but the night's raw, so light a fire here, and I'll smoke a pipe."—"Had I not better light it in the bed-room?" said the trembling girl.—"You had better do as you're bid," he answered. "What are you gaping and shivering at? Here, give me the candle, I'll light it myself."—Dolly, knowing his spirit of contradiction, had presence of mind enough to exclaim—"On reflection, I think it would be better to light it here, and I'm glad my opinion agrees with yours."—"*You* think, Miss saucebox! what do *you* know of the matter? I say it shall be

lighted in the bed-room; so away with you, and don't be half an hour about it."

Harry Halter, in the mean while, with his two companions, having broken into another part of the house without discovery, entered the parlour shortly after on tiptoe, Crape carrying a dark lantern, and all armed with pistols. "Hist! Hist!" said Harry; "they're not all a-bed yet;—I heard a door open and shut. However, I've got the shiners safe in this here canvass bag."—"And here's the gold snuff-box," said Noose—"and the silver tankard is in my pocket," whispered Charley.—"Vell then," added Harry, "suppose we all keeps vot we've got—I ought to have the largest share for finding out the job."—"Gammon!" said Noose, "I'll have my fair share, or may this pinch of snuff be my last!" So saying, he applied some to his nose, which, not being used to so much gentility, resented the application by a loud sneeze; and Fairlop, thinking he heard Dolly's signal, began to detach himself softly from the chimney. ——"Come, come," added Charley, "ve're not to be queered:—I'll have my rights; if I don't, may the devil come for me this very instant?"

At this juncture, Fairlop, all blackened with soot, and thinking he was approaching Dolly, placed himself exactly opposite the dark lantern, exclaiming, "Here I am, are you ready?"—and Charley, letting fall his booty, and bawling out—"O Lord, the devil! the devil!" scampered out of the room, followed by Noose. Harry fired his pistol, but, finding he had

missed his aim, thought it prudent to decamp as well as the others.

Possessing abundance of personal courage, and having a sort of natural antipathy to thieves, weazels, and rats, the young farmer commenced instant pursuit, calling lustily for assistance, and pressing hard upon Harry, who, in attempting to cut across the garden, tumbled over a gooseberry bush, and after a desperate resistance against both Fairlop and Bruin, who speedily joined in the chase, was at last secured and handcuffed. Noose was discovered in the cowhouse, and similarly manacled; and though Charley, who had entered the premises with a provident eye to retreat, succeeded in gaining the Common, he surrendered next day, when he learnt the fate of his companions, on condition of being received as king's evidence.

Arrangements were now made for marching the prisoners to the cage at Finchley, the rustic servant heading the detachment with a pitchfork and lantern, the housebreakers coming next securely tied together, Bruin following with a blunderbuss, while Fairlop with a brace of pistols brought up the rear, receiving the assurance of Bruin, as they walked along, that on account of his courage, a quality of which he was a huge admirer, he should have the hand of Dolly, with the bag of guineas for her portion. The night was stormy. Immense masses of black clouds, driven rapidly athwart the sky, enveloped the earth in darkness, or, if the moonlight struggled through them for a moment, her beams served but to disclose the

dreary and desolate features of the Common over which they were passing. Harry was endeavouring to fortify himself with a desperate resolution, when suddenly the loud and wailful howl of a dog met his ear; at the same time he heard a harsh creaking, and looking up he beheld close to him a gibbet, with the remains of a highwayman who had been hung in chains swinging and rattling in the blast. His heart sunk within him; but erecting his head, and clenching his teeth with a look of defiance, he was passing on with a firm tread, when his attention was arrested by two shining objects at the foot of the gibbet, which he conjectured to be either glowworms, or the eyes of some animal. Presently they raised themselves from the ground, and at that moment a ray of light fell upon the wild and haggard features of Ranting Moll, who, stretching out her long bony arm to the moon, exclaimed in a sepulchral voice——"Look at it, boy; look at yonder moon—it is the last thou shalt see, for ere her face is again full, thine shall be dust, and thy body shall be like the jingling bones of this murderer, that dance in the night-wind to the music of their own irons. Said I not right? He who is an ass, and takes himself to be a stag, finds his mistake when he comes to leap the ditch. Thou wouldst not heed me when I said an idle man is the devil's bolster, and another man's bread costs more than our own. But we may save a man from others whom we cannot save from himself; when the pear is ripe, it must needs fall to the ground. I told thee, Harry, thou shouldst flourish under the sign of the Bear; and who

is he that marches behind thee with thy life in his hand, that it may be laid down at the judge's bar? Is it not Bruin? What! cannot I read a palm? yet thou wouldst neither heed me when I bade thee fear the Bear, nor believe me when I said—he who would be rich in a year, gets hanged at six months' end.—Away! Away

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PETER PINDARICS.

South Down Mutton.

If men, when in a rage, porrected
Before a glass their angry features,
Most likely they would stand corrected,
At sight of such distorted creatures;
So we may hold a moral mirror
Before these myrmidons of passion,
And make ill-temper see its error,
By gravely mimicking its fashion.

A sober Cit of Sweeting's Alley,
Deem'd a warm man on 'Change, was what
In temper might be reckon'd hot,
Indulging many an angry sally
Against his wife and servants:—this
Is no unprecedented state
For man and wife, when tête-à-tête
They revel in domestic bliss,—
But to show off his freaks before his
Guests, was *contra bonos mores.*

Our Cit was somewhat of a glutton,
Or Epicure, at least in mutton,

Esteeming it a more delicious
Feast, than those of old Apicius,
Crassus's savoury symposia,
Or even Jupiter's ambrosia.

One day a leg arrived from Brighton,
A true South Down legitimate,
When he enlarged with much delight on
The fat and grain, and shape and weight,—
Pronounced on each a learned stricture,
Declared the joint a perfect picture;
And as his eye its outline follow'd,
Call'd it a prize—a lucky hit—
A gem—a pearl more exquisite
Than ever Cleopatra swallow'd,
Promulging finally this fiat——
"I'll dine at five, and ask Jack Wyatt."

The cover raised, the meat he eyed
With new enjoyment—next the cloth he
Tuck'd in his button-hole, and cried,
"Done to a tittle—brown and frothy!"
Then seized the carving-knife elate,
But lo! it would not penetrate
The skin—(the anatomic term is
The what-dye-call?—ay—Epidermis.)

He felt the edge—'twas like a dump,
Whereat with passion-crimson'd frown,
He reach'd the stair-head at a jump,
And threw the blade in fury down,
Venting unnumber'd curses on
His thoughtless lazy rascal—John.

His guest, observing this disclosure
Of temper, threw with great composure
The dish, with mutton, spoons and all,
Down helter-skelter to the hall,
Where it arrived with fearful clatter.

"Zounds!" cried the Cit—"why, what's the matter?"
"Nothing whatever," with a quiet
Look and accent, answer'd Wyatt:
"I hope I haven't unawares
Made a mistake; but, when you threw
The knife below in such a stew,
I thought you meant to dine down stairs!"

THE HOUNDSDITCH ALBUM.—No. II.

Second Letter from Miss Hebe Hoggins.

Miss Caustic, I am sorry to say, is elected a member of our society, in spite of my blackball, and has already begun to gratify her envy, hatred, and malice. Mr. Skinner, the tanner, of Norton Falgate, has undertaken a poem of the most comprehensive and daring kind, entitled "The Creation," which promises completely to eclipse Sir Richard Blackmore's, and of which the headings of the different chapters are already composed. We are told, exclaimed Miss Caustic, after reading the plan of this noble work, that at the creation every thing was made out of nothing, but it appears to me, that this author has made nothing of every thing. In answer to my observation, that Mr. Schweitzkoffer's verses were destined to immortality, she cried with a sneer—"Yes, because he writes them to no end;" and when an erudite sonnet of Mr. M'Quill's was pronounced to smell of the lamp, she peevishly whispered—"Ay, it

would smell of the fire if it were treated as it deserves." But the chief object of her illnatured ridicule is a literary phenomenon whom I am patronizing, a genius of the first order, although at present in the humble occupation of carman to Messrs. Tierce and Sweetman, grocers in Whitechapel. This prodigy, if I be not grievously mistaken, will speedily eclipse all the Bristol milkwomen, farmers' boys, Ettrick shepherds, Northamptonshire peasants, and Dumfries stonecutters, that ever burst their bonds, and set themselves to work with their heads instead of their hands; and yet the members of our club make him the subject of their jealous banter and illiberal sarcasm, venting their misplaced jokes upon his employment, which constitutes his principal claim to admiration. Miss Caustic observes that he will be able to *drive* a good bargain with the booksellers, and that, as he goes every morning to take orders, he will be soon qualified for the living of Horselydown, or the curacy of Whitehall, in which case he would be quite at home in the Stable-yard; but Mr. M'Quill suggests that he may be one of Horace's *Carmen Seculare*, and of course ineligible to spiritual dignities, although by the nails in his shoes he seems already to be of the order of Pegasus. This gentleman sneeringly calls him the philosopher Des*cartes*, and at other times terms him my Lord *Shafts*bury, observing that his bad grammar is one of his Characteristics. Even Mr. Schweitzkoffer, who ought to have been superior to such vulgar raillery, anticipates that his wit will be attic, because he must always

have dwelt in garrets, and have frequently been to Grease, unless his wheels were scandalously neglected.

My bosom beat high at the interesting moment when I first introduced him to our Academus that he might recite one of his poems, and I felt assured that he would make these jeerers ashamed of their witticisms, which, after all, were nothing but a string of miserable puns. He appeared with his whip in his hand, to which instant exception was taken, as completely reversing the established order of things, and the customary relation between poets and critics, it being exclusively reserved to Lord Byron to lash his reviewers. Mr. M'Quill accordingly went up to him, and exclaiming—"Parce, puer, stimulis," took the instrument from him, and deposited it on the table. George Crump, for that is the name of the phenomenon, then drew a paper from his pocket, and very unaffectedly began by scratching his skull, at which an ignorant titter was heard, and Miss Caustic, addressing herself to me, flippantly cried—"Well, I am agreeably disappointed, for I begin to think the man really has something in his head." A young lady by her side hinted that he was only pulling out verses with his nails, as a skull, like any other territory, must be ploughed to make it productive; but I silenced these stupid sarcasms, by informing the sneerers that this species of application is particularly recommended to authors by Aretæus, and is a recorded poetical practice of such high antiquity, that it is presumed to have suggested the mythological allegory

of Jupiter wounding his head in order to let out Minerva.

Mr. Crump having cleared his throat by a loud Hem! and spit upon the ground, at which Miss Caustic affected a ridiculous disgust, began with a loud voice to read his

Evening, an Elegy.

Apollo now, Sol's carman, drives his stud
Home to the Mews that 's seated in the West,
And Customs' clerks, like him, through Thames-street mud,
Now westering wend, in Holland trowsers dress'd.

So from the stands the empty carts are dragg'd,
The horses homeward to their stables go,
And mine, with hauling heavy hogsheads fagg'd,
Prepare to "taste the luxury of—Wo!"

Now from the slaughter-houses cattle roar,
Knowing that with the morn their lives they yields,
And Mr. Sweetman's gig is at the door,
To take him to his house in Hackney Fields.

Closed are the gates of the West India Docks,
Rums, Sugars, Coffee, find at length repose,
And I, with other careless carmen, flocks
To the King's Head, the Chequers, or the Rose.

They smoke a pipe—the shepherd's pipe I wakes,
Them skittles pleases—me the Muse invites,
They in their ignorance to drinking takes,
I, bless'd with learning, takes a pen and writes.

Here there was such an unmannerly burst of laughter that Mr. Crump was unable to proceed, and several voices at once declared that it would be disreputable to the society to admit such ungrammatical compo-

sitions into their Album. Senseless objection! These are the very evidences of their genuineness, and I would no more have them removed, than would Martinus have wished to scrub the precious ærugo from the brazen shield, and invest it with a new polish. When Mr. Capel Lofft told us that he had merely corrected a few verbal inaccuracies in Bloomfield's early productions, their charm was at once broken; for we knew not the extent of these revisions, and what was wonderful in a peasant would have been poor enough in a gentleman. As to Miss Caustic's assertion, that Mr. Crump inquired of her whether Mount Ætna was to be spelt with a whipthong, (meaning diphthong,) I believe it to be a spiteful fabrication; and as to her pretended regret, that he would no longer be able to drive his cart straightforward, because I had completely turned his head, I consider it a mere impertinence. To the thoughts and descriptive parts of his elegy no objections can be urged; it is obvious that he paints from the life, and the allusion to the regular appearance of his master's gig at the door, so perfectly in accord with the punctual habits of that respectable tradesman, is a felicity of local truth which must come home to the bosom of the most careless reader. However, jealousy of a rising luminary prevailed; the remainder of the elegy, declared to be inadmissible, has gone to join the lost books of Livy and the missing comedies of Terence, and I esteem myself happy to have preserved the exordium, which I now confidently present to a candid and judicious public.

In casting my eye over our Album, I venture to extract the following epigram and epitaph, from the pen of Mr. Skinner the Tanner:

Here lies my dear wife, a sad vixen and shrew;
If I said I regretted her, I should lie too.

Were the subject of this inscription a stranger, I should scruple to circulate this couplet; but, as she was a particular friend of mamma's, who declares the character to be strictly merited, I hesitate not to give it publicity.

From Mr. Schweitzkoffer's serio-comic epic, "The Apotheosis of Snip," of which I promised you further extracts, I select for my present communication the description of the hero.

"His lank and scanty hair was black,
His visage sallow, and his back
As broad and strong as Plato's;
His grey eye on his face so wan,
Look'd like an oyster spilt upon
A dish of mash'd potatoes.
In shape his phiz was like a river,
Which at the mouth is broadest ever.
His teeth were indurated sloes;
Then he 'd a nose—oh, such a nose!
It was not certainly so bad
As that which Slawkenbergius had,
Nor that recorded by the poet
Whose owner could not reach to blow it;
No, that was Ossa to a wart,
For this was just as much too short.
What was it like?—why nothing, save
The mutilated Sphinx Egyptian,
So flatten'd, that it neither gave
Handle for blowing nor description.

I know not what to call a snout
  Described before by no man,
But if it had been turn'd about,
  It would have been a Roman.
In short, 'twas like the knave of clubs,
The very snubbiest of the snubs.

Although there was a cavity
Where his proboscis ought to be,
Yet dirt beneath said, plain enough—
'This is the House of Call for snuff,
And witnesseth by this indenture,
That nasal attributes are meant here.'
Such was his face—his form was what
Is term'd in vulgar parlance—squat.
Compared to him, so plain, so wan,
  Such dumpy legs, and bow knees,
A Satyr was Hyperion,
  And Buckhorse an Adonis."

As conjugal portraits should be always hung up in couples, I send you the drawing of his wife, with which I shall conclude at present, in the full assurance that the delineation of so tempting a creature will excite an intense curiosity for a further developement of her charms in future communications.

" His rib—(to judge by length alone,
I ought to call her his back-bone,)—
  Tall as a Maypole ran,
Two feet of which alarming space
Were dedicated to her face
  (Her chin was full a span);
Nay, no incredulous grimaces,
This is the age for length'ning faces.
Her eyes were always running o'er,
And the two squinting balls they bore,

As if afraid of being wet,
Beneath her nose's bridge would get.
So fond were they of this inversion,
That they were always in eclipse,
Save when on pleasurable trips
They popp'd out on a short excursion.
Her meagre sandy hair was frizzly,
And her appearance gaunt and grizzly."

PETER PINDARICS.

Patent Brown-Stout.

A Brewer in a country town
Had got a monstrous reputation;
No other beer but his went down,
The hosts of the surrounding station
Carving his name upon their mugs,
And painting it on every shutter;
And though some envious folks would utter
Hints, that its flavour came from drugs,
Others maintain'd 'twas no such matter,
But owing to his monstrous vat,
At least as corpulent as that
At Heidelberg——and some said fatter.

His foreman was a lusty black,
An honest fellow;
But one who had an ugly knack
Of tasting samples as he brew'd,
Till he was stupefied and mellow.
One day, in this top-heavy mood,

Having to cross the vat aforesaid,
(Just then with boiling beer supplied),
O'ercome with giddiness and qualms, he
Reel'd—fell in—and nothing more said,
But in his favourite liquor died,
Like Clarence in his butt of Malmsey.

In all directions round about
The negro absentee was sought,
But as no human noddle thought
That our fat Black was now Brown Stout,
They settled that the rogue had left
The place for debt, or crime, or theft.
Meanwhile the beer was dey by day
Drawn into casks and sent away,
Until the lees flow'd thick and thicker;
When, lo! outstretch'd upon the ground,
Once more their missing friend they found,
As they had often done—in liquor.

See! cried his moralizing master,
I always knew the fellow drank hard,
And prophesied some sad disaster;
His fate should other tipplers strike:
Poor Mungo! there he welters, like
A toast at bottom of a tankard!

Next morn a publican, whose tap
Had help'd to drain the vat so dry,
Not having heard of the mishap,
Came to demand a fresh supply,
Protesting loudly that the last
All previous specimens surpass'd,
Possessing a much richer *gusto*
Than formerly it ever used to,
And begging, as a special favour,
Some more of the exact same flavour.

Zounds! cried the Brewer, that 's a task
More difficult to grant than ask:—
Most gladly would I give the smack
Of the last beer to the ensuing,
But where am I to find a Black,
And boil him down at every brewing?

York Kidney Potatoes.

One Farmer Giles, an honest clown
From Peterborough, had occasion
To travel up to London town
About the death of a relation,
And wrote, his purpose to explain,
To cousin Jos. in Martin's-lane;
Who quickly sent him such an answer as
Might best determine him to dwell
At the Blue Boar—the Cross—the Bell,
Or some one of the caravanseras
To which the various coaches went—
All which, he said, were excellent.

Quoth Giles, "I think it rather odd he
Should write me thus, when I have read
That London hosts will steal at dead
Of night to stab you in your bed,
Pocket your purse, and sell your body,—
To 'scape from which unpleasant process
I'll drive at once to cousin Jos.'s."

Now cousin Jos. (whose name was Spriggs)
Was one of those punctilious prigs
Who reverence the *comme il faut;*
Who deem it criminal to vary
From modes prescribed, and thus "monstrari
Pretercuntium digito."

Conceive him writhing down the Strand,
With a live rustic in his hand,
  At once the gaper and gapee;
And pity his unhappy plight,
Condemn'd, when tête-à-tête at night,
To talk of hogs, nor deem it right
  To show his horrible *ennui*.

Jos. was of learned notoriety,
  One of the male Blue-stocking clan,
Was register'd of each Society,
  Royal and Antiquarian;
Took in the Scientific Journal,
And wrote for Mr. Urban's Mag.
(For fear its liveliness should flag)
A thermometrical diurnal,
With statements of old tombs and churches,
And such unreadable researches.

Wearied to death, one Thursday night,
With hearing our Northampton wight
  Prose about crops, and farms and dairies,
Spriggs cried—"A truce to corn and hay,—
Somerset-house is no great way,
  We'll go and see the Antiquaries."

"And what are they?" inquired his guest:—
"Why, Sir," said Jos. somewhat distress'd
  To answer his interrogator,—
"They are a sort—a sort—a kind
  Of commentators upon Nature;"—
"What, common 'tatoes!" Giles rejoin'd,
  His fist upon the table dashing,
"Take my advice—don't purchase one,
Not even at a groat a ton,—
  None but York kidneys does for mashing."

ANTE AND POST-NUPTIAL JOURNAL.

"When I said I would die a Bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.—

"A miracle!—here's our own hands against our hearts."

Much Ado about Nothing.

Some people have not the talent, some have not the leisure, and others do not possess the requisite industry, for keeping a private diary or journal; and yet there is probably no book which a man could consult with half so much advantage as a record of this sort, if it presented a faithful transcript of the writer's fluctuating feelings and opinions. If, instead of comparing our own mind with others, which is the process of common reading, we were to measure it with itself at different periods, as exhibited in our memorandum book, we should learn a more instructive humility, a more touching lesson of distrust in ourselves and indulgence towards our neighbours, than could be acquired by poring over all the ethics and didactics that ever were penned. As a mere psychological curiosity, it must be interesting to observe the advancement of our own mind; still more so to trace its caprices and contrasts. Changes of taste and opinion are generally graduated by such slow and imperceptible progressions, that we are unconscious of the process, and should hardly believe that our former opinions were diametrically opposed to our present, did not our

faithful journal present them to our eyes on the incontestable evidence of our own handwriting. Personal identity has been disputed on account of the constant renewal of our component atoms: few people, I think, will be disposed to maintain the doctrine of mental identity, when I submit to them the following *alter et idem*, being a series of extracts from the same journal, registered in perfect sincerity of heart at the time of each inscription, and the whole not spread over a wider space of time than a few consecutive months. Into the cause of my perpetual and glaring discrepancies, it is not my purpose to enter; this is a puzzle that may serve to exercise the ingenuity of your readers.

ANTE-NUPTIAL.

I hate *Blondes*; white-faced horses and women are equally ugly; the "blue-eyed daughters of the North," like the other bleached animals of the same latitude, are apt to be very torpid, sleepy, and insipid, rarely exhibiting much intellect or piquancy. They remind one of boiled mutton without caper-sauce, or water-gruel without wine or brandy. Every one thought the Albinos frightful, and yet people pretend to admire fair women. Brunettes are decidedly handsomer—what is a snow-scene compared to the rich and various colouring of an autumnal landscape! They have a moral beauty about them; their eyes sparkle with intelligence,—they possess fire—vivacity—genius. A Brunette *Sawney* is as rare as a tortoiseshell tom-cat. There is, however, a species of complexion which

nature accomplishes in her happier moods, infinitely transcending all others. I mean a clear transparent olive, through whose soft and lucid surface the blood may be almost seen coursing beneath, while the mind seems constantly shining through and irradiating the countenance. It is generally found accompanied by dark silky hair, small regular features, and a sylph-like form approximating somewhat to the——Lascar?—No. To the Spanish?—No: but to the description which Ovid gives us of Sappho, and to the species of beauty that imagination assigns to the fascinating Cleopatra. My dear Julia exactly represents this kind of loveliness. I am certainly a lucky fellow in having secured the promise of her hand. She possesses animation and briskness, without any of that unamiable tendency to domineer which so many lively females exhibit, and has a good portion of reading and talent without affecting the blue-stocking. It is a bad thing to be over-wifed, like poor Frank Newhenham, who has nothing to do with the laws of his own house but to obey them. Better to have no appointment than get a place under petticoat government.

Determined on sending in my resignation to Brookes's and Arthur's, as well to the Alfred and Union. Hercules gave up his club when he married Dejanira, and all good husbands should follow his example. The increase of these establishments a bad sign: our wives and hotel-keepers must associate together, for they seem to be deserted by the rest of the world. Astonishing that men should prefer politics and port-wine in a club-room, to the converse of a beautiful woman

at home. Substituting Julia for Lesbia, I am ready to exclaim with Catullus, in his imitation of Sappho,

Ille mi par esse Deo videtur,
Ille si fas est, superare Divos,
Qui sedens adversus identidem te
Spectat, et audit
Dulce ridentem.

Saw Lady Madeleine at the Opera, looking fat, florid, and Sphynx-like. It is the fashion to call her a fine creature—so is the prize ox: for the modesty which others assign to her, read *mauvaise honte*. If people admire by the square foot, they can hardly over-rate her merits; but for my own part I would rather marry a Patagonian milk-maid.

Went to Richmond—sate upon the grass in front of the house formerly belonging to Whitshed Keene, and gazed upon the moon, thinking all the while of Julia, until I became so melancholy, romantic, and poetical, as actually to perpetrate the following

STANZAS.

Sweet is the sadness of the night,
And dear her silent reign,
And pleasant is her mournful light,
To those who love in vain.

To yon pale moon that o'er me soars,
Which dim through tears I see,
E'en now perchance my Julia pours
Her fervent vows for me.

The breeze, whose plaints from yonder glade
In whispering murmurs rise,
Perchance around her lips has play'd,
And breathes my Julia's sighs.

By day her fancied presence seems
To chase each tear away,—
Then stay to soothe my troubled dreams—
Stay, dearest vision, stay!

Why I should describe myself as loving in vain, and looking through tears, making Julia, who was that night engaged to a ball at Almack's, sympathize in my distress, may seem odd; but I recollected that all great poets are melancholy, and that "the course of true love never does run smooth," when you are soliloquizing the moon. I protest I think the lines very mellifluous and heart-rending, and altogether Lady's-Magazinish.—My darling Julia tells me she doats upon poetry; so do I, especially the elegiac, when hit off by a master's hand. Mem.: show her my verses to-morrow.

My dear Julia, I am happy to find, is equally fond of the country, and devoted to music and domestic pleasures. In fact, her taste and opinions seem generally to agree with mine. She is certainly a woman of superior good sense. Delighted to observe that she is so much pleased with my rattling friend Compton, and thinks Harvey a gentlemanly good-looking man. It is always pleasant when one's bachelor companions prove acceptable to one's wife.

Was introduced to my beloved Julia's uncle, Mr. Jackson, a nabob, who gave me a receipt for bile, and told me a famous story of a tiger-hunt at Calcutta;—a pleasant chatty man. His wife rather in the style of the Hottentot than the Medici Venus, but genteel in

her manners; the three daughters pleasing interesting girls, and one of them good-looking.

Sent Nimrod to Tattersal's, as I mean to give up hunting. Bad enough for bachelors to risk their necks by galloping after a poor inoffensive hare; preposterous in married men. Sold my Joe Manton and patent percussion gun to Compton, as I flatter myself I shall be better employed in the society of my amiable Julia, than in wading through mud and snow to destroy partridges and pheasants. Besides, going out with a friend upon these occasions by no means implies your returning with him, as he is very apt to miss the birds and shoot you. If you go alone, two alternatives await you: in getting over a stile a twig unfortunately catches the lock of your piece, and lodges its contents in your kidneys; or your favourite spaniel makes a point—of putting his paw upon your trigger, and in the ardour of his fondling blows out your brains. Sportsmen should really devise some new mode of death; these are quite hackneyed. Julia much pleased when I told her my intentions: she particularly objected to hunting, on account of its expense. She is decidedly economical, which is a great comfort.

Julia being engaged with her uncle Jackson, I spent the evening alone by my own fire-side;—very bilious and hippish. Dr. Johnson is quite right;—a married man has many cares, but a single one has no pleasures. What a solitary forlorn wretch is the latter in misery and sickness! Some years ago there was an account in the papers of a respectable old bachelor, in Gray's

Inn, who after several months' disappearance was found dead in his chambers, half eaten up by blue-bottle flies. Conceive the idea of a man's being forgotten by his friends and remembered by the blue-bottles! I never see one of these flying Benedict-eaters without wishing myself fairly married; their buzzing in my ear seems to echo the Epithalamium of Manlius to my Julia's namesake—

Io, Hymen Hymenæe, io!
Io, Hymen Hymenæe!

Next week my adorable Julia is to become mine for ever, and if I know any thing of myself, Jack Egerton will be the happiest man in the world. Can't say I like the ceremonial—rather lugubrious and solemn. Parents looking dolorous—sisters and cousins crying—bride ready to faint—nobody comfortable but the clergyman and clerk. Compton says, it is very like going to be hanged, and observes, that there is only the difference of an aspirate between altar and halter,—a bad joke, like all the other sorry witticisms launched against women and marriage. Satirists of the sex either disappointed men, or fools, or mere inventors of calumny. Pope confesses, in the advertisement to his Satires, that none of the characters are drawn from real life. He that lives single, says St. Paul, does well, but he that marries does better. St. Paul was a wise man.

POST-NUPTIAL.

Heigho!—three months elapsed without a single entry in my journal. What an idle fellow I have become, or rather what a busy one, for I have been in a

perpetual bustle ever since the expiration of the honey-moon. By the by, nothing can be more ill-judged than our custom of dedicating that period to rural sequestration, that we may do nothing but amuse one another; while it generally ends in our tiring one another to death. Remember reading of a pastrycook, who always gave his apprentices a surfeit of tarts, when first they came, to insure their subsequent indifference. Very well for him, but a dangerous conjugal experiment. Godwin mentions in his Memoirs of Mary, that they alienated themselves from one another every morning, that instead of mutually exhausting their minds, they might have almost always something new to impart, by which means they met with pleasure and parted with regret. Most people reverse the process. In England, if a man is seen with his wife perpetually dangling on his arm, it is a dispensation from all other observances; let him do what he will, he has a reputation for all the cardinal virtues. In France it is the extreme of *mauvais ton*. Many hints might be advantageously borrowed from our Gallic neighbours.

Tired to death of people wishing one joy: there is an impertinence about the salutation; it conveys a doubt at best, and, as some people express themselves, looks very like a sneer. Received seven epistolary congratulations, which, from their great similarity of phrase and sentiment, I suspect to be all plagiarisms from the Polite Letter-Writer. Paid them in their own coin by writing a circular reply.

Sat next to Lady Madeleine at a dinner-party.

What a remarkably fine woman she is!—quite majestic, after one has been accustomed to dwarfs and puppets. After all, there is nothing so feminine and lovely as a fair complexion, especially when accompanied with that Corinthian air—that natural nobility, (if I may so express myself,) which at once stamps the high-born and high-bred woman of quality. If her hand alone were shewn to me, I should swear that it belonged to a person of rank. A complexion of this sort testifies the station of its possessor. One sees Olives and Brunettes trundling mops and crying mackerel; but no menial ever possessed Lady Madeleine's soft and delicate tints. What a charm, too, in that gentle and modest demeanour, forming so happy a medium between rustic reserve and London flippancy!

Finding ourselves alone and the time hanging rather heavy, I began reading aloud Milton's Lycidas; but, before I had accomplished three pages, observed Julia fast asleep! Waked her, to remind her of her former declaration that she doted upon poetry. "So I do," was the reply, "but I like something funny: have you got Peter Pindar, or Dr. Syntax's Tour?" Heavens! what a taste!——Requested her to play me one of Haydn's canzonets: found her harp was thrown aside with seven broken strings, and the piano so much out of tune that she had not touched it for weeks. Am assured, however, that she is passionately fond of music—when it is played by any one else; on the faith of which I subscribed to six concerts, and my wife actually went to *one*. By love of the country I learn that she means Bath, Brighton, and Cheltenham, in

their respective seasons; but as to the rural, the romantic, and the picturesque, she protests that she has no particular *penchant* for "a cow on a common, or a goose on a green," and is even uninfluenced by the combined attractions of "doves, dung, ducks, dirt, dumplings, daisies, and daffidowndillies." Flippancy is not wit. Sorry to find a difference in our sentiments upon many essential points, and compelled to acknowledge that she is by no means a woman of that invariable good sense for which I had given her credit.

Compton and Harvey have quite become strangers. Could not understand the meaning—questioned the former upon the subject, when he asked me if I recollected one of the Miseries of Human Life—"Going to dine with your friend upon the strength of a general invitation, and finding by the countenance of his wife you had much better have waited for a particular one. I don't mind a cold dinner," he continued, "but I cannot stand cold looks; and Harvey is too much in request to go where he is considered, even by silent intimation, as 'un de trop.'" Expostulated with Mrs. Egerton upon this subject, when she denied the fact of any incivility, but confessed her wonder that I should associate with such a rattling fellow as Compton, who had nothing in him. Nothing in him!—no more has soda water; its attraction consists in its effervescence and volatility. Compton is an honest fellow, and loves good eating and drinking. He has vivacity, edacity, and bibacity;—what the deuce would she have?

By the by, those odious Jacksons positively haunt the house. It is lucky the old Nabob is worth money, for he is worth nothing else. The bore!—he has now given me five different receipts for bile, and I have been six times in at the death of that cursed tiger that he shot near Calcutta. Another dip would have made his fat wife a negress. Let no man offer to hand her down stairs, unless he can carry three hundred weight, and listen to a ten minutes' wheezing. Absurd to wear two diamond necklaces, where not one of them could be seen for her three double chins. The daughter, whom they call handsome (!!!) squints; the clever one is a Birmingham blue-stocking; the youngest is good-tempered, but quite a fool. As to "dear cousin Patty," she seems to have taken up her residence with us, though she has nothing to do but flatter my wife and wash the lap-dog. I thought it was against the canon law to marry a whole family.

Shooting season—nothing to do at home—devilish dull—Compton drove me in his tilbury to Hertfordshire—lent me my old Joe Manton—never shot better in my life—missed nothing. Accepted an invitation from Sir Mark Manners to pass a fortnight with him in Norfolk, upon the strength of which bought a new patent percussion gun, and promise myself famous sport. Got a letter from Harvey, at Melton—the hunt was never kept up in such prime style;—ran down just for one day—so much delighted that I purchased a famous hunter for only three hundred guineas, and was out every morning till it was time to

start across the country for Sir Mark's shooting box in Norfolk.

Returned from Sir Mark's—never spent a pleasanter fortnight in my life—famous preserves—my gun did wonders. Mrs. Egerton thought proper to object to the great expense of my recommencing a hunting-establishment, while she tormented me to death at the same time to give her a box at the Opera. In all that regards *my* amusements, I cannot accuse her of any want of economy; but in every thing that has reference to her own freaks and fancies, she is perfectly regardless of cost. She is of the Hudibrastic quality, and

> "Compounds for sins she is inclined to,
> By damning those she has no mind to."

Addison observes in the 205th Number of the Spectator, "that the palest features look the most agreeable in white; that a face which is overflushed appears to advantage in the deepest scarlet, and that a dark complexion is not a little alleviated by a black hood:"—which he explains, by observing that a complexion, however dark, never approaches to black, or a pale one to white, so that their respective tendencies are modified by being compared with their extremes. Notwithstanding this authority, my wife, whose skin is almost Moorish, persists in wearing a white hat, which gives her the look of a perfect Yarico. Declined walking out with her this morning unless she changed it, which she obstinately refused, after wrangling with me for half an hour; and, as I was deter-

mined to exercise my marital authority, I went out without her. Is it not astonishing that a person of the smallest reflection or good sense should stubbornly contend about such a mere trifle? She has a monstrous disposition to domineer, which I am resolved to resist.

Met Harvey in my promenade, who told me, that as there had been no committee at Brookes's or Arthur's since I withdrew my name, there was still time to reinstate it, which he kindly undertook to do for me. Hurried on myself to the Alfred and Union, and got there just in time to take down the notices. How excessively fortunate! Acting the Hermit in London won't do: I hate affectation of any sort. Long evenings at home I hate still worse. One must have some resources; for the romance of life, like all other romances, ends with marriage. The Rovers, Sir Harry Wildairs, Lovebys, and other wild gallants of the old comedies, never appear upon the stage after this ceremony; their freaks are over—their "occupation's gone"—they are presumed to have become too decent and dull for the dramatist. Their loves were a lively romance; their marriage is flat history. —The uncertainty of Bachelorship unquestionably gives a charm to existence;—a married man has nothing farther to expect; he must sit down quietly, and wait for death. A single one likes to speculate upon his future fate; he has something to look forward to, and while he is making up his mind to what beauty he shall offer his hand, he roves amid a harem of the imagination, a sort of mental Polygamist. A

man *may* be fortunate in wedlock, but if he is not——!!!

I certainly thought my wife had some smartness of conversation, but find that it only amounts to a petulant dicacity. Swift explains the process by which I was deceived when he says,—"A very little wit is valued in a woman, as we are pleased with a few words spoken plain by a parrot." Perhaps he solves the difficulty better when he adds in another place,—"Women are like riddles; they please us no longer when once they are known."

Told of a bon-mot launched by my friend Taylor on the occasion of my nuptials. Old Lady Dotterel exclaiming that she feared I had been rather wild, and was glad to hear I was going to be married—"So am I too," cried Taylor; but, after a moment's consideration, added in a compassionate tone,—"although I don't know why I should say so, poor fellow, for he never did me any harm in his life."——Went to the play—one of Reynold's comedies.—Used to laugh formerly at the old fellow's reply, when he is told that bachelors are useless fellows, and ought to be taxed—"So we ought, Ma'am, for it is quite a luxury."—Admitted the fact, but could not join in the roar.—Not a bad joke of the amateur, who, on examining the Seven Sacraments painted by Poussin, and criticizing the picture of Marriage, exclaimed—"I find it is difficult to make a good marriage even in painting." Maître Jean Piccard tells us, that when he was returning from the funeral of his wife, doing his best to look disconsolate, and trying different expedients to pro-

duce a tear, such of the neighbours as had grown-up daughters and cousins came to him, and kindly implored him not to be inconsolable, as they could give him another wife. Six weeks after, says Maître Jean, I lost my cow, and, though I really grieved upon this occasion, not one of them offered to give me another. ——St. Paul may have been a very wise man in his dictum about marriage; but he is still wiser who contents himself with doing well, and leaves it to others to do better.

THE LIBRARY.

"Books, like men their authors, have but one way of coming into the world; but there are ten thousand to go out of it, and return no more." *Tale of a Tub.*

Let us take off our hats and march with reverent steps, for we are about to enter into a library—that intellectual heaven wherein are assembled all those master-spirits of the world who have achieved immortality; those mental giants who have undergone their apotheosis, and from the shelves of this literary temple still hold silent communion with their mortal votaries. Here, as in one focus, are concentrated the rays of all the great luminaries, since Cadmus, the inventor of letters, discovered the noble art of arresting so subtle, volatile, and invisible a thing as Thought, and imparted to it an existence more du-

rable than that of brass and marble. This was, indeed, the triumph of mind over matter; the lighting up of a new sun; the formation of a moral world only inferior to the Almighty fiat that produced Creation. But for this miraculous process of eternizing knowledge, the reasoning faculty would have been bestowed upon man in vain: it would have perished with the evanescent frame in which it was embodied; human experience would not extend beyond individual life; the wisdom of each generation would be lost to its successor, and the world could never have emerged from the darkness of barbarism. Books have been the great civilizers of men. The earliest literature of every country has been probably agricultural; for subsistence is the most pressing want of every new community: abundance, when obtained, would have to be secured from the attacks of less industrious savages; hence the necessity for the arts of war, for eloquence, hymns of battle, and funeral orations. Plenty and security soon introduce luxury and refinement; leisure is found for writing and reading; literature becomes ornamental as well as useful; and poets are valued, not only for the delight they afford, but for their exclusive power of conferring a celebrity more durable than all the fame that can be achieved by medals, statues, monuments, and pyramids, or even by the foundation of cities, dynasties, and empires.

This battered, soiled, and dog's-cared Homer, so fraught with scholastic reminiscences, is the most sublime illustration of the preservative power of poetry

that the world has yet produced. Nearly three thousand years have elapsed since the body of the author reverted to dust, and here is his mind, his thoughts, his very words, handed down to us entire, although the language in which he wrote has for many ages become silent upon the earth. This circumstance, however, is rather favourable to endurance; for a classic poem, like the Phœnix, rises with renewed vigour from the ashes of its language. He who writes in a living tongue, casts a flower upon a running stream, which buoys it up and carries it swimmingly forward for a time, but the rapidity of its flight destroys its freshness and withers its form; when, the beauties of its leaves being no longer recognizable, it soon sinks unnoticed to the bottom. A poem in a dead language is the same flower poised upon a still, secluded fountain, whose unperturbed waters gradually convert it into a petrifaction, unfading and immutable. To render Achilles invulnerable he was dipped into the river of the dead, and he who would arm his work against the scythe of Time must clothe it in an extinct language. When the Chian bard wandered through the world reciting his unwritten verses, which then existed only as a sound, Thebes with its hundred gates flourished in all its stupendous magnificence, and the leathern ladies and gentlemen who grin at us from glass cases, under the denomination of mummies, were walking about its streets, dancing in its halls, or perhaps prostrating themselves in its temples before that identical Apis, or Ox-deity, whose thigh-bone was rummaged out of the sarcopha-

gus in the great pyramid, and transported to England by Captain Fitzclarence. Three hundred years rolled away after the Iliad was composed, before the she-wolf destined to nourish Romulus and Remus prowled amid the wilderness of the seven hills, whereon the marble palaces of Rome were subsequently to be founded. But why instance mortals and cities that have sprung up and crumbled into dust, since an immortal has been called into existence in the intervening period? Cupid, the god of love, is nowhere mentioned in the works of Homer, though his mother plays so distinguished a part in the poem, and so many situations occur where he would infallibly have been introduced, had he been then enrolled in the celestial ranks. It is obvious, therefore, that he was the production of later mythologists; but, alas! the deity and his religion, the nations that worshipped him, and the cities where his temples were reared, are all swept away in one common ruin. Mortals and immortals, creeds and systems, nations and empires,—all are annihilated together. Even their heaven is no more. Hyænas assemble upon Mount Olympus instead of deities: Parnassus is a desolate waste; and the silence of that wilderness, once covered with laurel groves and gorgeous fanes, whence Apollo gave out his oracles, is now only broken by the occasional crumbling of some fragment from the rocky summit of the two-forked hill, scaring the wolf from his den and the eagle from her cliff.

And yet here is the poem of Homer fresh and youthful as when it first emanated from his brain;

nay, it is probably in the very infancy of its existence, only in the outset of its career, and the generations whom it has delighted are as nothing compared to those whom it is destined to charm in its future progress to eternity. Contrast this majestic and immortal fate with that of the evanescent dust and clay, the poor perishing frame whose organization gave it birth; and what an additional argument does it afford, that the soul capable of such sublime efforts cannot be intended to revert to the earth with its miserable tegument of flesh. That which could produce immortality may well aspire to its enjoyment.

Ah! if the "learned Thebans," of whom we have made mention, had thought of embalming their minds instead of their bodies; if they had committed their intellect to paper, instead of their limbs to linen; and come down to us bound up in vellum with a steel clasp, instead of being coffined up in sycamore with an iron screw, how much more perfect would have been the posthumous preservation, and how much more delightful to the literary world to have possessed an epic Thebaid from an ancient Theban, than from so affected and turgid a Roman as Statius! Let us not, however, despair. A portion of the very poem of Homer which has elicited these remarks, has lately been discovered in the enveloping folds of a mummy; and who shall say that we may not hereafter unravel the verses of some Memphian bard, who has been taking a nap of two or three thousand years in the catacombs of Luxor? M. Denon maintains that almost all the learning, and nearly all the arts, of mo-

dern Europe, were known to the ancient Egyptians; and as a partial confirmation of this theory, I may here mention, that on the interior case of a mummy-chest there was lately found a plate of *crystallised* metal resembling tin, although that art has only been recently and accidentally discovered in England. So true is it that there is nothing new which has not once been old.

What laborious days, what watchings by the midnight lamp, what rackings of the brain, what hopes and fears, what long lives of laborious study, are here sublimized into print, and condensed into the narrow compass of these surrounding shelves! What an epitome of the past world, and how capricious the fate by which some of them have been preserved, while others of greater value have perished! The monks of the middle ages, being the great medium of conservation, and outraged nature inciting them to avenge the mortification of the body by the pruriousness of the mind, the amatory poets have not only come down to us tolerably entire, but they "have added fat pollutions of their own," passing off their lascivious elegies as the production of Cornelius Gallus, or anonymously sending forth into the world still more licentious and gross erotics. Some of the richest treasures of antiquity have been redeemed from the dust and cobwebs of monastical libraries, lumber-rooms, sacristies, and cellars; others have been excavated in iron chests, or disinterred from beneath ponderous tomes of controversial divinity, or copied from the backs of homilies and sermons, with which,

in the scarcity of parchment, they had been over-written. If some of our multitudinous writers would compile a circumstantial account of the resurrection of every classical author, and a minute narrative of the discovery of every celebrated piece of ancient sculpture, what an interesting volume might be formed!

Numerous as they are, what are the books preserved in comparison with those that we have lost? The dead races of mankind scarcely outnumber the existing generation more prodigiously than do the books that have perished exceed those that remain to us. Men are naturally scribblers, and there has probably prevailed, in all ages since the invention of letters, a much more extensive literature than is dreamt of in our philosophy. Osymandias, the ancient King of Egypt, if Herodotus may be credited, built a library in his palace, over the door of which was the well known inscription—"Physic for the Soul." Job wishes that his adversary had written a book, probably for the consolation of cutting it up in some Quarterly or Jerusalem Review; the expression, at all events, indicates a greater activity "in the Row" than we are apt to ascribe to those primitive times. Allusion is also made in the Scriptures to the library of the Kings of Persia, as well as to one built by Nehemiah. Ptolemy Philadelphus had a collection of 700,000 volumes destroyed by Cæsar's soldiers; and the Alexandrian Library, burnt by the Caliph Omar, contained 400,000 manuscripts. What a combustion of congregated brains!—the quintessence of ages—the wisdom of a world—all simulta-

neously converted into smoke and ashes! This, as Cowley would have said, is to put out the fire of genius by that of the torch; to extinguish the light of reason in that of its own funeral pyre; to make matter once more triumph over mind. Possibly, however, our loss is rather imaginary than real, greater in quantity than in quality. Men's intellects, like their frames, continue pretty much the same in all ages, and the human faculty, limited in its sphere of action, and operating always upon the same materials, soon arrives at an impassable acme which leaves us nothing to do but to ring the changes upon antiquity. Half our epic poems are modifications of Homer, though none are equal to that primitive model; our Ovidian elegies, our Pindarics, and our Anacreontics, all resemble their first parents in features as well as in name. Fertilizing our minds with the brains of our predecessors, we raise new crops of the old grain, and pass away to manure the intellectual field for future harvests of the same description. Destruction and reproduction is the system of the moral as well as of the physical world.

An anonymous book loses half its interest; it is the voice of the invisible, an echo from the clouds, the shadow of an unknown substance, an abstraction devoid of all humanity. One likes to hunt out an author, if he be dead, in obituaries and biographical dictionaries; to chase him from his birth; to be in at his death, and learn what other offspring of his brain survive him. Even an assumed name is better than none; though it is clearly a nominal fraud, a deser-

tion from our own to enlist into another identity. It may be doubted whether we have any natural right thus to leap down the throat, as it were, of an imaginary personage, and pass off a counterfeit of our own creation for genuine coinage. But the strongest semi-vitality, or zoophite state of existence, is that of the writers of Ephemerides, who squeeze the whole bulk of their individuality into the narrow compass of a single consonant or vowel; who have an alphabious being, as Mr. A., a liquid celebrity under the initial of L., or attain an immortality of zig-zag under the signature of Z. How fantastical to be personally known as an impersonal, to be literally a man of letters, to have all our virtues and talents entrusted to one little hieroglyphic, like the bottles in the apothecary's shop. Compared to this ignoble imprisonment, how light the punishment of the negligent Sylph, who was threatened to

> Be stopp'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins,
> Or plunged in lakes of bitter washes lie,
> Or wedged whole ages in a bodkin's eye;
> Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
> While, clogg'd, he beats his silken wings in vain.

So gross are my perceptions, that my mind refuses to take cognizance of these Magazine sprites, in their alphabetical and shadowy state. I animate these monthly apparitions, put flesh and blood around the bones of their letters, and even carry my humanity so far as to array them in appropriate garments. I have an ideal (not always a *beau* ideal) of every one of the contributors to the New Monthly, as accurate, no

doubt, as the notion which Lavater formed of men's characters from their autograph. Sometimes, however, this Promethean art has been a puzzling process. One Essayist, wishing to immortalize himself, like the Wat-Tylericide Mayor of London, by a dagger, assumed that note of reference as his signature, and occasioned me infinite trouble in providing a sheath of flesh. Another, who now honourably wields the sword of justice in the land of the convict and the kangaroo, used to distinguish his well-written papers by three daggers at once, taxing my imagination to the utmost by this tripartite individuality, and making expensive demands upon the wardrobe of my brain. A third held out a hand at the bottom of his page, beckoning me to its welcome perusal—a symbol which my eye (if the catachresis may be allowed) was always eager to grasp and shake, and to which my fancy affixed a body with as much confidence as he who conjured up a Hercules from a foot. But the most bewildering of these contractions of humanity was the subscription of a star; for, after man had become sidereal and accomplished his apotheosis, it seemed somewhat irreverend to restore him to his incarnate state.

> "This raised a mortal to the skies,
> That drew *an author* down."

I brought down these Astræi from their empyrean, remodelled their frames, gave them a suit of clothes for nothing, and had before my mind's eye a distinct presentment of their identity.

Even when we assume a literary individuality somewhat more substantial than this fanciful creation; when one is known, *propriâ personâ*, as the real identical *Tomkins*, who writes in a popular magazine under the signature of any specific letter, to what does it amount?—an immortality of a month, after which we are tranquilly left to enjoy an eternity—of oblivion. Our very nature is ephemeral: we "come like shadows, so depart." From time to time some benevolent and disinterested compiler endeavours to pluck us from the Lethean gulf, by republishing our best papers under the captivating title of "Beauties of the Magazines," "Spirit of the modern Essayists," or some such embalming words; but alas! like a swimmer in the wide ocean, who attempts to uphold his sinking comrade, he can but give him a few moments' respite, when both sink together in the waters of oblivion. We know what pains have been taken to appropriate Addison's and Steele's respective papers in the Spectator, distinguished only by initials. Deeming my own lucubrations (as what essayist does not?) fully entitled to the same anxious research, I occasionally please myself with dreaming that some future Malone, seated in a library, as I am at this present moment, may take down a surviving volume of the New Monthly, and, naturally curious to ascertain the owner of the initial H, may discover, by ferreting into obituaries and old newspapers, that it actually designates a Mr. Higginbotham, who lies buried in Shoreditch church. Anticipating a handsome monument with a full account of the author, and some pathetic verses by a poetical

friend, he hurries to the spot, and after an infinity of groping, assisted by the sexton's spectacles, discovers a flat stone, which, under the customary emblems of a death's head and cross bones, conveys the very satisfactory information that the aforesaid Mr. Higginbotham was born on one day and died upon another. Of all the intervening period, its hopes and fears, its joys and miseries, its verse and prose, not an atom farther can be gleaned. And this it is to be a writer of Ephemerides! Verily, the idea is so disheartening, that I should be tempted to commit some rash act, and perpetrate publication on my own account, but that I have before my eyes the fate of certain modern Blackmores, impressing upon me the salutary truth, that if we must perish and be forgotton, it is better to die of a monthly essay than an annual epic.

UGLY WOMEN.

"Un homme rencontre une femme, et est choqué de sa laideur; bientôt, si elle n'a pas de prétentions, sa physionomie lui fait oublier les défauts de ses traits, il la trouve aimable, et conçoit qu'on puisse l'aimer; huit jours après il a des espérances, huit jours après on les lui retire, huit jours après il est fou."

De l'Amour.

The ancient inhabitants of Amathus, in the island of Cyprus, were the most celebrated statuaries in the world, which they almost exclusively supplied with gods and goddesses. Every one who had a mind to

be in the vogue ordered his deity from those fashionable artists: even Jupiter himself was hardly considered orthodox and worship-worthy, unless emanating from the established Pantheon of the Cypriots; and as to Juno, Venus, Minerva, and Diana, it was admitted that they had a peculiar knack in their manufacture, and it need hardly be added that they drove a thriving trade in those popular goddesses. But this monopoly was more favourable to the fortunes than to the happiness of the parties. By constantly straining above humanity, and aspiring to the representation of celestial beauty; by fostering the enthusiasm of their imaginations in the pursuit of the *beau idéal*,—they acquired a distaste, or at least an indifference, for mortal attractions, and turned up their noses at their fair countrywomen for not being Junos and Minervas. Not one of them equalled the model which had been conjured up in their minds, and not one of them, consequently, would they deign to notice. At the public games, the women were all huddled together, whispering and looking glum, while the men congregated as far from them as possible, discussing the *beau idéal*. Had they been prosing upon politics, you might have sworn it was an English party. Dancing was extinct, unless the ladies chose to lead out one another; the priests waxed lank and woe-begone for want of the marriage-offerings: Hymen's altar was covered with as many cobwebs as a poor's box; successive moons rose and set without a single honeymoon, and the whole island threatened to be-

come an antinuptial colony of bachelors and old maids.

In this emergency, Pygmalion, the most eminent statuary of the place, falling in love with one of his own works, a figure of Diana, which happened to possess the *beau idéal* in perfection, implored Venus to animate the marble; and she, as is well known to every person conversant with authentic history, immediately granted his request. So far as this couple were concerned, one would have imagined that the evil was remedied; but, alas! the remedy was worse than the disease. The model of excellence was now among them, alive and breathing; the men were perfectly mad, beleaguering the house from morn to night to get a peep at her; all other women were treated with positive insult, and of course the whole female population was possessed by all the Furies. Marmorea (such was the name of the animated statue) was no Diana in the flesh, whatever she might have been in the marble: if the scandalous chronicles of those days may be believed, she had more than one favoured lover; certain it is that she was the cause of constant feuds and battles in which many lives were lost, and Pygmalion himself was at last found murdered in the neighbourhood of his own house. The whole island was now on the point of a civil war on account of this philanthropical Helen, when one of her disappointed wooers, in a fit of jealousy, stabbed her to the heart, and immediately after threw himself from a high rock into the sea.

Such is the tragedy which would probably be enacting at the present moment, in every country of the world, but for the fortunate circumstance that we have no longer any fixed standard of beauty, real or imaginary, and by a necessary and happy consequence no determinate rule of ugliness. In fact there are no such animals as ugly women, though we still continue to talk of them as we do of Harpies, Gorgons, and Chimeras. There is no deformity that does not find admirers, and no loveliness that is not deemed defective. Anamaboo, the African prince, received so many attentions from a celebrated belle of London, that, in a moment of tenderness, he could not refrain from laying his hand on his heart and exclaiming, "Ah! madam, if Heaven had only made you a negress, you would have been irresistible!" And the same beauty, when travelling among the Swiss Cretins, heard several of the men ejaculating, "How handsome she is! what a pity that she wants a Goitre!" Plain women were formerly so common, that they were termed *ordinary*, to signify the frequency of their occurrence; in these happier days the phrase *extra*ordinary would be more applicable. However parsimonious, or even cruel, Nature may have been in other respects, they all cling to admiration by some solitary tenure that redeems them from the unqualified imputation of unattractiveness. One has an eye that, like Charity, covers a multitude of sins; another is a female Sampson, whose strength consists in her hair; a third holds your affections by her teeth; a fourth is a Cinderella, who wins hearts by her pretty little foot; a fifth makes an irre-

sistible appeal from her face to her figure, and so on, to the end of the catalogue. An expressive countenance may always be claimed in the absence of any definite charm: if even this be questionable, the party generally contrives to get a reputation for great cleverness; and if that too be inhumanly disputed, envy itself must allow that she is "excessively amiable."

Still it must be acknowledged, that however men may differ as to the details, they agree as to results, and crowd about an acknowledged beauty, influenced by some secret attraction, of which they are themselves unconscious, and of which the source has never been clearly explained. It would seem impossible that it should originate in any sexual symptoms, since we feel the impulsion without carrying ourselves, even in idea, beyond the present pleasure of gazing, and are even sensibly affected by the sight of beautiful children: yet it cannot be an abstract admiration, for it is incontestable that neither men nor women are so vehemently impressed by the contemplation of beauty in their own as in the opposite sex. This injustice towards our own half of humanity might be assigned to a latent envy, but that the same remark applies to the pleasure we derive from statues, of the proportions of which we could hardly be jealous. Ugly statues may be left to their fate without any compunctious visitings of nature: but our conduct towards women, whom we conceive to be in a similar predicament, is by no means entitled to the same indulgence. We shuffle away from them at parties, and sneak to the other end of the dinner-table, as if their features

were catching; and as to their falling in love and possessing the common feelings of their sex, we laugh at the very idea. And yet these Parias of the drawing-room generally atone, by interior talent, for what they want in exterior charms; as if the Medusa's head were still destined to be carried by Minerva. Nature seldom lavishes her gifts upon one subject: the peacock has no voice; the beautiful Camellia Japonica has no odour; and belles, generally speaking, have no great share of intellect. Some visionaries amuse themselves with imagining that the complacency occasioned by the possession of physical charms conduces to moral perfection.—

> "Why doth not beauty, then, refine the wit,
> And good complexion rectify the will?"

This is a fond conceit, unwarranted by earthly test, though destined perhaps to be realized in a happier state of existence.

What a blessing for these unhandsome damsels whom we treat still more unhandsomely by our fastidious neglect, that some of us are less squeamish in our tastes, and more impartial in our attentions! Solomon proves the antiquity of the adage—"De gustibus nil disputandum," for he compares the hair of his beloved to a flock of goats appearing from Mount Gilead, and in a strain of enamoured flattery exclaims, "Thy eyes are like the fish-pools in Heshbon, by the gate of Bath-rabbim; thy nose like the tower of Lebanon looking towards Damascus." Now I deem it as becoming to see a woman standing behind a good roomy nose, as to contemplate a fair temple with a

majestic portico; but it may be questioned whether a nose like the tower of Lebanon be not somewhat too elephantine and bordering on the proboscis. The *nez retroussé* is smart and piquant; the button-nose, like all other diminutives, is endearing; and even the snub absolute has its admirers. Cupid can get over it, though it have no bridge, and jumps through a wall-eye like a harlequin. As to the latter feature, my taste may be singular, perhaps bad, but I confess that I have a *penchant* for that captivating cast, sometimes invidiously termed a squint. Its advantages are neither few nor unimportant. Like a bowl, its very bias makes it sure of hitting the jack, while it seems to be running out of the course; and it has, moreover, the invaluable property of doing execution without exciting suspicion, like the Irish guns with crooked barrels, made for shooting round a corner. Common observers admire the sun in its common state, but philosophers find it a thousand times more interesting when suffering a partial eclipse; while the lovers of the picturesque are more smitten with its rising and setting than with its meridian splendour. Such men must be enchanted with a strabismus or squint, where they may behold the ball of sight emerging from the nasal East, or setting in its Occidental depths, presenting every variety of obscuration. With regard to teeth, also, a very erroneous taste prevails. Nothing can be more stiff and barrack-like than that uniformity of shape and hue which is so highly vaunted, for the merest tyro in landscape will tell us that castellated and jagged outlines, with a pleasing variety

of tints, are infinitely more pictorial and pleasing. Patches of bile in the face are by no means to be deprecated; they impart to it a rich mellow tone of autumnal colouring, which we should in vain seek in less gifted complexions: and I am most happy to vindicate the claims of a moderate beard upon the upper lip, which is as necessary to the perfect beauty of the mouth as are the thorns and moss to a rose, or the leaves to a cherry. If there be any old maids still extant, while mysogonists are so rare, the fault must be attributable to themselves, and they must incur all the responsibility of their single blessedness.

In the connubial lottery ugly women possess an advantage to which sufficient importance has not been attached. It is a common observation, that husband and wife frequently resemble one another; and many ingenious theorists, attempting to solve the problem by attributing it to sympathy, contemplation of one another's features, congeniality of habits and modes of life, &c. have fallen into the very common error of substituting the cause for the effect. This mutual likeness is the occasion, not the result, of marriage. Every man, like Narcissus, becomes enamoured of the reflection of himself, only choosing a substance instead of a shadow. His love for any particular woman is self-love at second-hand, vanity reflected, compound egotism. When he sees himself in the mirror of a female face, he exclaims, "How intelligent, how amiable, how interesting!—how admirably adapted for a wife!" and forthwith makes his proposals to the personage so expressly and literally calculated to keep

him in countenance. The uglier he is, the more need he has of this consolation; he forms a romantic attachment to the "fascinating creature with the snub nose," or the "bewitching girl with the roguish leer," (Anglicè—squint,) without once suspecting that he is paying his addresses to himself, and playing the innamorato before a looking-glass. Take self-love from love, and very little remains: it is taking the flame from Hymen's torch and leaving the smoke. The same feeling extends to his progeny: he would rather see them resemble himself, particularly in his defects, than be modelled after the chubbiest Cherubs or Cupids that ever emanated from the studio of Canova. One sometimes encounters a man of a most unqualified hideousness, who obviously considers himself an Adonis; and when such a one has to seek a congenial Venus, it is evident that her value will be in the inverse ratio of her charms. Upon this principle ugly women will be converted into belles, perfect frights will become irresistible, and none need despair of conquests, if they have but the happiness to be sufficiently plain.

The best part of beauty, says Bacon, is that which a statue or painting cannot express. As to symmetry of form and superficial grace, sculpture is exquisitely perfect, but the countenance is of too subtle and intangible a character to be arrested by any modification of marble. Busts, especially where the pupil of the eye is unmarked, have the appearance of mere masks, and are representations of little more than blindness and death. Painting supplies by colouring

and shade much that sculpture wants; but, on the other hand, it is deficient in what its rival possesses —fidelity of superficial form. Nothing can compensate for our inability to walk round a picture, and choose various points of view. Facility of production, meanness of material, and vulgarity of association, have induced us to look down with unmerited contempt upon those waxen busts in the perfumers' shops, which, as simple representations of female nature, have attained a perfection that positively amounts to the kissable. That delicacy of tint and material, which so admirably adapts itself to female beauty, forms, however, but a milk-maidish representation of virility, and the men have, consequently, as epicene and androgynous an aspect as if they had just been bathing in the Salmacian fountain.

Countenance, however, is not within the reach of any of these substances or combinations. It is a species of moral beauty, as superior to mere charm of surface as mind is to matter. It is, in fact, visible spirit, legible intellect, diffusing itself over the features, and enabling minds to commune with each other by some secret sympathy unconnected with the senses. The heart has a silent echo in the face, which frequently carries to us a conviction diametrically opposite to the audible expressions of the mouth; and we see, through the eyes, into the understanding of the man, long before it can communicate with us by utterance. This emanation of character is the light of a soul destined to the skies, shining through its tegument of clay, and irradiating the countenance, as the

sun illuminates the face of nature before it rises above the earth to commence its heavenly career. Of this indefinable charm all women are alike susceptible; it is to them what gunpowder is to warriors; it levels all distinctions, and gives to the plain and the pretty, to the timid and the brave, an equal chance of making conquests. It is, in fine, one among a thousand proofs of that system of compensation, both physical and moral, by which a Superior Power is perpetually evincing his benignity; affording to every human being a commensurate chance of happiness, and inculcating upon all, that when they turn their faces towards heaven, they should reflect the light from above, and be animated by one uniform expression of love, resignation, and gratitude.

THE HOUNDSDITCH ALBUM.

Third Letter from Miss Hebe Hoggins.

THE CONVERSAZIONE.

Cadmus had not greater difficulty in civilizing his Bœotians, than I have found in introducing a comparative gentility to our domestic circle in Houndsditch, although I have finally succeeded as far as the nature of the obstacles will admit. An unconditional assent has been given to three articles in which I was personally interested: I am to put on a white gown

every day, not to go to afternoon church on a Sunday, and never to wear pattens. My father, after a severe struggle, has consented to exchange his bob-wig for a fashionable crop; and my mother has conformed to all the external modifications I could wish, though she remains incurably afflicted with that infirmity of speech to which Mrs. Malaprop was subject. Upon questions of grammar we are perpetually at variance; for I am so often in the accusative case that Mrs. Hoggins cannot keep out of the imperative mood, and not unfrequently interrupts me with exclamations of "Psha! child, don't worret one so; I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself; I knew nothing of genders and conjunctions when I was your age, but I thinks girls talks of every thing now-a-days." As to mending her cacophony (as my Lord Duberly says), it is a hopeless attempt; silence is the only corrective, and to this alternative I was particularly anxious to reduce her last night, when I obtained her consent to my giving a literary conversazione, which I am happy to say passed off with the greatest possible success and *éclat*.

Exclusively of the members of our society, some of the most celebrated characters in the world of letters honoured our *coterie*. The gentleman who wrote the last pantomime for one of our minor theatres, distinguished himself by some excellent practical jokes, which he played off with infinite adroitness. Mr. Grope, index-maker to one of the first publishers in the Row, astonished us by the alphabetical accuracy of his genius; Mr. Grub, who inserted in the Gentleman's

Magazine a most interesting account of a Roman tooth-pick, dug up at the mouth of the Thames, was profound in antiquarian research; Miss Sphinks, who writes all the charades and rebuses for the Lady's Pocket-book, captivated the company with some capital conundrums; while we were all highly delighted with the caustic satire and biting irony of Mr. Fungus, a young man of great future celebrity, who, not having completed his studies, has not yet attained the art of writing books, and therefore contents himself for the present with reviewing them.

It is well known that absence of mind has been an invariable accompaniment of genius, and it is therefore not without complacency that I record a ludicrous incident arising from one of those fits of literary abstraction to which I have been recently subject. While presiding at the tea-table I inadvertently substituted a canister of my father's snuff for the caddy, infusing eight large spoonfuls of the best Lundy Foot into the tea-pot; nor did I discover my mistake until the wry faces, watery eyes, and incessant sneezing of the company, were explained by Papa's angry exclamation—"Why, drat it! the girl's betwitch'd—I'll be hang'd if she hasn't wasted half-a-pound of my best Lundy Foot upon these confounded ———." A violent fit of sneezing fortunately prevented the completion of the sentence, and as I made good haste to repair my error by tendering him a cup (which he will persist in calling *a dish*) of genuine souchong, by the time he had done wiping his eyes and blowing his nose, he suffered himself to be pacified. Despatching

as rapidly as possible this repast of the body; I hastened to the feast of reason, which I began by reciting a little song of my own composition, entitled

Forgetful Cupid.

A rose one morning Cupid took,
And fill'd the leaves with vows of love,
When zephyr passing fann'd the book,
And wafted oaths and leaves above.

Seizing his dart, the god then traced
Pledges to Psyche in the sand;
But soon the refluent tide effaced
The fleeting record of his hand.

Quoth Psyche, "From your wing I 'll take
Each morn a plume, and you another,
With which new pledges we will make,
And write love-letters to each other."

Cries Cupid, "But if every pen
Be used in writing oaths to stay,
What shall I do for pinions, when
I want them both—to fly away?"

I frankly admitted that I thought the flow of these verses somewhat Moore-ish, and observed that they adapted themselves happily to one of the Irish Melodies; when I overheard Miss Caustic whisper to her neighbour, that if I was correct as to the metre, there wanted nothing but different words and sentiments to make it really very like Moore. "Envy does merit like its shade pursue," and we all know Miss Caustic's amiable propensities. If I were to require her to write a better, before she presumed to criticize my production, I fancy she would be condemned to a pretty long silence.

Mr. Scribbleton, a multifarious operator for the theatres, particularly in getting up farces, next favoured us with a comic song, which he assured us was the easiest thing in the world to compose, as it was only to take a story from Joe Miller, versify it, and add a little nonsense by way of chorus, and he had never known the experiment fail. He relied confidently on a double encore for the following, inserted in a forthcoming piece, put into the mouth of a Yorkshireman.

The Smoky Chimney.

Gripe's chimney were smother'd wi' soot and wi' smoke,
But I won't pay for sweeping, he mutter'd:
So he took a live goose to the top—gave a poke,
And down to the bottom it flutter'd.
Hiss, flippity! hiss flappity!
Flippity, flappity, hiss!

Wauns! how cruel, cries one—says another, I 'm shock'd—
Quoth Gripe, I 'm asham'd on't, adzooks;
But I 'll do so no more. So the next time it smoked,
He popp'd down a couple of ducks:
Quaak, flippity! quaak, flappity!
Flippity, flappity, quaak!

At my earnest solicitation, Mr. Schweitzkoffer next recited some farther extracts from "The Apotheosis of Snip." This hero is conducted to the Dandelion Tea Gardens, formerly established in the vicinity of Margate, where he delivers a political harangue, which a part of the company receive in dudgeon, while others supporting the orator, a pelting of stones and general combat ensue, of which the particulars are thus humorously detailed.

Not with more dire contention press'd
The Greeks and Trojans, breast to breast,
When, brandish'd o'er Patroclus dead,
  Gleam'd many a sword and lance,
And from their flashing contact shed
  Light on his pallid countenance,
Than did these Dandelion wights,
Rivals of Greek and Trojan knights,
Who all as thick and hot as mustard,
O'er Snip, the prostrate, fought and bluster'd.

Nor was that combat so prolific
Of doleful yells and screams terrific;
For Trojan stout and stubborn Greek,
Tho' wounded, scorn'd to whine or squeak,
While those who were from wounds most safe
Did here most clamorously chafe.
Mothers, aunts, sisters, nieces, grannies,
Always more voluble than man is,
Might here, by their commingled gabble,
Have stunn'd the chatterers of Babel,—
As if their warriors made their doxies
Their vocal deputies and proxies,
And by their better halves confess'd
The feelings they themselves suppress'd—
As when a bagpipe's squeezed behind,
It squeaks by pipe to which 'tis join'd.

Questions, calls, cries, and interjections,
Were intermix'd in all directions;—
Where's Jacky, Harry, Ned, and Billy?—
Come hither, Tummas, or they'll kill ye!—
Good gracious! where is Mr. Wiggins?
Mamma, we can't find uncle Spriggins.
Dear me! that lady's in a *swound*:—
Well, ma'am, you needn't tear one's *gown*!
Jacky, do you take care of Polly.
O heavens! there's another volley!

O Mr. Stubbs! what *shall* I do?
Has any lady found a shoe?
Sally's lace veil is gone, I vow—
I 'll take my oath 'twas here just now.
Why do you stare at me, good madam?
I know no more of it than Adam.
Why, see, you thoughtless little fool,
You popp'd it in your ridicule.
O I shall ne'er survive the *squeedge!*
A smelling-bottle would *obleege.*—
I vow I feel quite atmospheric:—
Salts! salts! she 's in a strong hysteric!
O that a person of my station
Should be exposed to such flustration!
You haven't, madam, seen Sir John?—
Where is my stupid coachman gone?—
Well, goodness me, and lackadaisy!
I 'm sure the people must be crazy.
What do you mean, ma'am, by this riot?
Mean?—why you 've almost poked my eye out.
Those parasols are monstrous sharp.—
Ma, that 's the man as play'd the harp.
Well, this is Dandelion, is it?
I sha'n't soon make another visit.

George Crump, the inspired carman, of whose original Muse I have already furnished interesting specimens, having completed a poem entitled "The Skittle Ground," with the exception of the introductory stanzas, applied to me for that difficult portion; and as I was very sure that he would never imitate the discourteousness of Dr. Darwin, who received a similar contribution from Miss Seward, and prefixed it to his Botanic Garden without the smallest acknowledgment, I resolved to gratify his

wish, running over in my mind the opening lines of the most celebrated epics. Virgil's "Arma virumque cano"—Tasso's "Canto l'arme pietose"—Ariosto's "Canto le Donne e' i Cavalieri"—Milton's "Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit," with many other initiatory verses, occurred to my recollection; but Mr. Crump, having intimated at our conversazione that he had himself hit upon a happy exordium, I obtained silence, when he recited the following four lines as his proposed commencement, assuring us that the fact corresponded with his statement, which he considered a most auspicious augury.

> While playing skittles, ere I took my quid,
> The Muses I invoked my work to crown;
> "Descend, ye Nine!" I cried,—and so they did,
> For in a trice I knock'd the nine pins down!

It was my intention to have furnished some farther poetical flowers from the literary garland woven at this interesting Symposium, but the recollection of an incident which occurred towards the end of the entertainment actually paralyzes my faculties, and makes the pen flutter in my hand. My father, who is passionately fond of whist, had stipulated for a table in one corner of the room; and for the purpose of tenanting it had invited four or five humdrum neighbours, who could only be called men of letters in the postman's sense of the phrase, although they were perfectly competent to go through the automatical movements of shuffling, cutting, and dealing. After the rubber had been played once over in fact, and twice in subsequent discussion, they prepared to depart, and

I heard the announcement of their servants' arrival with a pleasure that I could ill conceal.—"Mrs. Waddle's maid and umbrella!" sounded up the stairs, and the corpulent old lady slowly obeyed the summons. "Miss Clacket's pattens stop the way!" was the next cry; and her shrill voice, still audible from below, continued without ceasing till the hall-door closed upon her clangour. "Mr. Wheeze's boy and lantern!" followed; when the worthy oilman, having put on two great coats, and tied as my handkerchiefs round his throat, coughed himself out of the house, wishing that he was well over Tower Hill, on his way to Ratcliffe. Mrs. Dubbs's shopman came to claim the last of this quartetto of quizzes; and I was just congratulating myself on the prospect of renewing our feast of intellect, free from the interruptions of uncongenial souls, when my father, running up to the table, cried out—"Well, now let's see what card-money they have left." So saying, he looked under one of the candlesticks, took up a shilling, bit it, rung it upon the table, and exclaiming, "Zounds! it's a bad one—it's Mrs. Dubbs's place—Hallo! Mrs. Dubbs, this won't do though, none of your raps"—rushed hastily out of the room. After two or three minutes passed by me in silent horror, he re-entered, nearly out of breath, ejaculating, as he spun another shilling with his finger and thumb—"Ay, ay, this will do; none of your tricks upon travellers, Mrs. Dubbs:—a rank Brummagem!"

Miss Caustic began the titter—but I can describe no farther. I fell into as complete a state of *defail-*

lance as the subject of Sappho's celebrated ode—my blood tingled, my eyes swam, "my ears with hollow murmurs rang;" and yet this fainting of the mind did not afford any relief to the shame and mortification that overwhelmed the too refined and sensitive bosom of

HEBE HOGGINS.

PETER PINDARICS.

The Handkerchief.

A JUDGE of the Police and Spy
(For both are join'd in Eastern nations),
Prowling about with purpose sly,
To list to people's conversations,
And pry in every corner cupboard,
According to his dirty calling,
Saw a poor woman passing by,
Who wept and blubber'd,
Like a church spout when rain is falling,
Which strives in vain to vent and utter
The overflowings of the gutter.

Our magistrate thought fit to greet her,
Insisting on the dame's declaring
What caused this monstrous ululation:
When she averr'd her spouse had beat her
Black and blue beyond all bearing,
Without the smallest provocation.

To work the Judge's pen and ink went,
Taking the rogue's address and trade,
And the next morning the delinquent
Was duly into Court convey d:

When he asserted, that his wife
Was such an advocate of strife,
That she would raise a mighty clangour,
And put herself into a pucker,
For trifles that surpass'd belief,
And, for the recent cause of anger,
He swore, point blank, that he had struck her
With nothing but his handkerchief.

The Judge, convinced by this averment,
Dismiss'd the case without a word;
When in the Court there rose a ferment,
And the wife's angry voice was heard—
"To cheat your Worship is too bad!
My Lord, my Lord! do interpose,
And stop the knave where'er he lingers;
The villain! he forgot to add
That he for ever blows his nose
With his own fingers!"

The Jester condemned to Death.

One of the Kings of Scanderoon,
A Royal Jester,
Had in his train a gross buffoon,
Who used to pester
The Court with tricks inopportune,
Venting on the highest folks his
Scurvy pleasantries and hoaxes.

It needs some sense to play the fool,
Which wholesome rule
Occurr'd not to our jackanapes,
Who consequently found his freaks
Lead to innumerable scrapes,
And quite as many kicks and tweaks,

Which only seem'd to make him faster
Try the patience of his master.

Some sin, at last, beyond all measure
Incurr'd the desperate displeasure
Of his Serene and raging Highness:
Whether he twitch'd his most revered
And sacred beard,
Or had intruded on the shyness
Of the Seraglio, or let fly
An epigram at royalty,
None knows;—his sin was an occult one;
But records tell us that the Sultan,
Meaning to terrify the knave,
Exclaim'd—"'Tis time to stop that breath;
Thy doom is seal'd:—presumptuous slave!
Thou stand'st condemn'd to certain death.
Silence, base rebel!—no replying!—
But such is my indulgence still,
That, of my own free grace and will,
I leave to thee the mode of dying."

"Thy royal will be done—'tis just,"
Replied the wretch, and kiss'd the dust;
"Since, my last moments to assuage,
Your Majesty's humane decree
Has deign'd to leave the choice to me,
I'll die, so please you, of old age!"

THE TAVERN.

"Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
Whate'er its changes may have been,
May sigh to think that he has found
The warmest welcome at an inn." SHENSTONE.

"BLEST as the immortal gods is he," the youth, who, without the effort of using his own limbs, protected from the earth beneath and the skies above, is rapidly whirled in a close carriage to the ever open and hospitable door of a good tavern. Before the footman or coachman can descend, for the jaunty swing of the private chariot or the rattling jolt of a hackney coach are welcomed with equal deference, half a dozen waiters rush from the house, the steps are lowered with all the celerity that is consistent with the prevention of noise, elbows are respectfully tendered to the descending visitant, a respectful procession ushers him into the spacious illumined refectory, and the lady at the bar bows to him as he passes with a smile, which, while it preserves the dignity due to her presiding station, seems to say—"Thrice welcome to all that my house contains!—the longer you stay, the more you revel, the greater your waste and devastation, the more acceptable will be your august presence." Hers are not the complimentary hyperboles of the Persian, who goes to the outskirts of the city and exclaims to every traveller—"Deign to accept of Shiraz and all its dependencies!"—No; her heart

does not belie her looks; were she in Madame de Genlis's Palace of Truth, she would not alter a phrase nor unbend a single smile. Amid a world of deceit, her benign looks are bent upon her new inmate with an absolute integrity of sincerity; nor are her numerous servants less cordial, emulous, and reverent. Is it winter, the guest's great coat and hat are taken from him, and cautiously suspended: one excites the fire into a cheerful and blazing recognition of his presence, while another spreads a screen before the door, that "the airs of heaven may not visit him too roughly." Is it summer, the blinds are pulled down that he may be sheltered from the sun, and the window thrown open that he may be fanned by the cooling breezes, while a paper is placed before him containing the very latest news from each extremity of the earth, to prepare which for his morning's perusal, many fellow-creatures of great technical skill, and some of intellectual eminence, have been sleepless all night. By the side of this record submitting the events of the wide world to his perusal, is placed the bill of fare, tendering the productions of the universe to his palate. The four elements, the four seasons, the four quarters of the earth, are ransacked and laid under contribution for his instant gratification. The wishes of Cinderella, however wild and extravagant, were not more promptly realized; the cap of Fortunatus and the wand of Harlequin are less magical than his enchanted finger. He points, and the depths of the sea yield him up their tenants; the air surrenders its feathered rarities; earth pours out its cornucopia at his feet; and fire,

like a ministering spirit, waits to receive his orders for their concoction. Mankind seems to be at his disposal not less than the animal and vegetable world. How many weary months have the crew of an East Indiaman been shut out from the sight of land, how many storms have they encountered, to bring home that pickle of which he swallows a mouthful, not to gratify but promote hunger, that he may devour some production imparted at equal cost from another hemisphere. Lives, more valuable perhaps than his own, may have been sacrificed to pamper his appetite. Some fisherman's boat may have perished in the night-storm before that turbot was torn from the raging billows; the poacher may now lie mangled or dead who stole that pheasant from the preserve; and the glass he is lifting to his lips may be blushing with the blood of the smuggler. Those who do not die for him seem to live for him; from the snow-covered hunter of the North to the sunburnt vintager of the South, all offer up to him the sacrifice of their toils and dangers.

Nor is it only in this remote worship that he is undergoing a living apotheosis. The waiters bow down before him: "præsens habebitur divus"—a present Deity the walls resound; and even the subterranean cooks, scullions, and kitchen-maids, though they do not chaunt hymns with their lips, enact them with their hands; they talk with their fingers and digitate quotations from Shakspeare—"Laud we the gods, and let our crooked smoke climb to their nostrils."

How delightful the contrast of all this heartfelt ho-

mage,—this perfect and spotless candour of hospitality, with the hollow, sordid, and treacherous professions of the world, the lip-love of rivals, the warm words and cold looks of pretended friends; the Judas-like salutations of those who contract their hearts while they extend their arms; the falsehood of relations, who, while they wish us many happy new years, are secretly pining for our death; the duplicity of acquaintance, who are delighted to see us, and wish us at the devil; the forbidding looks of the wife if we go uninvited to a dinner; the broad hints of the husband if we protract our visits beyond the stipulated day; and the scowl of the servants wheresoever and whensoever we are doomed to accept of their bad offices. Enthroned in a tavern chair, we seem to have dominion over mind as well as matter; to command the hearts as well as the hands of our species: thus uniting the charities and affections that delight the soul, with all the luxuries and gratifications that can recreate the sense.

And who is the happy individual whose presence commands this species of instant adoration from all things animate and inanimate? Is it the prodigal son, for whose unexpected return hecatombs of fatted calves are to be slain? Is it some benefactor of his race, some patriot or hero, some grandee or sovereign of the country? Far from it. Any obscure or absolutely unknown individual may enjoy this temporary deification, if he have but a few thin circular pieces of metal in his pocket. I question whether the advantages of the social system are ever concentrated into a more

striking point of illustration; or the supremacy, the omnipotence of gold, ever more undeniably manifested, than in this accumulation of power, by which the whole range of nature, with all its varieties and enjoyments, is converged into the narrow space of one room and one hour, and placed at the absolute disposal of the humblest individual in society.

So much homage and luxury, alike flattering to the spirit and the sense, form a dangerous possession to those who are not habituated to their enjoyment. A gentleman, in the enlarged sense of that word, will have comprehension enough of intellect to distinguish between the substance and the accidents of human nature; he will know to what fortuitous circumstances his own elevation is attributable; and will never for a moment forget that a general urbanity and courteousness are the distinctive attributes of his character. There is an autocratical gentleman of a very different description, whose patent is in his pocket, and who, as if conscious of his total want of all other claims to respect, seems determined to evince that he possesses all the wealth that can be typified by arrogance and coarseness. As he swaggers into the room, making the floor resound with his iron heels, he stares at the company with an air that seems to be shaking his purse in their faces. The brass in his own is Corinthian; it is a mixture of other metals, in which gold seems to predominate, and the precious compound actually appears to exude from every pore of his body. Swelling with self-importance, he gives the bell a violent pull, summons attention with a loud authoritative voice, puffs

out the breath from his inflated cheeks, and might almost burst with the tumour of consequence, had he not the waiter on whom to vent the superflux of his humours. As to the *quid pro quo*, or any system of equivalents, reducing the relations between himself and the landlord to one of simple barter or exchange, he understands it not. He is lavishing his money of his own free will and bounty, and has surely a right to take out the full value in insolence. Nothing is so genteel as fastidiousness; he abuses every thing, pretends to be poisoned with the viands, turns up his nose at the wines, wonders where the devil such trash was brewed, and thinks to obtain credit for a familiarity with more exalted modes of life, by undervaluing the miserable luxuries of a tavern, although an inference diametrically opposite would certainly be much nearer to the truth. In addressing the waiter, his tone varies from downright brutality to a mock and supercilious civility; though he is generally most delighted when he turns him into ridicule, and converts him into a butt for the exercise of his clumsy wit.

The object of his horseplay and rude raillery is himself not unworthy observation. As the butcher generally becomes fat and florid by inhaling the odours of raw flesh in the open air, the waiter commonly exhibits a stunted growth and sodden complexion, from battening on the steam of dressed victuals in a close coffee-room. Not unfrequently his shin bone assumes that projecting curve which a medical friend of mine terms the *Tibia Londinensis;* his sallow face expresses shrewdness, selfishness, and a fawning imperturbable

submission to every indignity. Aware of the necessity for some indisputable distinction between himself and such gentlemen as we have been describing, the rogue, with a sly satire, scrupulously condemns his legs to white cotton stockings, and is conscientious not to appear without a napkin beneath his arm. The difference is merely external; his is indeed the "meanness that soars and pride that licks the dust," but it has the same source as the haughty vulgarity of his insulter. He looks to the final shilling or half-crown, although it will be cast to him with an air that converts generosity itself into an offence. That is *his* pride of purse; and I know not which is the most revolting, the arrogant or the abject manifestation of the same feeling.

"They order these things better in France," and the interior economy and regulation of our taverns might, in many respects, be bettered by an imitation of our Gallic neighbours. No Parisian enters their public dining-rooms without taking off his hat, and bowing to the presiding deity of the bar. Taking his place in silence, and perusing the closely-printed folio *Carte* with a penetration proportioned to its bewildering diversity, he finally makes his selection, writes down the articles of his choice, and even the quantity of each, so as to prevent all mistake, upon slips of paper deposited on every table for that purpose, hands the record to an attendant, and betakes himself patiently to a newspaper until his orders appear before him in all their smoking and edible reality. There is rarely any calling of the waiter, and there are no bells to ring, the number and activity of the attend-

ants generally rendering both processes unnecessary. If occasionally absent, the edge of a knife tapped against a wine glass forms a fairy bell quite sufficient to summon them to their posts, although I could never divine by what auricular sympathy they recognise the chime of every table. Shortly after dinner the guests call for coffee, and betake themselves, with a valedictory bow, to their own avocations or the theatres, in winter; to a promenade or a chair in some of the public gardens, if it be summer. Ladies of the first respectability are habitual diners at the restaurateurs, contributing, as might be expected, to the perfect decorum of the assemblage, and even (as might *not* be expected) to its silence. Surely some of these coffee-house amenities might be beneficially imported, especially the temperance, from a country where wine, instead of six or eight shillings, costs exactly that number of pence per bottle. I recommend to my countrymen that this "be in their flowing cups freshly remembered."

In the manners of France one may visibly trace the effects of the Revolution, which, by depressing the upper and elevating the lower classes, has approximated and ameliorated both, rendering the former less arrogant and the latter more independent. Aristocracy of wealth and pride of purse are now pretty much confined to England; although our brethren of America are understood to be rivalling us more successfully than could have been expected from Republicans. On the continent we render ourselves frequently ridiculous, and sometimes odious, by our arrogant

conduct to inferiors; while few of our natives return to their own country without inveighing against the familiarity of foreign servants, and the insolence of the lower classes. How scandalous, how impious of the French and Germans, and Italians, not to bow the knee to every golden calf that is worshipped in England! If, instead of their stars at the India House, and thousands in the Consols, these maltreated tourists were to be measured by their *real* worth, they would be safe from all imputation of *hauteur* towards their inferiors, for they might travel over the whole world without being able to find any.

PRINTED BY MISTAKE.

"Redeem'd from tapers and defrauded pies." POPE.

I WAS sitting by my fire-side in a dozing, dreaming, Lethean sort of half-consciousness, with just thought enough to enable me to enjoy my thoughtlessness, a mood of mind in which I indulge with a particular complacency, when my servant abruptly entered to inform me that a porter had called for my contribution to the New Monthly. "The New Monthly!" I exclaimed, with an indignant surprise,—"I sent it a fortnight ago." "True, Sir, but that was for last month's." "Impossible!—what is to-day?"—"The tenth."—"Well, then, it is now too late—and when

he called last it was too early;—I will not be pestered:—I am determined to let my head lie fallow a little;—desire him to call again this day three months."

Really, I continued, stirring the sleepy fire, as if determined to make it share my annoyance,—really there is no satisfying this monstrous maw of the Monthly Minotaur,—(I love alliteration); I thought he was to demand but twelve sacrifices in the year, but his months spring up like mushrooms;—one might as well live in the planet Jupiter, where there are, or ought to be, a hundred and forty-four in the year. Besides, I am exhausted, used up; my head is a vacuum, my brains, with the pia-mater and pia-dura, cerebrum and cerebellum, have been seized by the press-gang, conveyed to Conduit-street, and poured into the printer's founts, those literary pitchers of the Belides. What! twelve crops in succession, and no respite allowed for manuring the mental soil, and putting my head in heart, (pardon the catachresis, ye agrestic readers!)—Va, via!—editorial reproaches, I give ye to the winds—fallow shalt thou lie, my overploughed pate, till "darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory," do choke thy furrows.

Authors are said to be like flambeaux, which consume themselves in giving light to others; if so, I must have been a monstrous illuminator, for never was an intellect more effectually burnt out. Not that my faculties are extinct, but that I cannot find new materials for their exercise. Like Saturn, I have devoured all my own children (of the brain); what I have not written others have; I am worse off,

by all the subsequent authors, than the writer who complained that Shakspeare had taken all his good things. I am at a greater loss for subjects than an ex-king, and

> "Never subject long'd to be a king,
> As I do long and wish to *find* a subject:"

but it is in vain; every thing is stale, hackneyed, threadbare. There is nothing in heaven, or earth, or the waters under the earth, into which our pens have not dipped. Mind and matter have been equally ferreted, analyzed, turned inside out. Alexanders in literature, we have conquered the old world, and want a new one sadly.

"And, whereas before," said Jack Cade, upbraiding Lord Treasurer Say, "our forefathers had no other book but the score and tally, thou hast caused Printing to be; and contrary to the King, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill, &c." What would this legitimate enemy to innovation say now, were he to sit down upon London stone, and hear a list of our new publications read to him?—I see it clearly—a crisis is approaching;—there must be some great convulsion in the world of Ephemerides;—this prodigious multiplication of Magazines and Periodicals can never endure, for how can their myriad and insatiable maws be replenished without generating a literary famine in the land? Already are the signs of this impending calamity but too apparent: the horrors of drought and dearth are ready to burst upon our heads: we are beginning to be driven to the cannibal

repast of the shipwrecked Don Juan. The reviewing moiety fall ravenously upon the other half of the literary crew, tearing to pieces, cutting up, gnawing, devouring, and digesting every thing that comes within the reach of their fangs. We essayists, like modest Gouls, contented ourselves at first with fastening on the dead bodies of our predecessors, cooking them up and disguising them in every possible way, putting the hind part before, and dragging them into our dens backwards, as Cacus did his herds, to conceal the robbery. But this resource being exhausted, we have begun to cut Abyssinian collops from the living subject, and every scribbling John Bull carves plagiaristic steaks from his neighbour. Even this market of live food threatening to fail, in the extremity of our distress we turn pelicans, tearing open our own bosoms to supply flesh and blood to the ravenous brood of the public. Nay, we even join in their repast. Autophagi that we are! in the voracity of our egotism, we find a perpetual feast in our own heart and head. There is hardly a single essayist that has not stuck his pen into his own person, and dished it up before the public with all its accidents, accompaniments, and collaterals. Their birth, parentage, and education, life, character, and behaviour, have been already laid upon the table; nothing is wanting but their last dying speech and confession, and that cannot be much longer delayed. What is to be the end of all this? When the present race of writers have been squeezed, and peeled, and cut open, and eviscerated, and hung up on our bookshelves to dry, like so

many shotten herrings at a fisherman's hut, how is the race to be renewed, and who is to satisfy the public with its myriad mouths gasping upwards in the hungry air, and roaring for food? It is an awful question. I pause for a reply.

Editors and booksellers have committed a great mistake: paying for our contributions by the sheet instead of their intrinsic weight, they have offered a premium for adulterating the commodity of which they are the purchasers. Dilution and dilatation are tempting processes, when there is no standard gauge or measure. Beating out our guineas into gold leaf, and spreading them over as much surface as possible, we care not for the thinness and poorness of the article, provided it sparkles enough to have a faint appearance of gold. High prices have certainly brought great talents into the field of periodical competition, but eminence is always the precursor of corruption; an indiscriminate patronage must in the end degrade, rather than exalt, literature; for he who can get paid for glass beads and trinkets, will not take much pains to search for diamonds. South, when Queen Anne objected to the shortness of one of his sermons, replied that he should have made it shorter if he had had more time. All *our* time is employed in elongation and diffusion. We are money-spinners, and support ourselves by a thread of marvellous tenuity. For my own part, I can conscientiously declare, that no one would be more terse, pointed, brief, and apophthegmatical than myself—if I could afford it. My poverty, and not my will, consents:—

poverty, be it understood, not of the pate, but of the purse. Modestly speaking, I consider myself to be a good Dr. Donne spoilt,—and spoilt, too, by encouragement!! Like over-watered cauliflowers, instead of forming a compact productive head, we shoot out all our strength into as many leaves as we can.

Insurmountable as it is, the difficulty of finding subjects is not the only one; the manner in which we should treat them is equally embarrassing. There are but a limited number of styles, and they are all engrossed by masters of the respective arts. Some I am too wise to attempt, for I would not fall into the error of the French Atall, "qui gatoit l'esprit qu'il avoit, en voulant avoir ce qu'il n'avoit pas."—The acute, close, and metaphysical—Mr. Table-talk has it all to himself;—the polished, elaborate, and euphonous—Geoffrey Crayon, Esq. has deservedly obtained full possession of the public ear;—the light, smart, and sparkling—Grimm's Ghost rises with twenty trenchant quiddets in his head, and pushes me from my stool: and so I might continue through all the letters of the alphabet, every one of which is the hieroglyphic of some peculiar excellence. Voltaire says —"ideas are like beards: children have none; we acquire them as we advance in life;" but what is the use of possessing them, if the space for their developement has been usurped by previous occupants? The literary table is full—there is no room for me, and all the guests, without exception, (confound their dexterity!) seem incomparably expert at the carving of their respective dishes. It is really shameful that there

should be so much good writing abroad! In the most obscure publications one encounters prose and verse that would have established a first-rate reputation fifty years ago. At that happy period it was easy to be a Triton among the minnows; now-a-days one actually runs a risk of being a minnow among the Tritons. This comes of universal education. What an awful responsibility attaches to Lancaster and Dr. Bell!—it would have been but decent in them to caution their scholars not to write so well, and interfere in this scandalous manner with the regular practitioners. For my own part, were it not that it would look like an affectation of singularity, now that every body is an author, I would leave Apollo to dry up my ink, cut my pen into a tooth-pick, forswear essay-writing, cease to publish, and float down the stream of life—

> ——"Like ships transported with the tide,
> Which in their passage leave no *print* behind."

"A wise man," says Lord Chesterfield, "will live at least as much within his wit as his income:" I am determined to do both, and keep my good things to myself, for I am fairly tired of alembicizing my intellect, and as an earnest of my sincerity I thus crumple up the sheet on which I have been scribbling, and cast it into the grate.

P. S. Guess my amazement, most unexpected reader, when I found, upon my accidentally calling in Conduit-street, that the preceding paper was actually set up in the press! My servant having had

directions to preserve the least scrap enriched with my invaluable lucubrations, had found and brought it to me for orders; and on my pettishly exclaiming that he might throw it to the devil, the blockhead, mistaking my meaning, conveyed it, as he had done many others, to *the printer's* devil. I have only had time to give it the title it now bears, and to add this explanatory postscript, which enables it to make its own apology.

THE FLOWER THAT FEELS NOT SPRING.

From the prisons dark of the circling bark
The leaves of tenderest green are glancing;
They gambol on high in the bright blue sky,
Fondly with Spring's young Zephyrs dancing,
While music and joy and jubilee gush
From the lark and linnet, the blackbird and thrush.

The butterfly springs on its new-wove wings,
The dormouse starts from his wintry sleeping;
The flowers of earth find a second birth,
To light and life from the darkness leaping;
The roses and tulips will soon resume
Their youth's first perfume and primitive bloom.

What renders me sad when all nature glad
The heart of each living creature cheers?
I laid in the bosom of earth a blossom,
And water'd its bed with a father's tears;
But the grave has no Spring, and I still deplore
That the flow'ret I planted comes up no more!

That eye, whose soft blue of the firmament's hue
  Express'd all holy and heavenly things,—
Those ringlets bright, which scatter'd a light
  Such as angels shake from their sunny wings,—
That cheek, in whose freshness my heart had trust—
All—all have perish'd—my daughter is dust!—

Yet the blaze sublime of thy virtue's prime,
  Still gilds my tears and a balm supplies,
As the matin ray of the god of day
  Brightens the dew which at last it dries:—
Yes, Fanny, I cannot regret thy clay,
When I think where thy spirit has wing'd its way.

So wither we all—so flourish and fall,
  Like the flowers and weeds that in churchyards wave;
Our leaves we spread over comrades dead,
  And blossom and bloom with our root in the grave;—
Springing from earth, into earth we are thrust,
Ashes to ashes and dust to dust!

If death's worst smart is to feel that we part
  From those whom we love and shall see no more,
It softens his sting to know that we wing
  Our flight to the friends who have gone before;
And the grave is a boon and a blessing to me,
If it waft me, O Fanny, my daughter, to thee!

ROUGE ET NOIR.

———" Could I forget
What I have been, I might the better bear
What I am destined to. I 'm not the first
That have been wretched—but to think how much
I have been happier!" SOUTHERN.

NEVER shall I forget that accursed 27th of September: it is burnt in upon the tablet of my memory; graven in letters of blood upon my heart. I look back to it with a strangely compounded feeling of horror and delight;—of horror at the black series of wretched days and sleepless nights of which it was the fatal precursor; of delight at that previous career of tranquillity and self-respect which it was destined to terminate—alas, for ever!

On that day I had been about a fortnight in Paris, and in passing through the garden of the Palais Royal had stopped to admire the beautiful *jet-d'eau* in its centre, on which the sun-beams were falling so as to produce a small rainbow, when I was accosted by my old friend Major E——, of the Fusileers. After the first surprises and salutations, as he found that the business of procuring apartments and settling my family had prevented my seeing many of the Parisian *lions*, he offered himself as my Cicerone, proposing that we should begin by making the circuit of the building that surrounded us. With its history, and the remarkable events of which it had been the

scene, I was already conversant; but of its detail and appropriation, which, as he assured me, constituted its sole interest in the eyes of the Parisians, I was completely ignorant.

After taking a cursory view of most of the sights above ground in this multifarious pile, I was conducted to some of its subterraneous wonders,—to the Café du Sauvage, where a man is hired for six francs a night to personate that character, by beating a great drum with all the grinning, ranting, and raving of a madman;—to the Café des Aveugles, whose numerous orchestra is entirely composed of blind men and women;—and to the Café des Variétés, whose small theatre, as well as its saloons and labyrinths, is haunted by a set of Sirens not less dangerous than the nymphs who assailed Ulysses. Emerging from these haunts, we found that a heavy shower was falling; and while we paraded once more the stone gallery, my friend suddenly exclaimed, as his eye fell upon the numbers of the houses—"one hundred and fifty four!—positively we were going away without visiting one of the——" gaming-houses was the meaning of the term he employed, though he expressed it by a word that the fashionable preacher never mentioned to "ears polite."—"I have never yet entered," said I, "a Pandæmonium of this sort, and I never will;—I refrain from it upon principle;—'Principiis obsta;' I am of Dr. Johnson's temperament—I can practise abstinence, but not temperance; and every body knows that prevention is better than cure."—"Do you remember," replied E——-," what the same

Dr. Johnson said to Boswell?—'My dear Sir, clear your mind of cant:' I do not ask you to play; but you must have often read, when you were a good little boy, that 'Vice to be hated needs but to be seen,' and cannot have forgotten that the Spartans sometimes made their slaves drunk, and shewed them to their children to inculcate sobriety. Love of virtue is best secured by a hatred of its opposite: to hate it you must see it; besides, a man of the world should see every thing."—"But it is so disreputable!" I rejoined. —"How completely John-Bullish!" exclaimed E——. "Disreputable! why I am going to take you to an establishment recognised, regulated, and taxed by the Government, the upholders of religion and social order, who annually derive six millions of francs from this source of revenue;—and as to the company, I promise you that you shall encounter men of the first respectability, of all sects and parties, for in France every one gambles at these saloons,—except the devotees, and they play at home."—He took my arm, and I walked upstairs with him, merely ejaculating as we reached the door—"Mind, I don't play."

Entering an ante-room, we were received by two or three servants, who took our sticks and hats, for which we received tickets, and by the number suspended around I perceived that there was a tolerably numerous attendance within. *Roulette* was the game to which the first chamber was dedicated. In the middle of a long green table was a circular excavation, resembling a large gilt basin, in whose centre was a rotatory apparatus turning an ivory ball in a groove,

which, after sundry gyrations, descended to the bottom of the basin, where there was a round of little numbered compartments or pigeon-holes, into one of which it finally settled, when the number was proclaimed aloud. Beside this apparatus there was painted on the green baize a table of various successive numbers, with divisions for odd and even, &c. on which the players deposited their various stakes. He who was in the compartment of the proclaimed number was a winner, and if he had singled out that individual one, which of course was of very rare occurrence, his deposit was doubled I know not how many times. The odd or even declared their own fate: they were lost or doubled. This altar of chance had but few votaries; and merely stopping a moment to admire the handsome decorations of the room, we passed on into the next.

This, whispered my companion, for there was a dead silence in the apartment, although the long table was entirely surrounded by people playing,—this is only the silver room; you may deposit here as low as a five franc piece: let us pass on to the next, where none play but those who will risk bank-notes or gold. Casting a passing glance at these comparatively humble gamesters, who were, however, all too deeply absorbed to move their eyes from the cards, I followed my conductor into the sanctuary of the gilded Mammon.

Here was a Rouge et Noir table, exactly like the one I had just quitted. In its centre was a profuse display of gold in bowls and rouleaus, with thick piles

of bank-notes, on either side of which sat a partner of the bank and an assistant, the dragon guards of this Hesperian fruit. An oblong square, painted on each end of the green table, exhibited three divisions; one for Rouge, another for Noir, and the centre was for the stakes of those who speculated upon the colour of the first and last card, with other ramifications of the art which it would be tedious to describe. Not one of the chairs around the table was unoccupied; and I observed that each banker and assistant was provided with a *rateau*, or rake, somewhat resembling a garden hoe, several of which were also dispersed about, that the respective winners might withdraw the gold without the objectionable intervention of fingers. When the stakes are all deposited, the dealer, one of the bankers in the centre, cries out—"Le jeu est fait," after which nothing can be added or withdrawn; and then taking a packet of cards from a basket full before him, he proceeds to deal. Thirty-one is the number of the game: the colour of the first card determines whether the first row be black or red: the dealer turns up till the numbers on the cards exceed thirty-one, when he lays down a second row in the same manner, and whichever is nearest to that amount is the winning row. If both come to the same, he cries "Après," and recommences with fresh cards; but if each division should turn up *thirty-one*, the bank takes half of the whole money deposited, as a forfeit from the players. In this consists their certain profit, which has been estimated at ten per cent. upon the total stakes. If the red loses, the banker on that

side rakes all the deposits into his treasury; if it wins, he throws down the number of Napoleons or notes necessary to cover the lodgments made by the players, each one of whom rakes off his prize, or leaves it for a fresh venture. E—— explained to me the functions of the different members of the establishment—the Inspector, the Croupier, the Tailleur, the Messieurs de la Chambre, &c.; and also the meaning of the ruled card and pins which every one held before him, consulting it with the greatest intenseness, and occasionally calling to the people in attendance for a fresh supply. This horoscope was divided by perpendicular lines into columns, headed with an alternate R. and N. for Rouge and Noir, and the pin is employed to perforate the card as each colour wins, as a groundwork for establishing some calculation in that elaborate delusion termed the doctrine of Chances. Some, having several of these records before them, closely pierced all over, were summing up the results upon paper, as if determined to play a game of chance without leaving any thing to hazard; and none seemed willing to adventure without having some species of sanction from the Sibylline leaves.

An involuntary sickness and loathing of heart came over me as I contemplated this scene, and observed the sofas in an adjoining room, which the Parisians, who turn every thing into a joke, have christened "the hospital for the wounded." There, thought I to myself, many a wretch has thrown himself down in anguish and despair of soul, cursing himself and the world with fearful imprecations, or blaspheming in

that silent bitterness of spirit which is more terrific than words. I contrasted the gaudy decorations and panelled mirrors that surrounded me with the smoky and blackened ceiling—sad evidence of the nocturnal lamps lighted up at the shrine of this Baal, and of the unhallowed worship prosecuted through the live-long night. Turning to the window, I beheld the sun shining from the bright blue sky; the rain was over, the birds were singing in the trees, and the leaves fluttering in the wind; the external gaiety giving the character of an appalling antithesis to the painful silence, immovable attitudes, and spell-bound looks of the care-worn figures within. One man, a German, was contending against a run of ill-luck with a dogged obstinacy that was obviously making deep inroads upon his purse and his peace; for though his face was invisible from being bent over his perforated card, the drops of perspiration standing upon his forehead betrayed the inward agitation. All the losers were struggling to suppress emotions, which still revealed themselves by the working of some disobedient muscle, the compression of the lips, the sardonic grin, or the glaring wrath of the eye; while the winners belied their assumed indifference by flushed cheeks and an expression of anxious triumph. Two or three forlorn operators, who had been *cleaned out*, as the phrase is, and condemned to idleness, were eyeing their more fortunate neighbours with a leer of malignant envy; while the bankers and their assistants, in the certainty of their profitable trade, exhibited a calm and watchful cunning, though their fea-

tures, pale and sodden, betrayed the effect of confinement, heated rooms, and midnight vigils. E—— informed me that the frequenters of these houses were authorized to call for refreshments of any description, but no one availed himself of the privilege; the "auri sacra fames," the pervading appetite of the place, had swallowed up every other. The very thought revolted me. What! eat and drink in this arena of the hateful passions; in this fatal room, from which many a suicide has rushed out to grasp the self-destroying pistol, or plunge into the darkness of the wave; in this room, which is denounced to heaven by the widow's tears and the orphan's maledictions! Revolving these thoughts in my mind, I surveyed once more the faces before me, and could not help exclaiming—What a hideous study of human nature!

"As we have employed so much time," said E——, "in taking the latitude or rather the longitude of these various phizzes, we shall be expected to venture something: I will throw down a Napoleon, as a sop to Cerberus, and will then convoy you home."—"Nay," replied I, "it was for my instruction we came hither; the lesson I have received is well worth the money, so put down this piece of gold, and let us be gone."—"Let us at least wait till we have lost it," he resumed; "and in the mean time we will take our places at the table." I felt that I blushed as I sat down, and was about to deposit my offering haphazard, when my companion stopped my hand, and, borrowing a perforated card, bade me remark, that the red and black had zig-zagged, or won alternately

for fourteen times; and that there had subsequently been a long run upon the black, which would now probably cross over to the other colour: from all which premises he deduced that I should venture upon the red; which I accordingly did, Sir Balaam's devil, who "now tempts by making rich, not making poor," was, I verily believe, hovering over my devoted head at that instant; my deposit was doubled, and I was preparing to decamp with my two Naps, when my adviser insisted upon my not baulking my luck, as there would probably be a run upon the red, and I suffered my stake to remain, and go on doubling until I had won ten or twelve times in succession. "Now," cried E——, "I should advise you to pocket the affront, and be satisfied." Adopting his counsel, I could hardly believe his assertion, or my own eyes, when he handed me over bank-notes to the amount of twenty thousand francs, observing that I had made a tolerably successful *début* for a beginner.

Returning home in some perturbation and astonishment of mind, I resolved to prepare a little surprise for my wife; and spreading the bank notes upon the table with as much display as possible, I told her, upon her entering the room, how I had won them; and inquiring whether Aladdin with his wonderful lamp could have spent two or three hours more profitably, I stated my intention of appropriating a portion of it to her use in the purchase of a handsome birth-day present. In a moment the blood rushed to her face, and as quickly receded, leaving it of an ashy paleness; when she spurned the notes from her, exclaiming with

a solemn terror, "I would as soon touch the forty pieces of silver for which Judas betrayed his master." Her penetrating head instantly saw the danger to which I had exposed myself, and her fond heart as quickly gave the alarm to her feelings; but in a few seconds she threw her arms around me, and ejaculated, as the tears ran down her cheek--"Forgive me, my dear Charles; pardon my vehemence, my ingratitude! I *have* a present to ask, a boon to implore—promise that you will grant it me!"—"Most willingly," I rejoined, "if it be in my power."—"Give me then your pledge never to play again."—"Cheerfully," continued I, for I had already formed that resolution. She kissed me with many affectionate thanks, adding that I had made her completely happy. I believe it, for at that moment I felt so myself.

Many men who are candid and upright in arguing with others, are the most faithless and jesuitical of casuists in chopping logic with themselves. Let no one trust his head in a contest with the heart; the former, suppressing or perverting whatever is disagreeable to the latter, will assume a demure and sincere conviction, while it has all along been playing booty, and furnishing weapons to its adversary. The will must be honest if we wish the judgment to be so. A tormenting itch for following up my good luck, as I termed it, set me upon devising excuses for violating my pledge to my wife, and no shuffling or quibbling was too contemptible for my purpose. I had promised never to play again—"*at that house;*" or if I had not actually said so, I meant to say so: there could be no

forfeiture of my word, therefore, if I went to another. Miserable sophistry! yet, wretched as it was, it satisfied my conscience for the moment,—so easily is a weak man deluded into criminal indulgence. Fortified with such valid arguments, I made my *début* at the Salon des Etrangers, and after a two hours' sitting, had the singular good luck to return home a winner of nearly as much as I had gained on the first day. Success for once made me moderate; in the humility of my prosperous play, I resolved only to continue till I had won ten thousand pounds, when I would communicate my adventures to my wife with a solemn abjuration of the pursuit in future; and as I considered myself in possession of the certain secret of winning whatever I pleased, I took credit to myself for my extreme moderation. From Frescati, the scene of my third attempt, by a lucky, or rather unlucky fatality, which my subsequent experience only renders the more wonderful, I retired with a sum exceeding the whole of my previous profits, when, like the tiger which is rendered insatiate by the taste of blood, I instantly became ravenous for larger riches; and, already repenting the paltry limitation of the day before, determined on proceeding until I had doubled its amount. Another day's luck, and even this would have been spurned, for neither Jonson's Sir Epicure Mammon, nor Massinger's Luke, nor Pope's Sir Balaam, underwent a more rapid development of the latent devils of ambition. Indistinct visions of grandeur floated before my eyes; my senses already seemed to be steeped in vague magnificence; and sleep present-

ing to me the same images through a magnifying glass, I went forth next morning to the accomplishment of my destiny with an exaltation of mind little short of delirium.

Weak and wicked reveries !—a single turn of Fortune's wheel reduced me, not to reason, but to an opposite extreme of mortification and despondence. A run of ill-luck swept away in one hour more than half my gains, and unfortunately losing my temper still faster than my money, I kept doubling my stakes in the blindness of my rage, and quitted the table at night, not only lightened of all my suddenly acquired wealth, but loser of a considerable sum besides. I could now judge by experience of the bitterness of soul that I had lately inflicted upon those who had lost what I had won, and inwardly cursed the pursuit whose gratifications could only spring from the miseries of others; but so far from abandoning this inevitable see-saw of wretchedness, I felt as if I had been defrauded of my just property, and burnt with the desire of taking my revenge. The heart-sickening detail of my infirmity, my reverses, and my misery, need not be followed up. Suffice it to say, that a passion, a fury, an actual phrenzy of play, absorbed every faculty of my soul: mine was worse than a Promethean fate; I was gnawed and devoured by an inward fire which nothing could allay. Alas! not even poverty and the want of materials could quench it. In my career of prosperity, I felt not the fraud I was practising upon my wife, for I meant to make my peace with ten or twenty thousand pounds in my hand,

and a sincere renunciation of gaming in my heart; but now that I was bringing ruin upon her and my children, the sense of my falsehood and treachery embittering the anguish of my losses, plunged me into an unutterable remorse and agony of soul. Still I wanted courage to make the fatal revelation, and at last only imparted it to her in the cowardice of impending disgrace.

Madame Deshoulières says very truly, that gamesters begin by being dupes and end by being knaves; and I am about to confirm it by an avowal to which nothing should have impelled me but the hope of deterring others by an exposure of my own delinquency. A female relation had remitted me seven hundred pounds to purchase into the French funds, with which sum in my pocket I unfortunately called at the Salon des Etrangers in my way to the stock-broker's, and my evil genius suggesting to me that there was a glorious opportunity of recovering my heavy losses, I snatched the notes from my pocket, threw them on the table just before the dealer began——and lost! Stunned by the blow, I went home in a state of calm despair, communicated the whole to my wife in as few words as possible, and ended by declaring that she was a beggar, and her husband disgraced for ever. "Not yet, my dear Charles," replied the generous woman, her eyes beaming with an affectionate forgiveness,—"not yet; we may still exclaim with the French King after the battle of Pavia, We have lost every thing but our honour;—and, while we retain *that*, our losses are but as a grain of sand. We may be depressed by

fortune, but we can only be disgraced by ourselves. As to this seven hundred pounds—take my jewels—they will sell for more than is required; and if our present misfortunes induce you to fly from Paris, and abandon this fatal pursuit, they will assuredly become the greatest blessings of our life."

No reproach ever passed her lips, or lingered in her eye; nor did I fail to observe the delicacy which, mingling up her own fate with mine, strove to soothe my feelings, by disguising my individual guilt under the cloak of a joint misfortune. Noble-minded woman! Mezentius himself could not have devised a more cruel fate than to tie thee to a soul so dead to shame, and so defunct in gratitude, as mine!

Will not the reader loath and detest me, even worse than I do myself, when I inform him, that in return for all this magnanimity I had the detestable baseness to linger in Paris, to haunt the gaming-table, to venture the wretched drainings of my purse in the *silver* room, to become an habitual borrower of paltry sums under pledges of repayment, which I knew I had not the means of redeeming, and to submit tamely to the indignity of palpable cuts from my acquaintance in the public streets? From frequently encountering at the salons, I had formed a slight friendship with Lord T——, Lord F——, Sir G—— W——, Colonel T——, and particularly with poor S——t, before he had consummated the ruin of his fine fortune, and debilitated his frame by paralysis brought on by anxiety; and I was upon terms of intimacy with others of my countrymen, who with various success, but much

more ample means than myself, were making offerings to the dæmon of *Rouge et Noir*. Should this brief memoir fall beneath the eye of any of my quondam friends, they may not impossibly derive benefit from its perusal: at all events they may be pleased to know that I have not forgotten their kindness. I am aware that I abused their assistance, and wore out their patience; but I never anticipated the horror to which the exhaustion of my own means, and the inability to extort more from others, would reduce me. The anguish of my losses, the misery of my degradation, the agony of mind with which I reflected upon my impoverished wife and family, were nothing, absolutely nothing, compared to the racking torment of being compelled to refrain from gambling. It sounds incredible, but it is strictly true. To sit at the table with empty pockets and see others playing, was absolutely insupportable. I envied even the heaviest losers—could I have found an antagonist, I would have gambled for an eye, an arm, a leg—for life itself. A thousand devils seemed to be gnawing at my heart —I believe I was mad—I even hope I was.

Yes; I have tasked myself to detail my moral degradation and utter prostration of character, with a fidelity worthy of Rousseau himself, and I feel it a duty not to shrink from my complete exposure. After a night passed in the state of mind I have been describing, in one of those haunts which I was justly entitled to denominate a Hell, I wandered out at daybreak towards the Pont de Jena, as if I could cool my parched lips and burning brain by the heavy

shower that was then falling. As the dripping rustics passed me on their market-horses, singing and whistling, their happiness, seeming to be a mockery of my wretchedness, filled me with malignant rage. By the time I had reached the bridge, the rain had ceased, the rising sun, glancing upon the river, threw a bloom over the woods in the direction of Sèvres and St. Cloud, and the birds were piping in the air. Ever a passionate admirer of Nature, her charms stole me for a moment from myself, but presently my thoughts reverting from the heaven without to the hell within, I gnashed my teeth, and fell back into a double bitterness and despair of soul.

I have always been a believer in sudden and irresistible impulses; an idea which will not appear ridiculous to those who are conversant with the records of crime. A portrait of Sarah Malcolm the murderess, which I had seen many years ago in the possession of Lord Mulgrave, leading me to the perusal of her trial and execution in the Newgate Calendar, induced me to give perfect credit to the averment, that the idea of the crime came suddenly into her head without the least solicitation, and that she felt driven forward to its accomplishment by some invisible power. Similar declarations from many other offenders offer abundant confirmation of the same fact; and it will be in the recollection of many, that the murderer of Mr. and Mrs. Bonar at Chiselhurst repeatedly declared that he had never dreamt of the enormity ten minutes before its commission, but that the thought suddenly rushed into his mind, and pushed him forward to the bloody

deed. Many people cannot look over a precipice without feeling tempted to throw themselves down: I know a most affectionate father who never approaches a window with his infant child without being haunted by solicitations to cast it into the street; and a gentleman of unimpeachable honour, who if he happens, in walking the highway, to see a note-case or handkerchief emerging from a passenger's pocket, is obliged to stop short or cross over the way, so vehemently does he feel impelled to withdraw them. These "toys of desperation," generated in the giddiness of the mind at the bare imagination of any horror, drive it to commit the reality as a relief from the fearful vision, upon the same principle that delinquents voluntarily deliver themselves up to justice, because death itself is less intolerable than the fear of it. Let it not be imagined that I am seeking to screen any of these unhappy men from the consequences of their hallucination; I am merely asserting a singular property of the mind, of which I myself am about to record a frightful confirmation.

Standing on the bridge, and turning away my looks from the landscape in that despair of heart which I have described, my downcast eyes fell upon the waters gliding placidly beneath me. They seemed to invite me to quench the burning fire with which I was consumed; the river whispered to me with a distinct utterance that peace and oblivion were to be found in its Lethean bed:—every muscle of my body was animated by an instant and insuperable impulse; and within half a minute from its first maddening sensa-

tion, I had climbed over the parapet, and plunged headlong into the water!—The gushing of waves in my ears, and the rapid flashing of innumerable lights before my eyes, are the last impressions I recollect. Into the circumstances of my preservation I never had the heart to inquire: when consciousness revisited me, I found myself lying upon my own bed, with my wife weeping beside me, though she instantly assumed a cheerful look, and told me that I had met with a dreadful accident, having fallen into the river when leaning over to examine some object beneath. That she knows the whole truth I am perfectly convinced, but we scrupulously avoid the subject, by an understood though unexpressed compact. It is added in her mind to the long catalogue of my offences, never to be alluded to, and, alas! never to be forgotten. She left my bedside for a moment to return with my children, who rushed up to me with a cry of joy; and as they contended for the first kiss, and inquired my health with glistening eyes, the cruelty, the atrocity of my cowardly attempt, struck with a withering remorse upon my heart.—O villain! villain!

INVOCATION TO THE CUCKOO.

O Pursuivant and Herald of the Spring!
Whether thou still dost dwell
In some rose-laurell'd dell
Of that charm'd Island, whose magician king
Bade all its rocks and caves,
Woods, winds, and waves,
Thrill to the dulcet chant of Ariel,
Until he broke the spell
And cast his wand into the shuddering sea,—
O hither, hither fleet,
Upon the south wind sweet,
And soothe us with thy vernal melody!

Or whether to the redolent Azores,
Amid whose tufted sheaves
The floral Goddess weaves
Her garland, breathing on the glades and shores
Intoxicating air,
Truant! thou dost repair:—
Or lingerest still in that meridian nest,
Where myriad piping throats
Rival the warbler's notes,
The saffron namesakes of those Islands blest,—
O hither, hither wing
Thy flight, and to our longing woodlands sing!

Or in those sea-girt gardens dost thou dwell,
Of plantain, cocoa, palm,
And that red tree whose balm
Fumed in the holocausts of Israel;
Beneath Banana shades,
Guava, and fig-tree glades,
Painting thy plumage in the sapphirine hue,
Thrown from the heron blue,

Or rays of the prismatic parroquet,—
O let the perfumed breeze
From those Hesperides
Waft thee once more our eager ears to greet!

For, lo! the young leaves flutter in the South,
As if they tried their wings,
While the bee's trumpet brings
News of each bud that pouts its honied mouth;
Blue-bells, yellow-cups, jonquils,
Lilies wild, and daffodils,
Gladden our meads in intertangled wreath:
The sun enamour'd lies,
Watching the violet's eyes
On every bank, and drinks their luscious breath:
With open lips the thorn
Proclaims that May is born,
And darest thou, bird of Spring, that summons scorn?

"Cuckoo! Cuckoo!" O welcome, welcome notes!
Fields, woods, and waves rejoice
In that recover'd voice,
As on the wind its fluty music floats.
At that elixir strain,
My youth resumes its reign,
And life's first Spring comes blossoming again:
O wondrous bird! if thus
Thy voice miraculous
Can renovate my spirit's vernal prime,
Nor thou, my Muse, forbear
That ecstasy to share,—
I laugh at Fortune, and defy old Time.

THE VILLAGE BELLS.

Funera plango; fulgura frango, Sabbata pango,
Excito lentos, dissipo ventos, paco cruentos.

Laudo Deum verum, plebem voco, conjugo clerum,
Defunctos ploro, pestem fugo, festa decoro.

Monkish Inscriptions on Bells.

I HAD wandered for a long time, one summer's morning, through the successive copses and thinly-wooded glades that constitute the remains of Sherwood Forest, pondering upon the days of old, when their deeper and more extensive shades echoed to the horn of Robin Hood, and that romantic outlaw might have started from the thickets through which I was strolling, clad in Lincoln green and accoutred with bow and arrow, to challenge me for intruding upon his leafy haunts; when I observed that the trees, growing gradually thinner, opened at length upon a small lawn, in the centre of which was a piece of water, dotted along its banks with a few straggling oaks. Throwing myself down upon its margin, I was struck with the marvellous transparency of the limpid element, which resembled a mirror spread out upon the grass, reflecting every object of this sequestered nook with a precision that actually confused apprehension by its very clearness. Never was so perfect a piece of mimicry. The blue depths of heaven, with the rich colours and majestic motion of the slowly-sailing clouds, were not only copied in the hemisphere

beneath me, but a goat, that had climbed an overhanging crag by my side, saw himself so perfectly represented below that he made every demonstration of attack with his butting head, as if preparing to leap down upon his shadowy opponent. A squirrel seemed to be running up to me out of the water upon the trunk of a reflected tree, upon whose extreme branches a thrush sat piping, as if singing to me from the bottom of the little lake. Other tenants of the air, as they fluttered above, were seen reflected in the wave beneath; while fishes now and then darted like meteors athwart these commingled birds and boughs and skies, as if the elements and their respective inhabitants were all confused together. As I perused this cross-reading of Nature with a complacent admiration, the rising breeze wafted towards me from a neighbouring village the melodious chime of its bells, with the echoes of which I had not only been familiar in my boyish days, but had often stolen into the belfry to awaken them myself, though I never merited the appellation of a scientific ringer. I turned my listless steps towards the church, as the sound died away upon the wind, and again at intervals threw its music upon the air, musing upon the almost-forgotten feelings with which I had listened to the same mellow tones in my childhood,—anticipating the period, now rapidly approaching, when I should lie in the earth beneath them, deaf to their loudest peals—and whispering to myself, in the beautiful words of Moore,

> "That other bards would walk these dells,
> And listen to the Sabbath bells;"—

when I fell into a train of thought upon the great sympathy and connexion that exists between these sonorous chroniclers and the public history of the country, as well as the successive stages and leading incidents of every man's private life.

In the absence of any other national music, let us not disdain to appropriate to ourselves that which is undoubtedly our exclusive property—the art of ringing changes upon church bells, whence England has been sometimes termed "the ringing island." Although it be simply a melody, the construction of regular peals is susceptible of considerable science, in the variety of interchange, and the diversified succession of consonances in the sounds produced. Many of them bear the names of their composers, who thus bid fair to be rung down to the latest posterity; and that the exercise of taking part in a peal has never been deemed an ignoble amusement, is attested by the fact, that we have several respectable associations for practising and perpetuating the art, particularly one known by the name of the College Youths, of which Sir Matthew Hale, Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, was, in his youthful days, a member. Exclusively of the delight arising from the melody itself as it floats along, gladdening hill and dale, tower and hamlet, what can be sweeter or more soothing than all the associations of thought connected with a merry peal of village bells? Announcing the Sabbath-morning—the common day of rest, when we all cease from our toils, they remind us that the humblest of those whose lot is labour, will now betake themselves in

decent garb and with cheerful looks to the Temple, where all the children of the Great Parent, without distinction of rank, assemble together to offer up their general thanksgivings. Nothing can be more natural than the words which Cowper has put into the mouth of Alexander Selkirk, to express the desolation and solitude of the uninhabited island on which he had been cast:

> "The sound of the church-going bell,
> These valleys and rocks never heard;
> Never sigh'd at the sound of a knell,
> Or smiled when a Sabbath appear'd."

Of all the public duties which bells are called upon to perform, the most puzzling and embarrassing must be the due apportionment of their fealty to the old and new monarch, when the former—dies, we were going to say, but kings never die;—when he ceases to reign, and is under the necessity of laying in the dust the head which has worn a crown. Death is a sad radical: Horace assures us, that even in his days it was a matter of perfect indifference to the ghastly destroyer, whether he aimed his dart at the towers of kings or the hovels of the peasantry; and in these revolutionary times we may be sure that he has lost nothing of his Carbonari spirit. Bells, however, acknowledge the authority of the powers that be; their suffrages obey the influence of the clergy, tolerably shrewd calculators of the most beneficial chances of loyalty, and yet the brazen mourners must sometimes be in a sad dilemma between their sorrow for the loss of the old and their joy at the accession of the new king. Like

Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy, we may imagine them quite at a loss which expression to assume, whether to toll a knell or ring a peal, or strike a serio-comic chord between the two. Affection for the dead might be construed into disaffection for the living, but a reigning sovereign has so much more power of patronage than a defunct one, that they generally obey the injunction of the royal Henry to his impatient heir,

> "Go, bid the merry bells ring to thine ear
> That thou art crowned, not that I am dead."

Could the bells of even this sequestered village church, said I to myself, recall to us with their iron tongues the various and often contradictory occasions when the passions of man have called forth their echoes, what a humiliating record of human nature would they present! Accession of king after king, public tumult and struggle, curfew and tocsin, civil and foreign war, victories and peace, generation upon generation knelled into the church-yard, and again a new king or a new war, and fresh victories and another peace, forming but a recommencement of the old circle of events, ever new and yet the same, ever passing away and recurring, in which Nature perpetually moves! Like all other public history, they would announce to us little but suffering and crime; for tranquillity, happiness, and virtue, seek not to be trumpeted forth by their brazen clarion: and even if they unfolded to us the annals of private life, how

often would they have to tell us of fleeting joys and enduring sorrows, of sanguine hopes and bitter disappointment!

Reaching the gate of the church-yard, as this reflection passed through my mind, the first monument I encountered was that of my relative Sir Ralph Wyvill. How well do I remember the morning of his marriage! The ringers loved him, for he would sometimes mingle in their sport. They pulled the ropes with the lusty and willing arms of men who had quaffed his ale and pocketed his money; the bells threw their wide mouths up into the air, and as they roared the glad tidings to the earth, till every hill-top echoed back the sound, they seemed to cry out to the Heavens—

> "Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
> And let your silver chime
> Move in melodious time,
> And let the base of Heaven's deep organ blow!"

From every octagon brick chimney of the ancient hall, wreaths of smoke streaked the clear sunshine,—cheerful evidence of the old English hospitality and the extensive preparations for the marriage-feast that were operating within:—friends and relatives were seen interchanging shakes of the hand and cordial congratulations; servants were bustling about in new liveries and huge nosegays;—the smart postilions, with white favours in their caps, were cracking their whips and their jokes at the gate;—the train of carriages, with be-ribboned and be-flowered coachmen, made a goodly

and glittering show;—gossips and rustics, in their holiday-clothes, clustered about the church-doors and windows;—

> "Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
> Nods and becks and wreathed smiles,"

flickered upon every countenance; and every tongue prophesied that the happy couple would be permanently blessed, for the bridegroom was young and rich, the maiden fond and fair. Such, however, are the predictions with which every wedding is solemnized; and if the flattering visions of the future prove too often illusory, it is to be attributed to the general lot of humanity, rather than to any inherent defects in the marriage system.

Although he seemed to possess all the constituents of conjugal happiness, the sanguine auguries of Sir Ralph's friends were speedily falsified; he parted from his wife, and returned with new ardour to his first-loves—the bottle and the chase. On his wedding-day I had seen him, in this very church-yard, step from his carriage flushed with youth and vigour, an elastic specimen of manly beauty. Living to see him crippled, gouty, and infirm, I at last beheld him borne once more to this same spot; and methinks I now hear the deepest-mouthed of those very bells that had rung out such a merry peal on his marriage, "swinging slow with solemn roar" its sad and solitary toll for his burial—Dong! dong! dong! dong!—What a contrast did the scene present! Every shutter was closed in the windows of the old hall—its chimneys

were cold and smokeless—the whole house looked forlorn and desolate, as if there were no living thing within it. The once jovial master of the ancient mansion was borne slowly from its gate beneath the sable plumes of a hearse; the gay carriage and the four noble horses, of which he was so proud, followed, as if in mockery of his present state, the servants attesting, by better evidence than their mourning liveries, the sincerity of their grief; a sad procession of coaches with the customary trappings of woe brought up the rear: sorrow was upon every face; the villagers spoke to one another in whispers; a hushing silence reigned among the assemblage, only broken by the deep toll of the passing bell; and thus did I follow the body to the family sepulchre, and heard the hollow rattling of the sand and gravel as they were cast down upon the coffin-lid of the corpse that was once Sir Ralph Wyvill.

There is not a dell or cover, a woodland or plain, for many miles around, that has not echoed to his Stentorian view-hallo! nay, even the church itself and hollow mansions of the dead, for he was no respecter of localities, have rung with the same cry. Where is that tongue now? The huntsman might wind his horn, the whole pack give cry, and the whole field unite their shouts at the very mouth of his vault, without awakening the keen sportsman who sleeps in its deep darkness. That tongue, whose loud smack pronounced a fiat upon claret, from which there was no appeal—what is it now?—a banquet for the worm until both shall be reconverted into dust. And pe-

haps, ere those bells shall have rung in another new year, and awakened a new race of candidates for the grave, the hand that traces these thoughts, and the eye that reads them, may be laid also in the earth, withered—decompounded—dust!

BEGGARS EXTRAORDINARY!

PROPOSALS FOR THEIR SUPPRESSION.

I'm bubbled, I'm bubbled,
Oh, how I am troubled,
Bamboozled and bit!

Beggar's Opera.

Salve magna parens! All hail to the parent Society for the Suppression of Mendicity!—so far from impugning its merits, I would applaud them to the very echo that should applaud again, always thanking Heaven that it was not established before the days of Homer, Belisarius, and Bampfylde Moore Carew, in which case we should have had three useful fictions the less, and lost three illustrations that have done yeoman's service, in pointing many a moral, and tagging as many tales. That I reverence the existing Association, and duly appreciate its benevolent exertions, is best evidenced by my proposal for a Branch or Subsidiary Company, not to interfere with duties already so fully and zealously discharged, but to take

cognizance of various classes of sturdy beggars who do not come within the professed range of the original Institution. Mendicity is not confined to the asking of alms in the public streets; it is not the exclusive profession of rags and wretchedness, of the cripple and the crone, but is openly practised by able-bodied and well-dressed vagrants of both sexes, who, eluding the letter of the law while they violate its spirit, call loudly for the interference of some such repressive establishment as that which I am now advocating. When I inform the reader that I live by my wits, he will at once comprehend the tenuity of my circumstances; and when I hint that I enact the good Samaritan to the best of my slender ability, in all such cases as fall within my own observation, he will not wonder that I should wish to provide some sort of amateur Bridewell for such personages as my neighbour Miss Spriggins.

This lady is universally acknowledged to be one of the very best creatures in the world, which is the reason, I suppose, why she never married, there being no instance, out of the records of Dunmow, of any wife of that description. Her unoccupied time and affections followed the usual routine in such cases made and provided; that is to say, she became successively a bird-breeder, a dog-fancier, a blue-stocking, and lastly, the Lady Bountiful, not of our village only, (that I could tolerate,) but of the whole district; in which capacity she constitutes a central depôt for all the misfortunes that really happen, and a great many of those that do not. Scarcely a week elapses that she

does not call upon me with a heart-rending account of a poor old woman who has lost her cow, a small farmer whose haystack has been burnt down, a shopkeeper whose premises have been robbed of his whole stock, or a widow who has been left with seven small children, the eldest only six years old, and that one a cripple, and the poor mother likely to add to the number in a few weeks; upon which occasions the subscription list is produced, beginning with the name of Sir David Dewlap, the great army contractor, and followed by those of nabobs, bankers, merchants, and brokers, (for I live but a few miles westward of London,) by whom a few pounds of money can no more be missed from their pockets, than the same quantity of fat from their sides. My visitant, knowing the state of my purse, is kind enough to point out to my observation that some have given so low as a half-sovereign; but then she provokingly adds, that even Mr. Tag, a brother-scribbler in the village, has put his name down for ten shillings, and surely a person of my superior talents——. Here she smirks, and bows, and leaves off; and, partly in payment for her compliment, partly to prove that I can write twice as well as Mr. Tag, I find it impossible to effect my ransom for less than a sovereign. Thus does this good creature torment me in every possible way: first, by bringing my feelings in contact with all the miseries that have occurred or been trumped up in the whole county; and secondly, by compelling me to disbursements which I am conscious I cannot afford. Nor have I even the common consolations of charity;

for, feeling that I bestow my money with an ill-will, from false pride or pique; I accuse myself at once of vanity and meanness, of penury and extravagance. This most worthy nuisance and insatiable beggar is the very first person I should recommend to the notice of the proposed Society; and I hope they will be quick, or I shall myself be upon her list. *I* shall be soon suppressed, if she is not.

That the clergyman of the parish should put me in spiritual jeopardy whenever he preaches a charity sermon, threatening me with all sorts of cremation if I do not properly contribute to the collection, is a process to which I can submit patiently;—for though his fulminations may be alarming, his is not the power that can enforce them. But I do hold it to be a downright breach of the peace, that Sir David Dewlap aforesaid, and Doctor Allbury, should take their station on each side of the church-door, thrusting in one's face a silver plate, in such cases quite as intimidating as a pistol, and exclaiming in looks and actions, if not in words—"Stand and deliver!" The former is the bashaw of the village, whose fiat can influence the reception or exclusion of all those who mix in the better sort of society, while his custom can mar or make half the shopkeepers of the place. The latter is our principal house-proprietor, and really quarter-day comes round so excessively quick, that it is never quite convenient to be out of the good graces of one's landlord. It is precisely on account of the undue influence they can thus exercise, that they undertake this species of legal extortion and rob-

bery, for it deserves no better name. Is it not as bad to put us in mental or financial, as in bodily fear? and is it not a greater offence when practised on the Lord's highway—(the churchyard), than even on the King's? Every farthing thus given, beyond what would otherwise have been bestowed, is so much swindled out of our pockets, or torn from us by intimidation, unless we admit the possibility of compulsory free-will offerings. I am a Falstaff, and hate to give money, any more than reasons, upon compulsion: I submit, indeed, but it is an involuntary acquiescence. The end, I may be told, sanctifies the means: charity covereth a multitude of sins;—true: but undue influence and extortion on the one side, hypocrisy and heart-burning on the other—these are not charity, nor do they hold any affinity with that virtue, whose quality is not strained, "but droppeth as the gentle dew from heaven." Does the reader recollect a fine old grizzle-headed Silenus-faced demi-Hercules of a cripple, who, with short crutches, and his limbless trunk on a kind of sledge, used to shovel briskly along the streets of London? Disdaining to ask an alms, this counterpart of the Elgin Theseus would glance downwards at his own mutilated form, and upwards at the perfect one of the passengers, to whom he left it to draw the inference; and if this silent appeal failed to extract even a sympathising look, he would sometimes, in the waywardness of his mighty heart, wish "that the Devil might have them," (as who shall say he will not?) In his paternal pride, he had sworn to give a certain sum as a marriage-portion to his

daughter; it was nearly accomplished, and he was stumping his painful rounds for its completion, when he was assailed by certain myrmidons as a vagabond, and, after a Nemæan resistance, was laid in durance vile. Was not *his* an end that might indeed sanctify the means? And shall a man like this be held a beggar by construction, when such symbolic mendicants and typical pickpockets as Sir David Dewlap and Doctor Allbury may hold their plates at our throats, and rob us with impunity? No—if I have any influence with the new Society, one of its earliest acts shall be the commitment of these Corinthian caterers to Bridewell, that they may dance a week's saraband together to the dainty measure of the Tread-Mill.

There is another class of eleemosynaries, who would be indignant at the appellation of Almsmen, since they make an attack upon your purse under the independent profession of *Borrowers*, while they are most valorous professors also (but most pusillanimous performers) of repayment. If they be gentry of whom one would fairly be quit for ever, I usually follow the Vicar of Wakefield's prescription, who was accustomed to lend a great coat to one, an old horse to a second, a few pounds to a third, and seldom was troubled by their reappearance. If they be indifferent parties, whom one may reasonably hope to fob off with banter and evasion, I quote to them from Shakspeare—

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry."

Be they matter-of-fact fellows, who apprehend not a joke, I shew them my empty purse, which, Heaven knows, is no joke to me, while it is the best of all arguments to them. But be they men of pith and promise, friends whom I well esteem and would long preserve, I refuse them at once; for these are companions whom I cannot afford to lose, and whom a loan would not long allow me to keep. Those who may be cooled by a refusal would have been alienated by an acquiescence. Friendship, to be permanent, must be perfectly independent; for such is the pride of the human heart, that it cannot receive a favour without a feeling of humiliation, and it will almost unconsciously harbour a constant wish to lower the value of the gift by diminishing that of the donor. Ingratitude is an effort to recover our own esteem by getting rid of our esteem for a benefactor; and when once self-love opposes our love of another, it soon vanquishes its adversary. We esteem benefactors as we do tooth-drawers, who have cured us of one pain by inflicting another. For the rich I am laying down no rules; they may afford to lose their friends as well as money, for they can command more of each; we who stand under the frown of Plutus must be economists of both, and it is for the benefit of such classes that I would have the whole brotherhood of mendicants, calling themselves borrowers, sentenced to the House of Correction—not till they had paid their debts, for that would be equivalent to perpetual imprisonment, but until they had sincerely forgiven their old friends for lending them money, and placed them-

selves in a situation to acquire new ones by a promise never to borrow any more.

A fourth description of beggars, not less pestilent in their visitations, are the fellows who are constantly coming to beg that you will lend them a book, which they will faithfully return in eight or ten days, for which you may substitute *years*, and be no nearer to the recovery of your property. It is above that period since some of my friends have *begged* the second volume of Tom Brown's Works, the first of Bayle's Dictionary, Phineas Fletcher's Purple Island, and various others, whose absence creates many a "hiatus valde deflendus" in my bookshelves, which, like so many open mouths, cry aloud to heaven against the purloiners of odd volumes and the decimators of sets. Books are a sort of *feræ naturæ* to these poachers that have "nulla vestigia retrorsum;" they pretend to have forgotten where they borrowed them, and then claim them as strays and waifs. You may know the number of a man's friends by the vacancies in his library; and if he be one of the best fellows in the world, his shelves will assuredly be empty. Possession is held to be nine points in law, but with friends of this class unlawful possession is the best of all titles; for print obliterates property, *meum* and *tuum* cannot be bound up in calf or morocco, and honour and honesty cease to be obligatory in all matters of odd volumes. Beggars of this quality might with great propriety be sent to the counting-houses of the different prisons and penitentiaries, where their literary abilities might be rendered avail-

able by employing them as *book-keepers*, a business in which they have already exhibited so much proficiency. One day for every octavo, two for a quarto, and three for every folio, of which they could not give a satisfactory account, would probably be deemed an adequate punishment.

The last species of mendicants whom I should recommend to the new Suppression Society, and whom, judging by my own experience, I should pronounce the most importunate and unreasonable of any, are the young and old ladies, from the boarding-school Miss to the Dowager Blue-stocking, who, in the present rage for albums and autographs, ferret out all unfortunate writers, from the Great Unknown, whom every body knows, down to the illustrious obscure whom nobody knows, and beg them—just to write a few lines for insertion in their repository. If they will even throw out baits to induce so mere a minnow as myself to nibble at a line, what must they do for the Tritons and Leviathans of literature! Friends, aunts, cousins, neighbours, all are put in requisition, and made successively bearers of the neat morocco-bound begging-book. Surely, Mr. Higginbotham, you will not refuse *me*, when I know you granted the same favour to Miss Barnacles, Miss Scroggs, Mrs. Scribbleton, and many others. Besides, it is so easy for *you* to compose a few stanzas!—Gadzooks! these folks seem to think one can write sense as fast as they talk nonsense—that poetry comes spontaneously to the mouth, as if we were born improvisatori, and could not help ourselves. I believe,

however, that few will take the trouble to read that which has not occasioned some trouble to write; and even if their supposition were true, we have the authority of Dr. Johnson for declaring that no one likes to give away that by which he lives:—"You, Sir," said he, turning to Thrale, "would rather give away money than beer." And to come a-begging of such impoverished wits as mine—*Corpo di Bacco!* it is robbing the Spittal—putting their hands in the poor-box—taking that "which naught enricheth them, and makes me poor indeed"—doing their best to create a vacuum, which Nature abhors: and as to assuming that compliance costs nothing, this is the worst mendicity of all, for it is even begging the question. No, I cannot recommend to the new Society any extension of indulgence towards offenders of this class. The ladies, old and young, should be condemned to Bridewell, (not that I mean any play upon the word,) there to be dieted upon bread and water until they had completely filled one another's albums with poetry of their own composing; after which process, I believe they might be turned loose upon society without danger of their resuming the trade of begging. Other mendicant nuisances occur to me, for whose suppression the proposed Institution would be held responsible; but I have filled my limits for the present, and shall therefore leave them to form the subject of a future communication.

THE BOURSE AT PARIS.

ENGLAND AND FRANCE.—BUYING A BONNET.

Plant. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance;
The truth appears so naked on my side,
That any purblind eye may find it out.
Somer. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.
Henry VIth.

ENTERING lately the temporary enclosure that runs round the new Exchange at Paris, I stood before the noble front on which the words "Tribunal de Commerce" have been inscribed, deeply penetrated with the simple, I had almost said sublime, grandeur of the building, musing on the past time, when the Parthenon was not less fresh and perfect, and throwing my thoughts forward into the future, when the majestic and stupendous temple before me (for such, indeed, it seems) should be ruinous and dilapidated as that which is now mouldering away upon the Athenian Acropolis, when a brown-visaged keen-eyed Parisian, of that shabby-genteel class which abounds in this capital, having a ragged hat, long surtout, and the ribbon of the Legion d'Honneur in his button-hole, walked up to me with an easy courtesy, took off his superannuated hat, presented his snuff-box, and on the strength of this unceremonious intro-

duction exclaimed—" Eh bien! Monsieur, vous conviendrez qu'il n'y a rien de si magnifique à Londres." Now, as I saw that this unexpected acquaintance meant to compliment his own sagacity by his instant discovery that I was an Englishman, and his nationality by vaunting the superiority of his building, I retorted in the usual way; that is to say, by exhibiting the same feeling in myself which I condemned in him: so I replied, with something like a sneer—" O yes, it must be confessed that Paris has a fine Exchange and no trade: we have nothing at London but the wealth and the commerce." So far from being hurt at this division, my colloquist received it as a compliment, made me a smiling bow, and exclaimed complacently, "Oui, c'est ça!" and, as I really felt somewhat ashamed of my speech, I determined to listen to him patiently in the future remarks with which he threatened to favour me. "It is not altogether Corinthian, nor yet Ionic," continued he, looking up at the capitals of the pillars; and then, with a conclusive nod of his head, he pronounced—" in fact, it is in the very best French style." This reminded me of the worthy Friar who, being asked, after having vaunted the architecture of his monastery, in what order it was built, replied—" In the order of St. Dominic:" but I seemed to assent to the position of my informant, who proceeded to declare that the ancient statuary and painting assembled in the Louvre in the time of the Emperor was the finest collection that the world had ever witnessed, and did more honour than all his victories to the name of that —— (here he

looked round, and observing that no one was near, concluded) —— to the name of that truly great man.

"And yet," I observed, "though you retained all these masterpieces of art for so many years, not the smallest traces of their influence are perceptible in the modern French school either of sculpture or painting."

"That may very well be; for, though they were invaluable as specimens of what antiquity could do, you will certainly admit" (this is the invariable phrase of a Frenchman when he is making a monstrous assertion) "that we already possessed, among our own artists, modern works of an infinitely superior standard:" and then he twanged through his nose a long list of the illustrious obscure among his compatriots; recapitulated a catalogue of sprawling, theatrical, operatical figures, which, in his estimation, eclipsed the Venus, Apollo, and Laocoon; and triumphantly referred to David's pictures in the Luxembourg, as the *ne plus ultra* of the art. O! said I to myself, if this man is to be taken as a sample of his nation, I see clearly enough why their spirit has never been imbued with one single emanation from the fountains of ancient light: enveloped in a cloud of national vanity through which nothing can penetrate, they talk perpetually of the fine age of Louis the Fourteenth; and though their whole literature and art be but a succession of imitations from the models of that period, each balder and more vapid than the last, they imagine that they are advancing upon all the world, when in fact they are even receding from

themselves. Instead of crossing and invigorating the race by an admission from any classical or foreign stock, they have been breeding *in and in*, as the farmers say, and the consequences are the same in the world of Art as in that of Nature,—exhaustion, deterioration, and decay.

Mistaking my silence for acquiescence, my loquacious friend continued, with a nod of still greater satisfaction—"In fact, you must admit that all the recent discoveries, whether useful or ornamental, all that contributes to the instruction, health, comfort, or civilization of mankind, has originated in France." This was somewhat too swingeing a mouthful to be gulped down. "We, too," said I, "may claim some little merit of this sort in the last few years; and though I cannot, thus suddenly, recollect a tithe of the benefits we have conferred upon the world, I do remember that, during a war of unexampled extent and severity, we translated the Scriptures, at an immense expense, into almost all the languages of the earth, distributing annually many millions of copies (some thousands of which were bestowed upon France herself), as the most effectual means of promoting human happiness and civilization." Hereupon my auditor arched up his eye-brows until his forehead became thickly engraved with consecutive wrinkles, raised the corners of his nose in bitter scorn, gave a loud tap upon his snuff-box, and delivered himself of almost contemptuous "Bah!"

"Perhaps I should have previously mentioned," continued I, "that by the system of our countrymen

Bell and Lancaster, for the explanation and adoption of which we dispersed emissaries throughout Europe, the blessings of education have been almost universally diffused; and we may flatter ourselves to have done more, by this single discovery, towards the amelioration of human destiny, than has been hitherto achieved by all the philanthropists that ever existed."

"Ah, oui, sans doute!—C'est l'enseignement mutuel; mais nous autres, nous avons cela aussi; vous en verrez des écoles partout."

"Very likely, but you borrowed them all from us. Then, without minutely adverting to our innumerable discoveries and improvements in mechanics, particularly in the steam-engine, by which the painful employment of human and animal muscles, as a means of power, promises to be almost superseded, and by whose superior economy the comforts and even luxuries of life are placed within the reach and enjoyment of the humblest classes, I would submit that the highest combinations of science were never blended with more practical and beneficial results, than by Sir Humphrey Davy in the invention of the safety-lamp."

"A la bonne heure! Parbleu!" exclaimed my companion; "if we had had as many mines and as much bad air as you, we should have invented this long ago."

"Having noticed," said I, "one or two of the benefits we have conferred upon European society, let me not omit to mention, that whatever may have been the motives for extending our empire in Asia, its result has brought sixty millions of natives under a mild and

equitable system of government, that forms a striking contrast to the barbarous and ferocious dynasties of its predecessors, and is rapidly advancing the civilization of its subjects:—while in Africa we have, as far as our power extended, blessed, pacified, and humanized the whole country by the suppression of the slave-trade—a voluntary sacrifice which can only be duly appreciated by recollecting that we were the greatest Colonial power in the world. Nay, we even purchased or negotiated its abolition by other Governments; though I have understood, Sir, that your countrymen have not yet entirely relinquished the traffic."

"The Emperor, on his return from Elba, pledged himself to its suppression; but as to these"——here my companion again looked suspiciously round, and observing a *marchand de coco* at a little distance, he shrugged up his shoulders, gave me a significant look, and took a pinch of snuff.

"It may be doubted," I resumed, "whether we have done more for the minds or bodies, for the intellectual or physical health of our contemporaries; for, while we have been widely diffusing moral improvement, we have, by the introduction of vaccination, laid a basis for speedily extirpating the greatest foe to beauty and life with which humanity was ever afflicted. This discovery, too, with an indefatigable philanthropy, we gratuitously disseminated through the world, without distinction of friend or foe; and the striking diminution of mortality among children, wherever it has been practised, is the best proof of its importance."

"Pour moi, Monsieur, je vous avouerai franchement que je préfère l'inóculation. Que diable! qu'avons-nous à faire avec les vaches?"

"These," continued I, without noticing his philosophical question, "are such of the benefits bestowed upon mankind of late years as more immediately occur to me. I might mention our literature, which, by its unexampled fertility and excellence, supplies sources of gratification to all Europe, and to France in even a greater proportion than her native founts; but your country has doubtless many claims of the kind I have been enumerating, and as they have really escaped my notice, I shall feel sincerely obliged by your enabling me to recall them."

"Parbleu! Monsieur," replied my confabulist, buttoning up his coat with an air of ruffled majesty, "Ce n'est pas là peine, car vous conviendrez," (here I expected a bouncer)—"you will admit that in the greatest of all arts, that of war, we have conquered all Europe."—"Even if this were quite accurate," said I, "so far from its affording any proof of the benefits you have conferred, I should rather adduce it as a striking evidence of the contrary; but, unless we have been grievously deceived, you were somewhat discomfited in Russia."

"Ah! oui—c'est clair: mais c'étoit le froid, le climat; on ne fait pas la guerre aux élémens."—"And if any faith is to be given to public documents," I pursued, "you do not reckon among your victories many triumphs over the British arms. By sea you do not, probably, claim any; and I believe

the result was not very dissimilar upon *terra firma*, from St. Jean d'Acre to Maida, and Egypt, and all through the peninsular war down to Waterloo."

"Eh, Dieu! que voulez-vous? perhaps we are not invincible; but whenever we have been beaten, it has been by superior numbers or treachery."——"It would be but fair to grant the same excuse to the adversaries of France," said I; "in which case her triumphs would reduce themselves to numerical superiority, or more extensive seduction."

"Allez, Monsieur, je vous convaincrai en deux mots que la France ——mais voyez-vous, il va tomber de l'eau—excusez—j'ai l'honneur de vous saluer." So saying, he raised his venerable hat perpendicularly from his head, replaced it, made me a bow, and shuffled away at a dog-trot. The rain in fact beginning to fall, I removed to the corner of the Passage Feydeau, beside the *marchand de coco* aforementioned, at whose back was suspended a tin cylinder, decorated so as to resemble a little tower, from the three divisions of which respective tubes, brought round to his front, and furnished with syphons, enabled him to draw off into a polished cup, beer, lemonade, or liquorice-water, according to the taste, or rather the want of it, in his customers. This figure, who was in conversation with a shoeblack in a cocked hat and monstrous plaited pigtail, on the subject of the new bronze figure lately set up in the Place des Victoires, occasionally broke off to bawl out, "Qu'est-ce qui désire à boire—à boire—à boire?" and then earnestly resumed his discussion upon the work of art, which was shortly interrupted

by the approach of a small party, apparently not long imported from the banks of the Thames. It consisted of three persons; a lady who, besides the evidence of a fair and flushed face, presented a legitimate specimen of what the French term "*la tournure Hollandaise des Anglaises;*" her husband, dressed in a frock-coat, and those two rare articles in Paris—a pair of clean yellow gloves, and a smooth well-brushed hat, seemingly very unhappy lest he should lose a spaniel that was following them; and a little girl of twelve or thirteen, who was devouring, with laudable diligence, a huge *brioche* which she had just bought. The second of these personages, addressing himself to the shoeblack and coco-merchant, exclaimed, "I say—quel est le chemin à Vivienne Street?" In answer to which they severally interjected "Comment?" and "Plait-il, Monsieur?" looking up to him with a vacant astonishment, when I came forward and informed him that he was then at the beginning of the Rue Vivienne. A loud whistle, and the cry of "Carlo! Carlo!" were my thanks: the party, after proceeding a little way down the street, turned into a milliner's shop, and, as the rain began to increase to a smart shower, I followed them in, well knowing the courtesy of the Parisian shopkeepers upon these occasions.

Taking a chair by the door, I overheard my countryfolks at the other end proceeding to purchase a bonnet; in which treaty the young lady, on the strength of having learnt French for several years at a Chelsea boarding-school, was put forward as princi-

pal negotiator. Of the poor girl's accent I can only say, that it was worthy the French, which she began as follows:—"Nous besoinons, s'il vous plait, un bonnet."—This word unfortunately signifies a cap, several of which the *marchande des modes* proceeded to place before them, ejaculating at the same time—"Comme elle parle bien François! c'est étonnant! Mais, voyez donc, Zoe, Celestine, Hippolyte, voyez comme elle a bonne mine!" and "Comme elle est gentille!" was echoed by the smiling demoiselles aforesaid. By pointing to some bonnets in the window, the young lady, whose name I found was Harriet, explained the object of their visit, observing at the same time that it was excessively stupid of the woman, for of course "*bonnet*" must mean bonnet; and declaring that, in her opinion, the Parisians in general spoke very bad French, not at all like Mrs. Harrison at Chelsea. Carlo, meanwhile, was whisking about among the young ladies, who, in various tones and attitudes of mincing terror exclaimed, "Est-il sage?" "They want to know if he is wise, Papa," said the daughter. —"Wise! no; what the deuce, do they take him for Munito?" Miss Harriet gave them a negative reply, when their consternation expressed itself by simultaneous exclamations of "Eh Dieu! il n'est pas sage! —va-t-en!—ôtes-toi de là!—O Ciel!" and "Méchante bête!" until a whistle from his master brought him crouching to his feet, and relieved them from their apprehensions. The young interpreter now returned a bonnet which had been pressed upon their acceptance, with the observation—"Maman dit que ceci

n'est pas un bon un," and would have added that she wanted one lined with pink, but declared her ignorance of the French for "lined" and "pink;" whereat her father expressed some indignation, observing that it was a dead take-in of Mrs. Harrison to make him pay so much for French, and he always paid her bills regularly, when the child knew no more of it than the Pope of Rome. Signs—that cheap and convenient language which one may learn without Mrs. Harrison—supplied the defect, and the *marchande* produced a bonnet "doublé en couleur de rose," exclaiming, "Ah! celui-ci vous siéra bien," and pretending to be in raptures as she tried it on, she ejaculated, "Voyez, donc, Anastasie, Cassandre, Flavie, Hortense, comme ça va bien à Madame!" when the demoiselles respectively interjected, "C'est gentil—c'est joli—c'est charmant—c'est distingué!" This was decisive; the bonnet was selected, the husband put his purse upon the counter, and at the same moment Carlo, rising on his hind legs, as if to overlook the settlement, deposited his front paws on two pieces of white satin, leaving upon each a large sample of the black liquid mud collected in the kennels of the Rue Vivienne.

Fresh exclamations were occasioned by this accident, and Miss Harriet was made to understand, with some difficulty, that it was necessary to take a yard of each piece. "Combien l'aune?" inquired the father, who had accomplished that extent of French. "Monsieur, cette pièce se vend à sept francs, et celle-ci à neuf;" which words she pronounced, as customary, *sé* and

new. "How much is that, Harriet?" "I 'm sure I don't know, Papa; she says one piece is new."—"Well, well, we all know that; but how much is *se'*?"—"Indeed, Papa, there is no such a number in Chambaud, nor Wanostrocht's Grammar, and they've no right to invent words in that way." Papa shook his head, and began a new abuse of Mrs. Harrison; the *marchande* explained the price by uplifted fingers; the former objected to taking more than half an *aune;* Harriet exclaimed—"Vous faut couper une demi;" and, as I was in momentary apprehension of being appealed to by one or other of the parties, which I knew would entail a colloquy for which I had no time to spare, I made my bow of thanks, and hurried out of the shop, leaving the *marchande des modes*, Papa, Mamma, Miss Harriet, and Carlo, to settle the dispute in the best manner they could.

MEMOIRS OF A HAUNCH OF MUTTON.

"I, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you; so you may continue and laugh at nothing still."—*The Tempest.*

THIS is the age for Memoirs, particularly of royalty. Napoleon is making almost as much noise after his death as he did in his life-time; Marie Antoinette, by the assistance of Madame de Campan, has obtained a revival of her notoriety; and Louis Dix-huit has

effected his escape to Coblentz only to fall into the claws of the critics, by proving that every king is not a Solomon. This epidemic is understood to be spreading among the rulers of the earth, and several of the London booksellers have already started for different capitals of Europe, for the purpose, it is said, of treating with crowned authors. Fortunately there is no royal road to biography, any more than to geometry; tho right divine does not include all the good writing, nor has legitimacy any exclusive alliance with Priscian. Men who have brains inside may scribble as well as those who have crowns outside; beggars and thieves have given their own lives to the public; nay, even things inanimate—a wonderful lamp, a splendid shilling, a guinea, have found historians; why then should the lords of the creation have all the Memoirs to themselves? or why may not we immortalise "The Haunch of Mutton?" which, for aught that appears to the contrary, may claim a rectilinear descent from the Royal Ram eternized by Mother Bunch, and so be entitled to rank with the best imperial or kingly records that are now issuing from the Row. Into this investigation, curious as it would be, it is not my purpose to enter; it would be irrelevant to my title, which has only reference to sheep after they are dead, and designated as mutton; but I cannot refrain from noticing that, even in this point of view, the subject I have chosen is poetical; for a poet, like a Merino or South Down, is annually fleeced and sheared, and at last cut up by the critical dissectors: but he is no sooner dead than he acquires a new name; we sit down

to his perusal with great satisfaction, make repeated extracts which we find entirely to our taste, and talk complacently of his rich vein, ready flow, his sweetness, tenderness, and so forth.

Suffice it to say, that the sheep from which our hero, *i. e.* our haunch, was cut, drew breath in the pastures of Farmer Blewett, of Sussex, whose brother, Mr. William Blewett, (commonly called Billy), of Great St. Helen's, in the city of London, is one of the most eminent Indigo-brokers in the Metropolis. The farmer having a son fourteen years of age, whom he was anxious to place in the counting-house of the said Billy, very prudently began by filling his brother's mouth before he opened his own, and had accordingly sent him an enormous turkey at Christmas, a side of fat bacon at Easter, and at Midsummer the identical haunch of South Down mutton whose dissection and demolition we have undertaken to immortalize. Ever attentive to the main chance, the broker began to calculate that if he asked three or four friends to dine with him he could only eat mutton for one, while he would have to find wine for the whole party; whereas, if he presented it to Alderman Sir Peter Pumpkin, of Broad-street, who was a dear lover of good mutton, and had besides lately received a consignment of Indigo of which he was anxious to propitiate the brokerage, he might not only succeed in that object, but be probably asked to dinner, get his full share of the haunch, and drink that wine which he preferred to all others—*videlicet*, that which he tippled at other people's expense. Whether

or not he succeeded in the former aim, our documents do not testify; but certain it is, that he was invited to partake of the haunch in Broad-street, (not being deemed a presentable personage at the Baronet's establishment in Devonshire-place); Mr. Robert Rule, Sir Peter's book-keeper and head clerk, who presided over the City household, was asked to meet him, as well as his nephew, Mr. Henry Pumpkin, a young collegian, whose affection for his uncle induced him to run up to London whenever his purse became attenuated, and who, in his progress towards qualifying himself for the church, had already learnt to tie a cravat, drive a tandem, drink claret, and make bad puns. Four persons, as the Baronet observed, were quite enough for a haunch of mutton, and too many for one of venison.

"I shouldn't have waited for you, Harry," exclaimed the Baronet, as his nephew entered. "No occasion, Sir; I am always punctual—Boileau says, that the time a man makes a company wait for him is always spent in discovering his faults."—"Does he? then he's a sensible fellow; and if he's a friend of yours, you might have brought him to dinner with you.—But you needn't have made yourself such a dandy, Harry, merely to dine at the counting-house."—"Why, Sir, as I expected the dinner to be well dressed for me, I thought I could not do less than return the compliment."—"Ha! ha! ha! do you hear that, Billy?—not a bad one, was it? Egad, Harry doesn't go to College for nothing. But there's the 'Change clock chiming for five, and we ought to have

dinner. Ay, I remember when four was the hour, and a very good hour too."—"I lately tumbled upon a letter of Addison's to Swift," interrupted Henry, "dated 29th Feb. 1707, inviting him to meet Steele and Frowde at the George, in Pall-Mall, at two o'clock, which was then the fashionable hour. And apropos of haunches, I remember reading, that in 1720, the year of the South Sea bubble, owing to the fancied riches suddenly flowing in upon the citizens, a haunch of venison rose to the then unexampled value of five guineas, so that deer were dear indeed for one season."—"A fine thing to have been owner of a herd that year," said Mr. Blewett.—"Capital!" observed Mr. Rule, with an emphatic jerk of the head.—"In the mean time, where is our haunch of mutton?" inquired the Alderman:—"do, pray, Mr. Rule, see about it—the cook used to be punctual, and it is now two minutes and a half past five." Mr. Rule bowed and disappeared, but presently returned, announcing that dinner was served.

Sir Peter sat at the head of the table, and as Philip the servant was about to remove the cover, laid his hand upon his arm to stop him, until he was provided with a hot plate, vegetables, and sweet sauce, so as to be all ready for the attack when the trenches were opened. "Beautiful!" he exclaimed, as the joint was revealed to him; "done to a turn—admirably frothed up!" So exclaiming, he helped himself plenteously to the best part, and pushing away the dish said, "he had no doubt the others would rather help themselves." Mr. Rule, who had not yet achieved inde-

pendence enough to be clownish, volunteered to supply his neighbours, which he did so clumsily, that Harry declared he should never be his joint executor; and Mr. Blewett applied his more experienced hand to the task. For the first ten minutes so much went into the Baronet's mouth that there was no room for a single word to come out; but, as his voracity became gratified, he found leisure to ask his guests to drink wine, and to cackle at intervals what he termed some of his good stories.—"Clever fellow, King Charles: they called him the mutton-eating King, didn't they?—cut off his head, though, for all that—stopped his mutton-eating, egad!—I say, Billy, did I tell you what I said t'other day to Tommy Daw, the bill-broker? Tommy's a Bristol man, you know: well, I went down to Bristol about our ship, the Fanny, that got ashore there."—"The Fanny, Capt. Tyson, was in Dock at the time," interrupted Rule; "it was the Adventure, Capt. Hacklestone, that got ashore."—"Well, well, never mind—where was I?—O, ay;—so says Tommy to me when I came back, Is Betsy Bayley as handsome as ever?—who bears the bell now at Bristol?—Why, says I—the bellman, to be sure! Ha! ha! ha! ha!—Egad, I thought Tommy would have burst his sides with laughing.—Who bears the bell at Bristol? says he.—Why, the bellman, says I. Capital, wasn't it?"—"Capital!" ejaculated Mr. Rule, with a most decisive energy.

"It's a pity this stewed beefsteak at the bottom should be wasted," said Blewett; "nobody tastes it."—"It won't be wasted," replied Harry, "it econo-

mizes our dinner."—"How so?"—"Because it serves to make both ends *meet*."—"Aha! Billy," roared the Baronet, "he had you there. I told you Harry didn't go to College for nothing."—"By the by, Sir," continued the nephew, "did you ever hear of Shakspeare's receipt for dressing a beefsteak?"—"Shakspeare's!—no—the best I ever ate were at Dolly's;—but what is it?"—"Why, sir, he puts it into the mouth of Macbeth, where he makes him exclaim—'If it were done, when 'tis done, then it were well 'twere done quickly.'"—"Good! good!" cackled the Baronet, "but I said a better thing than Shakspeare last week. You know Jack Foster the common council-man, ugly as Buckhorse—gives famous wine though;—well, we were talking about the best tavern, (I'll thank you for some sweet sauce, Mr. Rule); and so says I—(and a little of the brown fat, if you please)—and so says I—Jack, I never see your face without thinking of a good dinner. 'Why so?' says Jack. 'Because it's ordinary every day at two o'clock, says I." Here the Baronet was seized with such a violent fit of laughter, that it brought on an alarming attack of coughing and expectoration; but he no sooner recovered breath enough than he valiantly repeated, "Why, so, Jack?—Because it's ordinary every day at two o'clock, says I:"—which he followed up with a new cackle, while Mr. Rule delivered himself most dogmatically of another "Capital!" and relapsed into his usual solemnity.

"The greatest compliment ever offered to this joint," resumed the nephew, "proceeded from a po-

pular actor now living, who deemed it the *ne plus ultra* of epicurism. Having been a long time in London without seeing Richmond Hill, he was taken by some friends to enjoy that noble view, then in the perfection of its summer beauty. The day was fine—every thing propitious:—they led him up the hill and along the dead wall till he reached the Terrace, where the whole glorious vision burst upon him with such an overpowering effect, that he could only exclaim, in the intensity of his ecstasy,—'A perfect Haunch, by Heaven!'"

"You will be at Kemble's sale to-morrow, Sir Peter?" inquired Blewett.—"What!" replied the nephew, "are poor John Philip's books to be sold? I shall attend certainly. I understand he possessed the first edition of Piers Plowman—The Maid's Tragedy—Gammer Gurton's Needle, and———"
"Hoity toity!" interrupted Sir Peter; "what the deuce is the lad chattering about?"—"Bless me, Mr. Henry," cried Rule, "you have surely seen the catalogue of the great sale in Mincing-lane,—1714 bales of Pernambuco cotton, 419 of Maranham, 96 hogsheads and 14 tierces of Jamaica sugar, 311 bags of coffee, and 66 casks of Demerara cocoa. I believe I can favour you with a perusal of the catalogue, with all the best lots marked."—"Infinitely obliged to you," replied Harry, "but I had rather undergo the lot of being knocked down myself."

"Aha!" exclaimed the Baronet, with a look of gloating delight; "now we shall get on again. Here comes the Argyle with some hot gravy;—that was a

famous invention;"—"Nothing like it," replied Harry, "in the Marquis of Worcester's whole Century. A distinguished writer desires one of our noble families to consider the name of Spenser the poet as the fairest jewel in their coronet. May we not extend the same remark to the ducal race, whose name will, by this discovery, be constantly in our mouths?"—"Ay, and whose celebrity will thus be kept up, hot and hot," added Sir Peter. "Egad, I'll drink their healths in a bumper, and take another slice upon the strength of it. One ought to encourage such ingenious improvements."

"I am afraid, Sir Peter, that the best side's all gone," said Mr. Blewett, with a whine of pretended regret, which had a prospective reference to the brokerage on the indigo. "That I beg leave to deny," retorted Harry, "for it is one of the Peptic precepts, that in politics and gastronomy, the best side is that where there is most to be got, and there are still a few slices left under the bone."—"If we had a good stimulating sauce now," said the Alderman, "I could still go on."—"But there," continued the nephew, "we are still nearly as deficient as we were in the time of Louis Quatorze, whose ambassador at London complained that he had been sent among a set of barbarians, who had twenty religions and only three fish-sauces."—"Why, Billy," cried the Alderman to Blewett, "you seem as down in the mouth as the root of my tongue;—blue as your own indigo."—"That's a famous lot of Guatimola you have just received, Sir Peter, by the Two Sisters, Capt. Framlingham: may

I call to take samples?"—"We'll talk of that by and by, Billy: meantime take a sample of port; help yourself."—"He can't help himself, poor fellow," said Harry, "for the bottle's empty." The Baronet nodded to Rule, who instantly betook himself to a basket in the corner of the room, and began decanting another with mathematical precision. "Take care, Rule, it won't bear shaking; I have had it fourteen years in bottle."—"And port wine," observed Harry, "is like mankind—the older it gets, the more crusty it becomes, and the less will it bear being disturbed."—"A little tawney," said the uncle, smacking his lips; "I doubt whether this is out of the right bin."—"No, sir," replied the nephew; "this seems to be out of the *has been*. *Troja fuit*:—but you have got some prime claret."—"Ay, ay, we'll have a touch at that after the cloth's cleared: but will nobody take another mouthful of the haunch? the meat was short, crisp, and tender, just as it ought to be."—"Capital!" ejaculated Rule with a momentary animation, succeeded by his habitual look of formality. "Then the table may be cleared," continued the Alderman: "but, zooks! Harry, how comes it you never said grace before dinner?"—"You were in such a hurry, Sir, that you forgot to ask me: it was but last week you called me a scapegrace, and I may now retort the epithet."—"Say grace now, then, saucebox."—"I have not yet taken orders, Sir Peter."—"Yes you have, you have taken mine; so out with it." Harry compressed the benediction into five words—the cloth was removed—a bottle of Chateau Margaud was placed upon the table

to his infinite consolation—the talk quickened with the circulation of the wine, and many good things were uttered which we regret that we cannot commemorate without travelling out of the record, as our subject ceased with the dinner, being expressly confined to the "Memoirs of a Haunch of Mutton."

WHAT LIFE TO CHOOSE.

"Not to know at large of things remote
From use, obscure and subtle; but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom."

Paradise Lost.

"WHEN I look round upon the material world," says a Pagan writer, "and observe the ineffable beauty and harmony of all its arrangements, the magnificent machinery of the heavenly bodies, the unerring precision with which they perform their majestic evolutions, as well as the regular succession of seasons and interchange of elements, by which the earth is maintained in undiminished splendour and fertility, I recognise on all sides the power and the presence of a benignant Deity: but when I direct my observation towards the moral world, and reflect that the creation, the object, and the final conclusion of all this glorious pageant, have been hitherto unrevealed to us, and threaten to remain involved in impenetrable obscurity; when I observe the confusion of principles, with the

disorder, uncertainty, and darkness, that perpetually surround the destiny of man; when I see vice and irreligion triumphant and rewarded, piety and virtue oppressed and wretched, the mental and bodily anguish of innocent individuals, the perpetual struggle of nations to torment one another, with the general predominance of human and animal suffering in the endless alternations of destroyer and victim,—I am lost in astonishment at the contrast of the physical and moral systems, and in spite of myself relapse into scepticism and doubt." Authority that *he* possessed not has removed part of the difficulty, by revealing to us that the present is but a probationary existence—the prelude to another, in which all the inconsistencies and imperfections of which he complained will be finally adjusted and atoned upon immutable principles of right; but it must be confessed, that enough remains unexplained to harass and perplex the prying spirit. The origin and existence of vice and pain, the unmerited sufferings of animals, for whom we are not warranted in admitting a future state of retribution,—these, and many other insolvable points, which, like so many *ignes fatui*, are as sure to elude our grasp as to lead us into pitfalls and difficulties, will be altogether avoided by the wise man, who, fixing his attention upon the consolatory perfectness of the material world, and confiding in the benignity which pervades it, will patiently await the fulness of time when the same Spirit of goodness shall give a similar unity and completeness to the moral scheme of creation.

Down to the minutest divisions of human occupa-

tion, it will be found that the men whose pursuits bring them in contact with inanimate nature, enjoy their avocations much more than those who are conversant with humanity, and all the modifications of the social and moral system. Champort observes, that the writers on physics, natural history, physiology, chemistry, have been generally men of a mild, even, and happy temperament; while, on the contrary, the writers on politics, legislation, and even morals, commonly exhibited a melancholy and fretful spirit. Nothing more simple: the former studied nature, the others society. One class contemplates the work of the great Being, the other fixes its observation upon the work of man: the results must be different. The Nymphs of Calypso, as they caressed and fondled the infant Cupid, became unconsciously penetrated with his flame; and if the power of love be thus subtle, that of hatred is, unfortunately, not less pervading. We cannot handle human passions, even to play with them, without imbibing some portion of their acrimony, any more than we can gather flowers amid the nettles without being stung. Into every thing human a spirit of party becomes insinuated, and self-love is perpetually forcing us to taste of its bitterness; but there is no rivalry with Nature; our pride does not revolt at her superiority,—nay, we find a pure and holy calm in contemplating her majesty, before which we bow down with mingled feelings of delight and reverence. Contrast this with the effects produced upon us by human grandeur and elevation. Hence the charm of solitude: it places

us in communion with things, whereas society fixes our regards upon man.

The age of Ascetics and Hermits is, however, passed away; intercourse with our kind is not to be interdicted, but regulated. "These things," as Milton says in his Areopagitica, "will be, and must be; but how they shall be least hurtful, how least enticing, herein consists the grave and governing wisdom. To sequester out of the world, into Atlantic and Eutopian politics, which never can be drawn into use, will not mend our condition, but to ordain wisely in this world of evil, in the midst whereof God has placed us unavoidably." Love of the country, and even of a partial seclusion, is not by any means misanthropy. "I love not man the less, but Nature more," when I recommend all those who have the privilege of a choice, to fly from the fermenting passions of crowds and capitals, whose acrid influence gnaws into the heart; and to appeal to the peaceful balmy ministerings of rural life. Farming, the primitive natural business of man, is probably the most healthful, both for body and mind: it places us, as it were, in daily contact with the Deity by our unceasing experience of his superintending love, connects earth with heaven, and brings religion home to our business and bosoms. Cincinnatus felt this, when he made such haste to beat the Volscians that he might hurry back to his plough. I envy him the turning up of the first furrow; and I may say, in imitation of Alexander's speech to Diogenes, that if I were not a scribbler, I should wish to be a farmer!

Gardening, which exalts man into a species of creator, is another recreation fraught with all soothing and sweet delights; and it is pleasing to reflect, that some of the most eminent persons of antiquity are associated with its cultivation. Appius gave his name to a particular apple, Lucullus to a cherry, and Manlius to a pear. When Diocletian was pressed to resume the supreme authority, which he had abdicated, he exclaimed—"Ah! if Maximian could see the plants which I have cultivated in my garden at Salona, he would speak to me no more of empire." Cicero, in his defence of Amerinus, alleges his rural pursuits as a proof that he could not be guilty of his father's murder. "Vita autem hæc rustica, quam tu agrestem vocas, parsimoniæ, diligentiæ, justiciæ magistra est." Fabius and Scipio might both have gained prizes at the Horticultural Society, had it fortunately been of earlier institution; and we are told of Mæcenas, that he might have realized a more aspiring destiny, but that

"Maluit umbrosum quercum, Nymphasque canoras,
Paucaque pomosi jugera culta soli,
Pieridas, Phœbumque colens in mollibus hortis."

Many of the arts elicit sensations not less pure and unalloyed. Sculpture is also a species of creation; and one can hardly imagine any thing more delightful than the life of an ancient statuary, whose business it was, in the formation of his deities, to exalt the pleasure derived from contemplating the most rare and exquisite specimens of human symmetry into devo-

tional rapture, and taste, as it were, the religion of beauty. He dedicated to the divinities the finest and most faultless forms of real existence, devoting himself to their production with the combined enthusiasm of the senses and of the spirit. This is the whole secret of the *beau idéal*, about which so much has been written: there is no rising above nature without going out of nature,—which is deformity, not beauty. The phrase is an invention of modern sculptors, who can never reach the perfection of the ancient artists, because they are unimbued by the same stimulating feelings. Chiselling out men and monuments, human virtues and vices, their sensations as well as their works are of a lower order. Portrait-painters, gazing more frequently upon stupid and repulsive countenances than upon those that are attractive or intelligent, and brought into perpetual collision with human foibles and vanities, can have no very ardent impulse or lofty sensations: but the landscape-painter's is probably the most delicious pursuit to which human talent can be devoted. Perpetually looking out upon a face of eternal youth and beauty, whose smiles and frowns, in their inexhaustible variety, form but so many alternations of loveliness, he derives from every minute form, from every tint of earth, rock or leaf, from every passing variety of cloud or sky, a charm that has reference to his art over and above the natural one that addresses itself to his sense;—looking through nature up to nature's God, he feels the placid influence of the scene he paints; and in his solitary rambles, I

"Exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

He who draws out the hidden harmonies of Nature into new combinations, possesses a fountain of pure and inexhaustible gratification. The musician has a perpetual resource against ennui; he can soothe the heart, while he delights the ear; his art, like charity, is twice blessed—"it blesseth him that gives, and him that takes;"—he is generally a happy man.

We have considered some of those avocations that associate us with Nature and the physical world; let us now briefly notice some of those that place us in relation with man and morals, beginning with the professions. Nothing so strikingly illustrates the total nullity and blindness to which human reason may be reduced by the force of long-continued habit, titular honours, and external pomp, as the fact, that men of even good sense and humanity can become enamoured of a military life. As a matter of necessity, I arraign not its existence; but that it should be ever embraced as an affair of preference, is somewhat astounding. Strip it of its externals, view it abstractedly, analyze its nature and object, and if the word glory cannot alter the immutable truth of principles, nor a gold epaulette metamorphose every action of its wearer, we cannot cease to wonder that men should be so infatuated as to worship a painted devil for an angel. That it is the road to wealth, honours, rank, may be very true; but does it conduce to happiness? That is an inquiry which may be left to its professors to solve.

Medicine and surgery will hold out few attractions to those who are not prepared to sear their hearts as a preliminary qualification for their practice. Painful and distressing profession! that turns to us perpetually the darkest side of human nature, subjects us to the harrowing repetition of mental woe and bodily anguish, to sickness, decay, death; while it exposes to us moral as well as physical deformity, by bringing to our cognisance the selfishness of friends, the hollowness of relatives, the hypocrisy of heirs. It has been observed, that as we become acquainted with physical evils we despise death, and as we are familiarised with the evils of society we despise life. Medical men are liable to both impressions, and the result is not unfrequently manifest in their sentiment and temperament, which are rarely enviable. There may be some, who, in the lofty consciousness of dispensing health or allaying pain, of preserving domestic ties unsevered, and the link of friendship unbroken, enjoy an exquisite gratification, that atones to them for manifold annoyances and miseries. Let such men be venerated; for what are the momentary sufferings of the martyr, who gives his body to the flames, compared to his who offers up his mind as a perpetual and living sacrifice for the good of others?

The Law is nothing but a vast arena of the vices and evil passions of mankind, where its professors, stripping off their moral clothing, appear as gladiators to fight for victory, not for justice! To stand in the midst of a wrangling crowd, and constitute a focus for all its hateful feelings, to be made the confident

of "wretched rogues forlorn," to be the depositary of their offences, to witness perjury, to advocate wrong, and oppose truth and justice, when hired to do it by a client; and finally, to be promoted to the Bench, that you may listen all day long to the evidence of repulsive crimes, and condemn their miserable perpetrators to the prison or the gallows:—this, too, is a course which, as society is constituted, must be run by some, and may be run by many, with public applause and the rewards of dignity and riches; but is it a career to be selected by him who is balancing as to what course of life to choose? I submit questions without presuming to apply an answer.

But the Church——ay, here, indeed, we cannot be at a loss; and he who feels within himself that he can faithfully, conscientiously, and holily discharge the duties of a minister of the Gospel, may be assured that he is embracing the happiest and most dignified of all professions. But if he be actuated by the spirit of a church rather than of a religion—if the *odium theologicum* can find a place in his bosom, and he seek to establish or oppose a sect rather than a principle—above all, if he be capable of desecrating the office, by associating it with political feeling and interested motives—let him pause upon the threshold, for he cannot probably step forward with advantage to others, and certainly not with benefit to himself.

The career of Politics will find few advocates among those who are more solicitous for mental peace than for worldly advancement. The field is narrow, the combatants fierce: cupidity and shame em-

bitter their exertions: triumph is exposed to acerbity and perpetual irritation; failure adds the stings of envy to the mortification of defeat. Such are the trials to which the actors are exposed, and even the writers upon politics cannot altogether escape the contagion of their hatefulness. Machiavel could not have been a happy man, any more than the kings, ministers, and diplomatists, who were eager to avail themselves of his crooked, unprincipled, and heartless subtlety.

This analysis might easily be extended; but if I have not said enough to determine "What life to choose," I have at least indicated what to avoid; so that if the reader be wise in his wishes, I may safely ejaculate, in bidding him adieu—"Dii tibi dent quæ velis!"

MIND AND BODY.

Veluti in speculum.

Says Mind to Body, t'other day,
As on my chin I plied my razor,
Pray tell me—does that glass pourtray
Your real phiz, or cheat the gazer?

That youthful face, which bloom'd as sleek
As Hebe's, Ganymede's, Apollo's,
Has lost its roses, and your cheek
Is falling into fearful hollows.

The crow's fell foot hath set its sign
Beside that eye which dimly twinkles;
And look! what means this ugly line?
Gadzooks, my friend, you're getting wrinkles!

That form, which ladies once could praise,
Would now inspire them with a panic;
Get Byron's belt, or Worcester's stays,
Or else you 'll soon be Aldermanic.

At sight of that dismantled top,
My very heart, I must confess, aches:
Once famous as a Brutus crop,
You now are balder than Lord Essex.

Since Wayte's decease your teeth decline:—
Finding no beautifier near 'em,
Time's tooth has mumbled two of thine;
Well may they call him—"*edax rerum.*"

Behold! your cheeks are quite bereft
Of their two laughter-nursing dimples,
And pretty substitutes they 've left—
(Between ourselves) a brace of pimples!

The fashions which you used to lead,
So careless are you, or so thrifty,
You most neglect when most you need,
A sad mistake when nearing Fifty.—

Stop, stop, cries Body—let us pause
Before you reckon more offences,
Since you yourself may be the cause
Of all these dismal consequences.

The sword, you know, wears out the sheath;
By steam are brazen vessels scatter'd;
And when volcanoes rage beneath,
The surface must be torn and shatter'd.

Have not your passions, hopes, and fears,
Their tegument of clay outwearing,
Done infinitely more than years,
To cause the ravage you 're declaring?

If you yourself no symptoms show
Of age,—no wrinkles of the spirit:
If still for friends your heart can glow,
Your purse be shared with starving merit;

If yet to sordid sins unknown,
No avarice in your breast has started:
If you have not suspicious grown,
Sour, garrulous, or narrow-hearted:

You still are young, and o'er my face
(Howe'er its features may be shaded)
Shall throw the sunshine of your grace,
And keep the moral part unfaded.

Expression is the face's soul,
The head and heart's joint emanation;
Insensible to Time's controul,
Free from the body's devastation.

If *you're* still twenty, I'm no more:—
Counting by years, how folks have blunder'd!
Voltaire was young at eighty-four,
And Fontenelle at near a hundred!

ACCOUNT OF AN APPARITION,

Seen at Star-Cross, in Devonshire, the 23d of July, 1823.

"'Tis true, 'tis certain, man, though dead, retains
Part of himself; th' immortal mind remains:
The form subsists without the body's aid,
Aërial semblance and an empty shade." POPE.

I AM perfectly aware of the predicament in which I am placing myself, when, in the present age of in-

credulity, I venture to commit to paper, in all sincerity of spirit and fulness of conviction, a deliberate and circumstantial account of an Apparition. Impostor and visionary, knave and fool—these are the alternate horns of the dilemma on which I shall be tossed with sneers of contempt, or smiles of derision; every delusion practised by fraud or credulity, from the Cock-lane Ghost down to the Reverend Mr. Colton and the Sampford Spectre, will be faithfully registered against me, and I shall be finally dismissed, according to the temperament of the reader, either with a petulant rebuke for attempting to impose such exploded superstition upon an enlightened public, or with a sober and friendly recommendation to get my head shaved, and betake myself to some place of safe custody with as little delay as may be. In the arrogance of my supposed wisdom, I should myself, only a few weeks ago, have probably adopted one of these courses towards any other similar delinquent, which will secure me from any splenetic feeling, however boisterous may be the mirth, or bitter the irony, with which I may be twitted and taunted for the following narration. I have no sinister purposes to answer, no particular creed to advocate, no theory to establish; and writing with the perfect conviction of truth, and the full possession of my faculties, I am determined not to suppress what I conscientiously believe to be facts, merely because they may militate against received opinions, or happen to be inconsistent with the ordinary course of human experience.

The author of the Essay on the Nature and Immu-

tability of Truth, represents Berkeley as teaching us, "that external objects are nothing but ideas in our minds; that matter exists not but in our minds; and that, independent of us and our faculties, the earth, the sun, and the starry heavens, have no existence at all; that a lighted candle is not white, nor luminous, nor round, nor divisible, nor extended; but that, for any thing we know, or can ever know to the contrary, it may be an Egyptian pyramid, the King of Prussia, a mad dog, the island of Madagascar, Saturn's ring, one of the Pleiades, or nothing at all." If this be a faithful representation of Berkeley's theory, it may be adduced as a striking illustration of the perversity of human reason, that such a man should be deemed a philosopher, and persuade bishops and divines, in spite of the evidence of their senses, to adopt his notions and deny the existence of matter; while the poor wight who, in conformity to the evidence of *his* senses, maintains the existence of disembodied spirit, is hooted and run down as a driveller and a dotard. Dr. Johnson's argument, that the universal belief in ghosts, in all ages and among all nations, confirms the fact of their apparition, is futile and inconclusive; for the same reasoning would establish the truth of necromancy, witchcraft, idolatry, and other superstitions: but the opposers of this belief not only brand as impostors all those who relate their own experiences of its confirmation; they not only repudiate the Agatho-dæmon of Socrates, and slight the averment of Scripture, that Saul desired the Witch of Endor to raise up the spirits of those whom he should name;

but they deny even the possibility of the fact. To admit a posthumous existence in the next world, and reject the competency of nature to accomplish a similar mystery in *this*, is surely an unwarranted limitation of her powers. Who shall circumscribe the metamorphoses of our being? When we start from the antenatal void into existence, the change is certainly wonderful; but it is still more strange, startling, and incomprehensible, when we quit life in the fulness of intellect, and return into the invisible world. In the first case, we advance from nonentity to a very confined state of consciousness, to an animal existence, for an infant has no mind. That celestial portion of our system is evolved by the painful elaboration of time and of our own efforts; it requires a series of years to perfect its inscrutable developement; and is this sublime image and emanation of the Deity to be suddenly, instantly degraded into a clod of earth, an inert lump of matter, without undergoing any intermediate state of existence between death and final resurrection? Abstract theory sanctions the supposition of ghosts; and by what authority do we gainsay those who solemnly declare that they have beheld them? They never appear, it is urged, to more than one person at a time, which is a strong presumption of individual falsehood or delusion. How so?—this may be the law of their manifestation. If I press the corners of my eyes, I see consecutive circles of light, like a rainbow; nobody else can discern them—but will it be therefore maintained that I do not? It is notorious, that in dreams objects are presented to us

with even a more vivid distinctness than they assume to the visual organ; but it would be idle to assert that those configurations were not presented to us, because they were invisible to others. Our waking eyes may indeed be made the "fools of our other senses, or else worth all the rest;"—granted; but still you may give us credit for the sincerity of our relation, for we pretend not to describe apparitions that other men have seen, but those which we ourselves have witnessed.

It may not be unimportant to remark, that so far from my being subject to the blue devils and vapours with which hypochondriacs and invalids are haunted, I possess that happy physical organization, which ensures almost uninterrupted health of body and mind, and which, in the elasticity and buoyancy of my spirit, renders the sensation of mere existence an enjoyment. Though I reside in the country, winter has for me no gloom: Nature has prepared herself for its rigours; they are customary, and every thing seems to harmonise with their infliction: but for the same reason that the solitude of a town is desolating and oppressive, while the loneliness of the country is soothing and grateful, I do feel the sadness of perpetual fogs and rains in July, although they excite no melancholy feeling at the season of their natural occurrence. To see one's favourite flowers laying down their heads to die; one's plantations strewed with leaves not shaken off in the fulness of age, but beaten to earth in the bloom of youth; here a noble tree laid prostrate, and there a valuable field of corn lodged in the swampy soil, (which were familiar

objects in July last), is sufficient to excite melancholy associations in the most cheerful temperament. Confessing that mine was not altogether proof against their influence, and leaving to the caviller and the sceptic the full benefit of this admission, I proceed to a simple statement of the fact which has elicited these preliminary observations.

Actuated by the disheartening dulness of the scene to which I have alluded, I had written to my friend Mr. George Staples, of Exeter, requesting him to walk over some day and dine with me, as I well knew his presence was an instant antidote to mental depression; not so much from the possession of any wit or humour, as from his unaffected kindness and amiability, the exuberance of his animal spirits, the inexhaustible fund of his laughter, which was perpetually waiting for the smallest excuse to burst out of his heart, and the contagion of his hilarity, which had an instant faculty of communicating itself to others. On the day following the transmission of this letter, as I was sitting in an alcove to indulge my afternoon meditation, I found myself disturbed by what I imagined to be the ticking of my repeater; but recollecting that I had left it in the house, I discovered the noise proceeded from that little insect of inauspicious augury, the death-watch. Despising the puerile superstitions connected with this pulsation, I gave it no farther notice, and proceeded towards the house, when, as I passed an umbrageous plantation, I was startled by a loud wailing shriek, and presently a screech-owl flew out immediately before me. It was the first time one

of those ill-omened birds had ever crossed my path; I combined it with the *memento mori* I had just heard, although I blushed at my own weakness in thinking them worthy of an association; and as I walked forward, I encountered my servant, who put a letter into my hand, which I observed to be sealed with black wax. It was from the clerk of my poor friend, informing me that he had been that morning struck by an apoplectic fit, which had occasioned his almost instantaneous death! The reader may spare the sneer that is flickering upon his features: I draw no inference whatever from the omens that preceded this intelligence; I am willing to consider them as curious coincidences, totally unconnected with the startling apparition which shortly afterwards assailed me.

Indifferent as to death myself, I am little affected by it in others. The doom is so inevitable; it is so doubtful whether the parties be not generally gainers by the change; it is so certain that we enter not at all into this calculation, but bewail our deprivation, whether of society, protection, or emolument, with a grief purely selfish, that I run no risk of placing myself in the predicament of the inconsolable widow, who was reproached by Franklin with not having yet forgiven God Almighty. Still, however, there was something so awful in the manner of my friend's death, the hilarity I had anticipated from his presence formed so appalling a contrast with his actual condition, that my mind naturally sunk into a mood of deep sadness and solemnity. Reaching the house in

this frame of thought, I closed the library window-shutters as I passed, and entering the room by a glass-door, seated myself in a chair that fronted the garden. Scarcely a minute had elapsed, when I was thrilled by the strange wailful howl of my favourite spaniel, who had followed me into the apartment, and came trembling and crouching to my feet, occasionally turning his eyes to the back of the chamber, and again instantly reverting them with every demonstration of terror and agony: mine instinctively took the same direction, when, notwithstanding the dimness of the light, I plainly and indisputably recognised the apparition of my friend sitting motionless in the great arm-chair!! It is easy to be courageous in theory, not difficult to be bold in practice, when the mind has time to collect its energies; but, taken as I was by surprise, I confess that astonishment and terror so far mastered all my faculties, that, without daring to cast a second glance towards the vision, I walked rapidly back into the garden, followed by the dog, who still testified the same agitation and alarm.

Here I had leisure to recover from my first perturbation; and, as my thoughts rallied, I endeavoured to persuade myself that I had been deluded by some conjuration of the mind, or some spectral deception of the visual organ. But, in either case, how account for the terror of the dog? *He* could neither be influenced by superstition, nor could his unerring sight betray him into groundless alarm, yet it was incontestable that we had both been appalled by the same object. Soon recovering my natural fortitude of spirit, I re-

solved, whatever might be the consequences, to return and address the apparition. I even began to fear it might have vanished; for Glanville, who has written largely on ghosts, expressly says—"that it is a very hard and painful thing for them to force their thin and tenuous bodies into a visible consistence; that their bodies must needs be exceedingly compressed, and that therefore they must be in haste to be delivered from their unnatural pressure." I returned, therefore, with some rapidity towards the library; and although the dog stood immovably still at some distance, in spite of my solicitations, and kept earnestly gazing upon me, as if in apprehension of an approaching catastrophe, I proceeded onward, and turned back the shutters which I had closed, determined not to be imposed upon by any dubiousness of the light. Thus fortified against deception, I reentered the room with a firm step, and there, in the full glare of day, did I again clearly and vividly behold the identical apparition, sitting in the same posture as before, and having its eyes closed!!

My heart somewhat failed me under this sensible confirmation of the vision; but, summoning all my courage, I walked up to the chair, exclaiming with a desperate energy—"In the name of heaven and of all its angels, what dost thou seek here?"—when the figure, slowly rising up, opening its eyes, and stretching out its arms, replied—"A leg of mutton and caper-sauce, with a bottle of prime old port, for such is the dinner you promised me."—"Good God!" I ejaculated, "what can this mean? Are you not really

dead?"—"No more than you are," replied the figure: "some open-mouthed fool told my clerk that I was, and he instantly wrote to tell you of it; but it was my namesake, George Staples of Castle-street, not me, nor even one of my relations,—so let us have dinner as soon as you please, for I am as hungry as a hunter."

The promised dinner being soon upon the table, my friend informed me, in the intervals of his ever-ready laughter, that as soon as he had undeceived his clerk, he walked over to Star Cross to do me the same favour; that he had fallen asleep in the arm-chair while waiting my return from the grounds; and as to the dog, he reminded me that he had severely punished him at his last visit for killing a chicken, which explained his terror, and his crouching to me for protection, when he recognised his chastiser.

BOND-STREET IN SEPTEMBER.

Rousseau says, that all great cities are alike; as far as my own observation extends I can confirm the remark, and yet the portrait which they exhibit is one which our first parents could hardly have been brought to comprehend. Even if that primitive pair could have contemplated the many myriads that were to become their descendants, and to spread over the face of the earth, they could never have imagined, that in various parts of its surface a million of beings would be huddled together in

one narrow voluntary prison of stone and brick, so confined that they were born, and died, lived, and fed, and slept, in successive layers or stories from the cellar to the garret, obtaining that accommodation for the functions of existence by mounting above one another's heads, which could never have been afforded by the superficial extent of the ground they occupied. Thousands of hecatombs of animals, brought weekly from the surrounding country for the support of this multitude, and the whole condensed population, with all the animal remains, plunged into the earth within the straitened enclosure of the walls, age upon age, generation upon generation, laid over one another until the entire mass upon which the city stands becomes a putrescent abyss of corruption and *adipocire*, like that extracted from the cemetery of the Innocents at Paris! Such are the prominent features in which all great cities resemble one another; and they are quite sufficient to make me thank Heaven that I live not immured within any such pestiferous enclosure, where the very complexion of the inhabitants seems a reflection from the pale flag of Death which is perpetually shaking before their eyes.

Notwithstanding the family likeness perceptible in all those enormous mounds and accumulations of brick and bones, flesh and furniture, men and mortar, beasts and buildings, which constitute a city, and the similarity of habits and appearances generated by all such multitudinous congregations, there is a sufficient diversity in the appearance of each individual capital when viewed under different circumstances and sea-

sons. Perhaps no place in the world offers so striking a contrast to itself as London in and out of the season. When I speak of London, I put entirely out of view those industrious and useful classes who, living in the *terra incognita* eastward of the Bar, labour unintermittingly for the gratification of the westward population, and of course present a monotonous activity all the year round: but who that has ever seen Bond-street in all its gaiety and glitter, in its days of clattering hoofs and sparkling equipages, when its centre forms an endless line of moving magnificence, and its gorgeous shops on either side reflect an ever-changing galaxy of belles and exquisites, would recognise the same place in the latter end of September, deserted, silent, spiritless,—"so dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone," that it makes one "as melancholy as a gib-cat, or a lugged bear," to take the same walk for five minutes, which a few months before would in less space of time have evaporated the densest spleen, and possessed us with all bright, joyous, and spiritual fancies? The ghost-looking house-painters whom one encounters here and there with their poisoned visages; the scaffoldings under which one is so often obliged to pass at the risk of lime in your eyes, and the certainty of it upon your clothes, if you are so fortunate as to escape a brickbat upon the head; the dismantled shops, and the hot, dusty, empty street,—as if they were not sufficiently miserable objects in themselves, complete the prostration of our spirits by recalling their past cheerfulness, and so aggravate their present gloom. Innumerable associations connected with Bond-

street lift it, in its time of glory, so completely out of its materiality that we never think of it as a mere street; and in the season of its thick throngs we have no time to compare the ideal with the real, by subjecting its buildings to the matter-of-fact judgment of the eye. One might, indeed, lose that useful organ in the process, for those members of the Pococurante society—the porters, reck not if with the sharp angles of their humeral freightage they reduce us all to a Cyclopean community: and, moreover, one's optics are kept in such perpetual activity in catching the salutations of the smiling beauties who whisk by in their vehicles, in nodding to Lord A—— and Sir Harry B——, or in cutting old General C——, or any other established bore, that he who should be caught gazing upwards at the houses would infallibly be set down for a rustic star-gazer, if he were not knocked down for a London somnambulist.

Last month, however, in the solitude and vacancy of the foot-path, I thought I might safely venture to look upwards and contemplate the street in its architectural character, when, O Heavens! what a bright web of association, what a tissue of Corinthian imaginations was instantly dissolved and frittered away! It was as if I gazed upon the corpse of one whom I had known in all the bloom and beauty of vitality. An ugly, irregular, desolate, dingy, beggarly, old-fashioned succession of brown brick tenements stretched before me, like Falstaff's ragged regiment, forming a mean and pitiful contrast with the swaggering looks and undue pomposity of the shops. As there was at

that moment no delusion of fashion to redeem the inconsistency, I amused myself in calculating how the real features of this celebrated street would affect the novel-reading misses and bonnet-buying spinsters of the country, who, from the frequent reference to this scene of gaiety in newspapers and romances, have been accustomed to invest it with something of a romantic and magnificent character. To add to my annoyance, it was one of those close, damp, sultry days, expressively termed *muggy* by the Londoners; and as my lungs panted under the hot moisture of the atmosphere, I echoed the ejaculation of the worthy farmer dying of an asthma—"If once I can get this plaguy breath fairly out of my body, I'll take deuced good care it shall never get in again." As I thought of the buoyant and elastic breezes which I ought at that moment to have been enjoying in Gloucestershire, under my favourite clump of aspens, whose ever-fluttering leaves at once shaded me from the sun, and supplied me with the music of a perpetual waterfall, I felt in all its intensity the sentiment of Dante—

> ——"Nessun maggior dolore
> Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
> Nella miseria."

But perhaps the most pitiable and lugubrious of all the spectacles encountered at the West end, in this season of emigration, are the disconsolate wights who, being unable to procure an invitation to the country, and without money to get conveyed thither, condemn themselves to a daily imprisonment, and steal forth in the dusk like the light-shunning bat, or the bird of

Minerva, or rather, like ghosts of themselves, to haunt the spot which they loved in their days of fashion. A man must have a character to lose before he will thus submit to realise the Heautontimorumenos of Terence; but it is so easy to acquire the reputation of being "an idle fellow about town, visiting in all the genteel circles," that few West-endians and Bond-street loungers think themselves exempt from the observances which this state imposes. No condition is more sternly, more inexorably, exacted by Fashion, than an absence from London in September; and it must be confessed that the wretches who are unable to comply with this mandate have at least grace enough to feel the full infamy of the stigma that attaches to their delinquency. No pickpocket has a quicker eye for a Bow-street officer, no spendthrift dandy has a keener perception of an approaching bailiff, than these victims of fashion have of an advancing acquaintance, if they are compelled to run the gauntlet of recognition beneath the garish eye of day. Reading him as far off as if he were a telegraph, they prepare all their wiles, doubles, and escapes, sometimes stealing into a shop, or bolting down a street or even a blind alley, or facing right about; so that if the enemy can even swear to their backs, he may not be able to aver that he has seen their faces in London, when its purlieus are under the ban and interdict of Fashion.

With a malicious pleasure, I have occasionally amused myself in counteracting all these manœuvres and devices by running down a side-street, getting a-head of the game, and encountering him in front

when he thought I was far behind; or by managing to run plump up against him at a corner, that I might observe the various degrees of self-possession and impudence with which the different culprits carried the thing off. Some were overwhelmed with instant shame, gave me a confused nod, and hurried on to avoid all interrogation; but the generality adopted the approved method of conscious guilt, by becoming the attacking parties and starting off into exclamations and surprises. "What, Harry Sevenoaks in London! Credat Judæus Apella!"—then the eyes are rubbed, and after an incredulous stare the party continues—"It is Harry, by Heaven!—why, my dear fellow, have you forgotten that this is September?—what would they say were I to mention this at H—— House, or Lord S——'s, or the Marchioness of D——'s?" Now it is clear, that a man who attacks you in this way, and even hints at betraying you to your noble friends, cannot himself be in the same predicament. He must be a mere accidental traveller over the forbidden ground; at all events, he wishes you to infer it, but for fear you should not have ingenuity enough to draw that conclusion, he takes care to add, that he is a mere bird of passage, having only arrived that morning from Cheltenham or Harrogate, and intending to set off next day for Dawlish or Sidmouth. Joe Manton, and his fellow-gunsmith Egg, have as many charges to endure as their own fowling-pieces; for several of my acquaintance have declared, that after writing repeated letters without effect, they had been obliged to run up to London to

reclaim the guns, which had been left to be repaired; never failing to add, in a tone of indignant reproach, —"and you know pheasant-shooting begins in ten days!" One friend had thrown himself into the London mail upon learning the dangerous illness of an uncle, from whom he had considerable expectations, and whom he accused of a scandalous want of consideration for falling sick at the time of the County races. Another, who was the indisputable author of some very ingenious charades in rhyme, informed me, with a significant look, that a letter from his quiz of a bookseller had compelled him to run up to make certain preliminary arrangements for the publishing season. A third poor fellow, who began to walk rather limpingly as he specified his disaster, was under the necessity of coming all the way from Scarborough, to consult Astley Cooper respecting the old wound he received at Talavera; and a fourth, after frankly stating that he had never left London, declared, that he was so tired of all the bathing-places and the different noblemen's seats of which he had the run, that he was determined, for once and away, to pass an autumn in London, out of fun and novelty, and just to see what the thing was like.

Love of the country is with me a passion which has sprung up as the others subsided; perhaps a certain age is necessary for its full and sufficing fruition, before one can feel assured, that if we walk out into the fields, look forth upon the green earth, the blue sky, and the flashing waters, and so put ourselves in communion with Nature and the unseen Spirit of the

universe, we shall infallibly tranquillize our bosoms, however agitated, by imparting to them the blandness and serenity of the surrounding landscape. If we become less social as we advance in life, we certainly sympathize more with nature—a substitution of which few will find reason to complain. The coxcombs of whom I have been writing had none of this feeling; they love London rather than the country, yet they hated it so much when it was under the proscription of fashion that they invented all sorts of ingenious lies to apologize for their presence. Strange inconsistency! that a man should deem it more respectable to be a liar than to be accounted poor; more strange still, that an Englishman, who boasts so much of his liberty, and resists with so much pertinacity the smallest encroachment upon his free agency, should voluntarily become the slave of the most capricio usof all despots—Fashion.

THE POET AMONG THE TREES.

Oak is the noblest tree that grows,
  Its leaves are Freedom's type and herald;
If we may put our faith in those
  Of Literary-Fund Fitzgerald.

Willow 's a sentimental wood,
  And many Sonneteers, to quicken 'em,
A relic keep of that which stood
  Before Pope's Tusculum at Twickenham.

The Birch-tree, with its pendent curves,
Exciting many a sad reflection,
Not only present praise deserves,
But our posterior recollection.

The Banyan, though unknown to us,
Is sacred to the Eastern Magi.
Some like the taste of Tityrus,
"Recubans sub tegmine fagi."

Some like the Juniper—in gin;
Some fancy that its berries droop, as
Knowing a poison lurks within
More rank than that distill'd from th' Upas.

But he who wants a useful word,
To tag a line or point a moral,
Will find there 's none to be preferr'd
To that inspiring tree—the Laurel.

The hero-butchers of the sword,
In Rome and Greece, and many a far land,
Like Bravos, murder'd for reward,
The settled price—a laurel-garland.

On bust or coin we mark the wreath,
Forgetful of its bloody story,
How many myriads writhed in death,
That one might bear this type of glory.

Cæsar first wore the badge, 'tis said,
'Cause his bald sconce had nothing on it,
Knocking some millions on the head,
To get his own a leafy bonnet.

Luckily for the Laurel's name,
Profaned to purposes so frightful,
'Twas worn by nobler heirs of fame,
All innocent, and some delightful.

With its green leaves were victors crown'd
In the Olympic games for running,
Who wrestled best, or gallop'd round
The Circus with most speed and cunning.

Apollo crown'd with Bays gives laws
To the Parnassian Empyrean;
And every schoolboy knows the cause,
Who ever dipp'd in Tooke's Pantheon.

Daphne, like many another fair,
To whom connubial ties are horrid,
Fled from his arms, but left a rare
Memento sprouting on his forehead.

For Bays did ancient bards compete,
Gather'd on Pindus or Parnassus;
They by the leaf were paid, not sheet,
And that 's the reason they surpass us.

One wreath thus twines the heads about,
Whose brains have brighten'd all our sconces,
And those who others' brains knock'd out,
'Cause they themselves were royal dunces.

Men fight in these degenerate days
For crowns of gold, not laurel fillets;
And bards who borrow fire from bays,
Must have them in the grate for billets.

Laureates we have (for cash and sack)
Of all calibres and diameters,
But 'stead of poetry, alack!
They give us lachrymose Hexameters.

And that illustrious leaf for which
Folks wrote and wrestled, sung and bluster'd,
Is now boil'd down to give a rich
And dainty flavour to our custard!

FORTUNE TELLING.

"Le présent est gros de l'avenir."—LEIBNITZ.

"THOU rascal Beadle, hold thy bloody hand;"—let her escape; I make no charge against that Gipsy, whose eye flashes like lightning through the dark clouds of hair that thou hast shaken over her brow:—if the wenches of the laundry choose to hang my shirts upon a hedge, she is as free to gather them as to pluck

> "The lady's smocks all silver white,
> That paint the meadows much bedight."

It may be a weakness, but I have had such a sneaking kindness for Gipsies ever since I read, when a boy, the Adventures of Bampfylde Moore Carew, that I have more than once felt a temptation to desert from school and join their encampment, as we passed it in our way to the bathing-place. Beneath a few scattered trees, that formed the entrance to a dark grove, their principal tent was usually planted; before it was poised upon three sticks the mysterious cauldron, (the blue smoke losing itself amid the trees,) and around it were huddled those counterparts of the Jewish miracle, the Arabs of Europe, whose swart looks, shadowy elf-locks, and dark glittering eyes, awakened impressions that combined the romantic and the awful; while the lazy luxury of their wood-wandering life found congenial sympathies in that love of idleness,

bird's-nesting, and vagabondage, which, if I may judge by myself, is inherent in all boys. Even the lean Rosinante that was tethered behind them, the panniered donkey browsing thistles a little farther back, the implements of the tinker's trade, that, faintly glimmering amid the foliage, assumed the sublimity of warlike spoil, and the copper-coloured imps of children flitting athwart the umbrageous depths of the grove,—all combined to strike upon that organ of vagrancy which must have been strongly developed upon my juvenile skull, although the vigilance of ushers and schoolmasters fortunately preserved me from following its impulse. But I would not "put into circumscription and confine" any one of these "native burghers of the wood," even though he had subjected me to the imputation of being a perfect Descamisado: he shall not be fain to hug the whipping-post, because he has been too intimate with my hen-roost, nor shall he be made to supply the place of the duck whom he has inveigled from my horse-pond; and if my house-dog chase him undieted from the pantry-door, his canine teeth shall assuredly forget their cunning for the remainder of that day. Civilization has rendered the surface of society so monotonous and Quaker-like, that it was quite refreshing to stumble upon any thing so original, wild, and picturesque, as a nomadic tribe disavowing the social compact, acknowledging no government, claiming a knowledge of futurity, making a public profession of idleness and of living upon the community, as if they were the nobility of low life, and exhibiting in their fine sun-burnt physiognomies

decisive evidence of their Oriental origin. It was like encountering a Salvator Rosa after poring over views of Turnham Green and Battersea Rise.

Cleopatra was a Gipsy, and the females of the tribe are generally so beautiful, that one might fancy them to be lineally descended from that king-fascinating brunette; but as to the men, it must be confessed that they marvellously lack the assistance of the turban and the scimitar; for our mean, tame, prosaic vestments do but ill assimilate with the wildness of their looks and the poetical licence of their lives. A hat is a sad extinguisher of the romantic; coats and waistcoats are the types of a well-ordered nation of quiet shopkeepers, rather than of free rovers, chiromancers, and professors of palmistry; while our lower garments, or Ineffables, sit but awkwardly upon—"an outlandish people calling themselves Egyptians, using no craft nor feat of merchandise, who have come into this realm, and gone from shire to shire and place to place in great companies, and used great, subtle, and crafty means to deceive the people,"—for thus are they described in a Statute of Henry the Eighth. In spite, however, of their uncongenial attire, I found so many attractions in their propinquity, so much association connected with their haunts and purlieus, that I once fixed my residence at Norwood, then invested with a moral, or at least an imaginative beauty, by their frequent apparition amid it shades: but their descents, like angel-visits, soon became "few and far between;" they were at last routed out, (to use the irreverent phraseology

of the journals,) and Norwood being instantly desecrated into a vulgar eminence sprinkled with civic villas and cockney cottages, I struck my tent like the Gipsies, and bade it a long adieu.

"They toil not, neither do they spin;" and why should they, when the ingenious rogues can live upon the future hopes of mankind, if they have not convenient and ready access to their present possessions? Poor human nature, unwilling to submit to that

> ——"Blindness to the future, wisely given
> That none might know the secrets hid by Heaven,"

is perpetually struggling to "peep through the blanket of the dark," and obtain a glimpse of futurity. Innumerable proofs of the utter impossibility of success, regularly reiterated in every succeeding age, have given a new direction to its developement, without eradicating a delusion that seems to be inherent in the constitution of our minds. Prophecies and predictions are so interwoven with our religion, that we easily fall into the mistake of supposing that they may be made influential upon the ordinary occurrences of life, not perceiving that we are arguing from the exception instead of the rule which has been laid down for the moral government of the universe. Many of those who lend themselves to this superstition would revolt from the idea of being deemed Fatalists and Necessitarians; yet to this result, or to its own refutation, a belief in any sort of fortune-telling must inevitably tend; for if we cannot, with all our efforts, avoid that future doom of which we

have a foreknowledge, we admit the doctrine of Fatalism; and if we can, we prove the fallacy of the prediction. To establish the futility of divination is, however, so much more easy than to abolish its influence, that it may be questioned whether the sturdiest disbeliever in profession be not sometimes a convert in his practice. An event foretold by our own minds when in the irrational state of sleep, or, in other words, a dream, is certainly much less likely to be confirmed than an oracle regularly delivered by the established seers or necromancers; yet which of us ever dreamt that a certain number in the lottery was drawn a capital prize, without buying it, or wishing to buy it, or at least noting it down in our pocket-book, that we might compare the result with the mysterious revelation? Hundreds of tickets are purchased every year upon the faith of this somnolent inspiration: if one at last succeeds, it is trumpeted through the town with all the goggle-eyed credulity of gossips and gudgeons; nothing is said of the innumerable failures; and men of otherwise good sense fall into the most fantastical fooleries and chimæras in the hope of discovering the lucky number by which they may enrich themselves in the next rotation of the wheel. By a singular perversion of reason, we use the most preposterous diligence to reduce to a certainty that which is essentially, and in its very nature, a matter of hazard, as if a game of chance could be otherwise than what it is! Dice, cards, and numbers, being infinitely precarious in the combinations, are precisely the elements from which they would con-

struct a system of regular succession. Montaigne exclaims—"Oh! que celui qui fagoterait habilement un amas de toutes les âneries de l'humaine sapience dirait merveilles!"—Such would be the wonders recorded by him who should collect and publish all the puerile and frivolous superstitions of gamesters.

In the earlier stages of the world, it would seem as if nations could not be governed and kept in awe without some quackery of this sort. The Roman commonwealth, founded on a pretended miracle, and regulated by fabricated revelations in the Egerian Cave, was subsequently administered by Sibylline forgeries, and that systematic code of augury which became interwoven with every Pagan establishment. That our fates should be made dependent upon the stars, planets, and constellations, however preposterous a conceit, at least imparts a dignity to our nature by conjoining earth with Heaven: but that the doom of kings, empires, and individuals, should be regulated by the flight of unconscious birds, as expounded by sky-gazing augurs; or by the entrails of victims, as analysed by the butchers of Haruspicy; or by the four elements, as elucidated by holy impostors of various nations,—is an evidence of stupid credulity that levels civilised man to the savage, and leaves him very little elevated above the beasts of the field. The practice of Paganism long survived its belief, so has that of Divination, unless we are to suppose that the young persons of the fair sex, and the old women of both, are serious proselytes to its efficacy, when they submit the lines of their hand to Gipsy judgment,

interpret the cabalistic writing of coffee or tea grounds in a cup, or determine their destiny by the casual upturning of the cards. O the profound conception, that we should carry about with us in our palm a manual of futurity, have the whole book of fate engraved upon the narrow space between our four fingers and our thumb, and thus literally and truly make our life and destiny the work of our hands! What is it to cram the Lord's Prayer and Belief into the narrow limits of a sixpence, when we have the fortunes and adventures of three-score years and ten contracted into the compass of a single palm? He who said that man was an abridgment of the universe, uttered a fine idea, but how much finer to imagine this epitome of the world reduced to a handful, and thrust carelessly into one's breeches-pocket! O the bright conceit, that our horoscope should be revealed to us in a cup, and our fate be prefigured in the hieroglyphical writing of coffee-grounds and tea-leaves, or shuffled out to us in the oracular demonstrations of the four suits! If it has been maintained that speech was given us to conceal our thoughts, it may be predicated, with equal assurance, that man was endowed with a reasoning mind to atone for the irrationality of his actions.

A faith in divination and fatalism can never want converts, so long as it affords us a convenient scapegoat for our crimes and follies; and who is there among us that does not lay this flattering unction to his soul whenever his pride or self-conceit are wounded? If we succeed in our undertaking, we very demurely assign the merit to our own talent, prudence, and

forethought; if we fail, our bad luck bears all the blame of our bad conduct; we impute our own blindness to Fortune, and even make the heavens responsible if we happen to miss our way upon earth. "This is the excellent foppery of the world, that when we are sick in fortune, often the surfeits of our own behaviour, we make guilty of our disasters the sun, moon, and stars, as if we were villains on necessity, liars by a divine thrusting on, adulterers and drunkards by an enforced obedience of planetary influence." To this extent we are all superstitious alike: we admit the influence of the blind goddess upon one half of human destiny; we believe in her after an event has occurred, while we deride those who imagine that the same event could have been previously subject to her direction. We cheerfully stand sponsors to our virtues and successes, while we affiliate our vices and disasters upon any one that will father them.

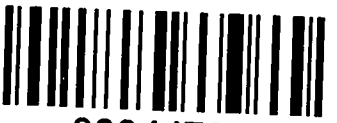
There is one sense in which, without the inspiration of prophecy, or the charge of imposture, we may reasonably and beneficially venture to indulge in the mystery of Fortune-telling. Knowing that, in the established succession of human affairs, certain causes will produce correspondent effects, we may read the future in the past, and boldly predict that the spendthrift will come to want, the debauchee to premature decay, the idler to contempt, the gamester to bitterness of soul, if not to suicide, the profligate to remorse, and the violator of the laws to punishment; while we may as safely augur that the practice of the opposite virtues will be productive of results diame-

trically contrary. Human passions, the great elements of change, being the same in all ages, and nations being but an aggregate of individuals, we may in like manner ascend from particular cases to mighty empires, and deduce the revolutions that are to be from those that have been. All states have their birth, manhood, and death; their increase, renown, and decay; their morning, noon, and night. Here we may prophesy upon a large scale, though we cannot live to see the fulfilment of our prognostications. He, however, may be confirmed at no very distant day, who predicts that Rome, the immortal city, the mistress of the world, will lay her proud head in the dust with Tyre and Sidon, and Palmyra and Jerusalem, and Nineveh and Babylon. The depopulation of another century will reduce her inhabitants to a handful of men, whom the increasing *mal-aria* will presently sacrifice or disperse: wolves will, finally, range over the silent waste of the Seven Hills as freely as before the time of Romulus and Remus; the marble temples will sink into the infectious marshes that surround them; and if there be one stone left upon another, it should be that which covers the tomb of the Cardinal de St. Onuphrio, and bears the following inscription, as applicable to the City as the Saint:—"Hic jacet umbra—cinis—nihil!"

END OF VOL. III.

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